THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Weekly
Four Benj. Franklin

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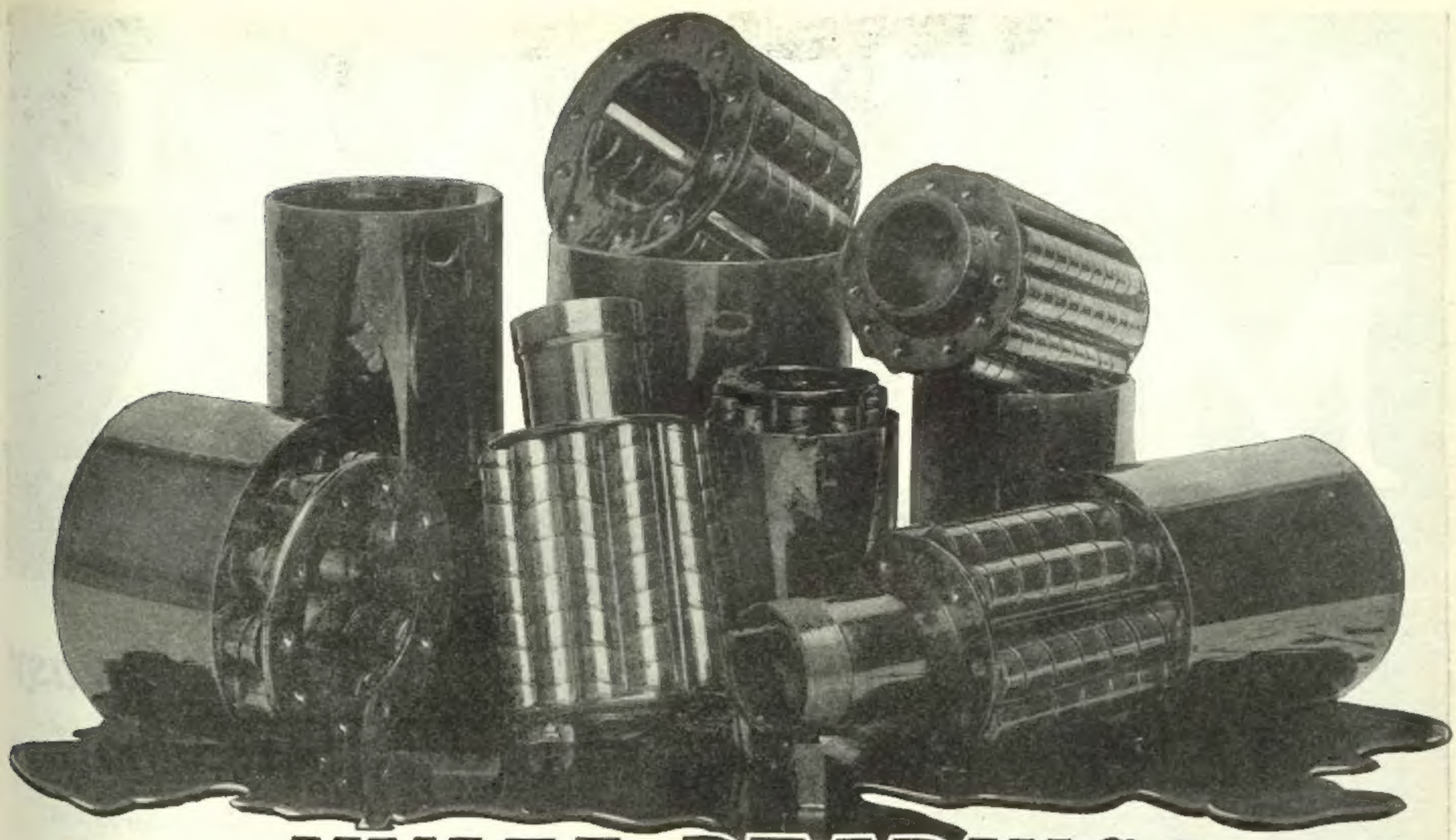

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1917, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 17, 1917 Number 20

PATERFAMILIAS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

IT WAS characteristic of J. Elijah Mimm that he should discover exactly how late the train would be at his destination, and comfortably finish his dinner at the moment when the porter, with his small, worn alligator bag and neatly rolled umbrella, was opening the car for his descent. Far down the black, solid curve of the train others were leaving at Long Pine. It was softly dark and warm, and scattered rain was dropping. Astonishing, Elijah thought, after the rigor of the North January he had left only that morning. He was conscious of a slight exhilaration, and the thought that there might, after all, be something in this going away through the winter.

All the instincts of his life and training had been against it—it was well enough for a man's family, for women and children, to go South for a month or six weeks and escape some bitter weather; but for a man, a business man, a practical man, it would be a sign of fatal slackness. Summer was the time for vacations—two weeks when you were young, struggling—though Elijah remembered a stretch of seven years with only an occasional Sunday clear; a little more when you had got definitely ahead, with a safe balance at the bank, and perhaps a month, say August, when your hair was gray, your family provided for, and there was nothing pressing at the office.

This had been, and in a degree still was, J. Elijah Mimm's attitude toward winter holidays. They struck him as effete, un-American. Yet here he was at Long Pine, not merely for a spell of weeks, a measured month, but for the entire winter, from now until . . . And he was conscious of an involuntary, pleasurable response to the relaxing mildness of the air—an illusive and discreditable sense of irresponsibility.

He wondered, a little uneasily, what Mel, what Jason and Nellie, would say. They knew, of course, that he was coming that evening. Mel's letter had expressed an appropriate warmth at the prospect of having him with them, together with a surprise, a mild doubt, perceptible in spite of her contrary effort. But they knew nothing of his sudden determination to stay until they all went North, went home, together. He could not have written his wife that without explaining a great deal else that he preferred to tell her in person.

Elijah couldn't remember a time since their first married years when he had had so much to say to her. It excited him, really, brought a glow into the thought of seeing her that, too, he realized, had been somehow missing in the complication of late years. He had a vague feeling of renewal, where Mel was concerned, almost like the sharp affection of youth.

The porter suitably recognized the just sum given him by J. Elijah Mimm; there was a slamming of doors along the train, a heavy grinding, and the vestibuled cars rolled away, slowly gathering momentum. Elijah could see only the blurred bulk of the station, dominated by green and red signal lights; a long gravel platform lost in night at the far end, and a number of waiting automobiles. He had expected his wife, or Jason anyhow,

Elijah Had Played Solely to Take From Fisher a Part, at Least, of the Money the Latter Had Won From Jason

to meet him; but it was evident that they were not there. They had not been in the habit of meeting him at the stations of the rare places where he had joined them; something else was perpetually occupying them—golf or auction bridge or bazaars. Only to-night, in view of his own especial eagerness—yes, it might be called that—he had hoped to see Mel or Jason or the girl awaiting him. And this had been unreasonable, because he couldn't expect them to share in a feeling, a resuscitated desire, of which they were necessarily ignorant.

A liveried attendant approached him, and, with his small appendages, directed him to the motor of the Conifer Arms. Almost immediately Elijah was moving through the warm dankness. He could see dimly a wide street, through which were laid the glistening tracks north and south, with low buildings; evidently the heart of the town, for a square to the left he was passing through thickly planted towering pine trees, behind them only the occasional glimmer of a withdrawn dwelling. The pines maintained a silken whisper in a stirring breeze, the rain had stopped, and the night was slightly aromatic. Insensibly J. Elijah Mimm relaxed still further; a problem of business that had followed him throughout the day on the train slipped from his mind; more of the sense of iniquity in idling away from the office in winter departed.

He straightened up, however, at the sight of a still distant, brilliantly lighted façade that he surmised to be the Conifer Arms. It was a long, low inn with a deep, wide portico supported by white columns, and glass doors open on a colorful throng. A bell boy took Elijah's bag and umbrella and followed him into a sweeping interior of red carpet, shining white paint and glittering electric light.

There was a vivid, constant movement of women in bright silks and velvet and chiffon, smoothly powdered bare shoulders, and wave upon wave of exotic scents. At an eddy about the desk, where mail was being sorted, Mel, his wife, emerged and greeted him with a slightly impatient affection.

"Your train was dreadfully late," she proceeded; "the one at night is better. I don't know whether the captain will give you any dinner, past nine ——"

"I've attended to all that," he assured her, patting her arm. "You needn't have bothered about me. Where are the children?"

"They got tired of waiting. Eleanor is in the ballroom, and Jason is playing something called Kelly. I wish he wouldn't," she added in a tone of mechanical concern. "It's a gambling game, I'm sure, for he's always getting quarters at the desk."

"Well," Elijah returned cheerfully, "I guess I can stand a few two-bits."

He used the old term in the rush of good spirits that attended him in the presence of Mel, outdressed, he saw, by no other woman present; in the prospect of a long, unaccustomed holiday, a holiday solidly earned, with Nellie, or rather Eleanor, and Jason, his son.

"I suppose I'd better go up with you," his wife concluded. "I came over for the mail while I was dummy, but I can get someone else to cut in."

She turned toward a table of bridge in a smaller room beyond the office while he registered, and met him at a broad flight of steps leading above.

"I looked in the pool room coming by," she went on; "but Jason had disappeared. Eleanor is dancing; but they will see you when we come down. I can't tell you how surprised I was to get your letter and hear that you had actually decided to come away in winter. It will be splendid having you, of course; but, Elijah, whatever you'll do with yourself I can't think. You don't golf or play anything but duplicate whist, and you haven't been gunning for years."

"I'll find plenty," he replied confidently; "it will keep me busy getting to know my family." He spoke lightly, but an underlying, unexpected truth in the last phrase made him pause mentally, consider Mel in her shimmering peach-colored satin gown and full handsome shoulders, Eleanor dancing and Jason playing Kelly pool for quarters. He hadn't realized that Jason was old enough for that. But, Christmas, the boy was twenty years old! Eleanor—little Nellie—was twenty-two. Mel must be . . . no, Mel, with her cheeks as smooth and fresh as twenty years back, the Mel of to-day inexplicably mingled with the girlish Mel he had long ago married, couldn't be stated, limited, by mere years. Anyhow he, J. Elijah Mimm, was fifty eight. He had been aware of his age, but suddenly, gazing at his radiant and youthful-seeming wife, he, in a manner, realized it for the first time; and he gasped, faintly dismayed at the rapidity with which the years had fled.

II

"I INSISTED you must have a room to yourself," she announced; "mine is beyond, with the bath between. The house is so crowded that they are charging you double. Eleanor is across the corridor, and Jason farther down."

He stood gazing about at the pleasant interior—brass bed and mahogany and dull-rose carpet, with the white tiling and enamel, a glimpse of his wife's room, beyond. "Very comfortable," he said half absently, thinking of the contracted room they had occupied after their marriage, on the second floor over the small dry-goods store Mel's father had owned in the provincial town of her birth. He recalled vividly the yellow varnish of the furniture, Mel's embossed, gray-silver brush and comb, his gift, on the bureau, her wedding dress covered with a sheet in the corner.

Then he had gone early in the morning to the tannery where he worked outside the town, and, often for something to do, Melina had stood in the store below, as if she were not J. Elijah Mimm's wife and removed from such inferior efforts.

This had all come back to him in response to her present words, that he must have a room to himself. It was amazing—his standing here, and Mel, in peach-colored satin, her hand glittering with sapphires, there, each with a room—and he paying double, in winter, at one of the expensive hotels of the South. It was incredible. They had come a long way from that first, single chamber of their early happiness and planning.

"It's the Children, Elijah," She Acknowledged. "At Times I Get Frightened; They Seem So—So Hard, Beyond Me"

"Very comfortable," he repeated with a reminiscent smile, opening his bag and putting some articles on a dressing table. There was a good deal of importance that he had to tell her; she was sitting down, and it occurred to him that this was an opportune moment. She assisted him by asking:

"How long can you stay?"

He turned, holding a stiff sheaf of collars. "As long as you like," he replied; "until you are ready to go."

A surprise, not unmarked with dismay, was palpable in her voice. "But—but I'm certain you will get tired of it. The children are having a wonderful time and hope to see the season out."

"Why not?" he said cheerfully. "They needn't hurry back on my account. I am prepared to stop until the last bell boy turns gray."

She gave an audible gasp. "But, Elijah," she exclaimed, "how can you leave the office for so long! You haven't done such a thing since we've been married." Her face showed a new concern. "Are you well? Has anything happened you didn't write about? I'd be very angry ——"

"Nothing," he interrupted. "The only thing that's the matter with me is fifty eight years. And they don't bother me to speak of. Still, they count against a man some."

He put down the collars and came closer to her. "I have reorganized the business, Mel, taken in Scatchard and Bishoff as partners. At last the concern was getting a little beyond me; this move will save money for you all. Scatchard invented that new surface for split leather that did so well, and Bishoff is in touch with the English Government. We're filling a big contract with them now, and it's only the beginning. Yes, Dave and Scatchard are partners. Time, too; there are none better."

She studied him sharply, obviously in a wifely effort to pierce behind his words and see if he were keeping anything from her. The surprise had not left her countenance. But he had, he assured himself, told her practically all. At the last moment his deep-rooted reserve, caution, had held back a mere fact or so; not, however, of a character to give her any concern; decidedly the reverse. He, J. Elijah Mimm, little Mimm, who had married Melina Clevenger in Dillworth in such modest circumstances, had two and a half million dollars in the bank, every cent of which, he reminded himself, standing erect, had been honestly accumulated by his own mingled toil and patience and daring. With luck, of course. More than once he had risked everything he owned, and a great deal borrowed, for a profit far greater than he could have got in the ordinary course of toil; and each time he had been successful. He had risen from the tannery to the place of salesman in a leather novelty house, left an opening there for the more engaging manufacture of his material, started life again in glazed kid, picked up Scatchard, Dave Bishoff . . .

Looking back over the long, laborious years he realized how completely he had been occupied, absorbed, by a struggle the success of which was symbolized by the luxury of the Conifer Arms. He had assured himself repeatedly when, in the passage of years, he had had glimpses of his children entirely grown out of stages in which he had fatuously thought them fixed, that his best care and affection for them lay in securing their future. He had told himself this at intervals; but he had needed no added incentive in the turmoil and exciting stress of business. He had loved the conflict for itself. He had been, was, would always remain, a business man.

Yet, since he had formulated the phrase "getting to know my family," gazing at Mel's doubtful and powdered face, he felt a degree of uncertainty before his wife and children. Already, facing weeks of idleness, in winter, he wondered what he would do with himself. As he stood with the question in his pale, weary eyes, Eleanor and Jason unceremoniously entered.

"Father," the girl exclaimed, warmly kissing his cheek, "it's incredible that you are really here! How can leather be made or sold without you on the spot?"

(Continued on Page 78)

THE OOLEY-COW

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AFTER the explosion, and before Uncle Billy Poindexter and Old Man Sprott had been able to decide just what had hit them, Little Doc Ellis had the nerve to tell me that he had seen the fuse burning for months and months. Little Doc is my friend and I like him, but he resembles many other members of his profession in that he is usually wisest after the post mortem, when it is a wee bit late for the high contracting party.

And at all times Little Doc is full of vintage bromides and figures of speech.

"You have heard the old saw," said he. "A worm will turn if you keep picking on him, and so will a straight road if you ride it long enough. A camel is a wonderful burden bearer, but even a double-humped ship of the desert will sink on your hands if you pile the load on him a bale of hay at a time."

"A worm, a straight road, a camel and a sinking ship," said I. "Whither are we drifting?"

Little Doc did not pay any attention to me. It is a way he has.

"Think," said he, "how much longer a camel will stand up under punishment if he gets his load straw by straw, as it were. The Ooley-cow was a good thing, but Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott did not use any judgment. They piled it on him too thick."

"Meaning," I asked, "to compare the Ooley-cow with a camel?"

"Merely a figure of speech," said Little Doc; "but yes, such was my intention."

"Well," said I, "your figures of speech need careful auditing. A camel can go eight days without a drink——"

Little Doc made impatient motions at me with both hands. He has no sense of humor, and his mind is a one-way track, totally devoid of spurs and derailing switches. Once started, he must go straight through to his destination.

"What I am trying to make plain to your limited mentality," said he, "is that Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott needed a lesson in conservation, and they got it. The Ooley-cow was the easiest, softest picking that ever strayed from the home pasture. With care and decent treatment he would have lasted a long time and yielded an enormous quantity of nourishment, but Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott were too greedy. They tried to corner the milk market, and now they will have to sign tags for their drinks and their golf balls the same as the rest of us. They have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs."

"A minute ago," said I, "the Ooley-cow was a camel. Now he is a goose—a dead goose, to be exact. Are you all done figuring with your speech?"

"Practically so, yes."

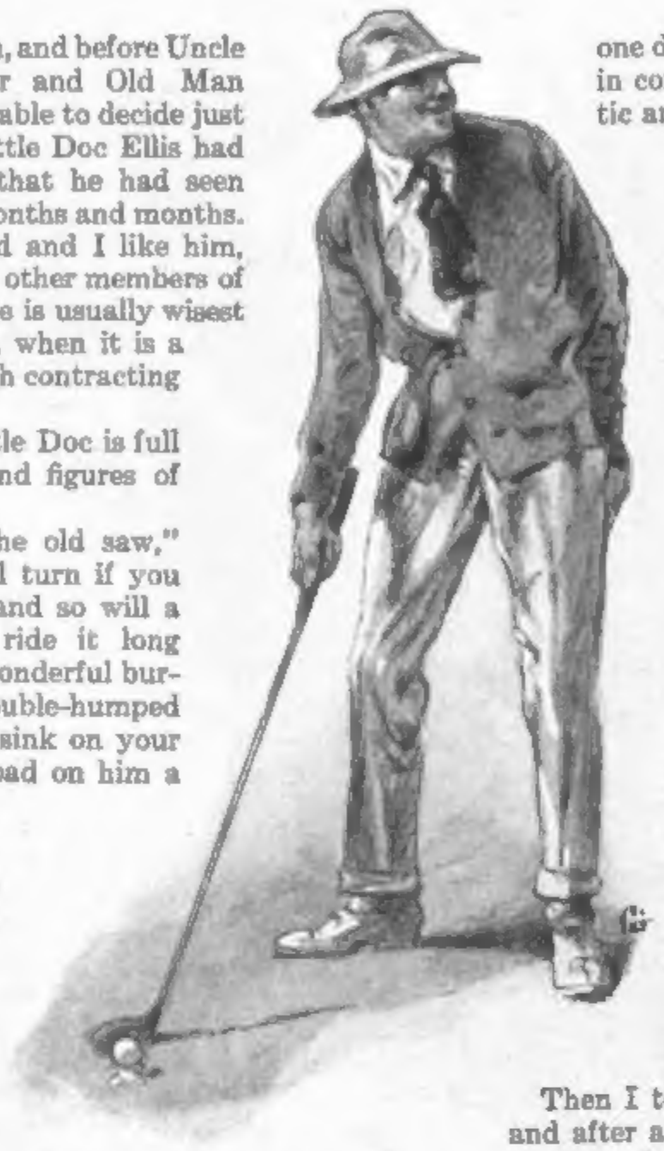
"Then," said I, "I will plaster up the cracks in your argument with the cement of information. I can use figures of speech myself. You are barking up the wrong tree. You are away off your base. It wasn't the loss of a few dollars that made Mr. Perkins run wild in our midst. It was the manner in which he lost them. Let us now dismiss the worm, the camel, the goose and all the rest of the menagerie, retaining only the Ooley-cow. What do you know about cows, if anything?"

"A little," answered my medical friend.

"A mighty little. You know that a cow has hoofs, horns and a tail. The same description would apply to many creatures, including Satan himself. Your knowledge of cows is largely academic. Now me, I was raised on a farm, and there were cows in my curriculum. I took a seven-year course in the gentle art of acquiring the lacteal fluid. Cow is my specialty, my long suit, my best hold. Believe it or not, when we christened old Perkins the Ooley-cow we builded better than we knew."

"I follow you at a great distance," said little Doc. "Proceed with the rat killing. Why did we build better than we knew when we did not know anything?"

"Because," I explained, "Perkins not only looks like a cow and walks like a cow and plays golf like a cow, but he has the predominant characteristic of a cow. He has the one distinguishing trait which all country cows have in common. If you had studied that noble domestic animal as closely as I have, you would not need to be told what moved Mr. Perkins to strew the entire golf course with the mangled remains of the two old pirates before mentioned. Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott were milking him, yes, and it is quite likely that the Ooley-cow knew that he was being milked, but that knowledge was not the prime cause of the late unpleasantness."



"Watch Me Closely, Stakeholder, Nothing Up My Sleeve But My Good Right Arm"

"I still follow you," said Little Doc plaintively, "but I am losing ground every minute."

"Listen carefully," said I. "Pin back your ears and give me your undivided attention. There are many ways of milking a cow without exciting the animal to violence. I speak now of the old-fashioned cow—the country cow—from Iowa, let us say."

"The Ooley-cow is from Iowa," murmured Little Doc.

"Exactly. A city cow may be milked by machinery, and in a dozen different ways, but the country cow does not know anything about newfangled methods. There is one thing—and one thing only—which will make the gentlest old mooley in Iowa kick over the bucket, upset the milker, jump a four-barred fence and join the wild bunch on the range. Do you know what that one thing is?"

"I haven't even a suspicion," confessed Little Doc.

Then I told him. I told him in words of one syllable, and after a time he was able to grasp the significance of my remarks. If I could make Little Doc see the point I can make you see it too. We go from here.

Wesley J. Perkins hailed from Dubuque, but he did not hail from there until he had gathered up all the loose change in Northeastern Iowa. When he arrived in sunny Southern California he was fifty-five years of age, and at least fifty of those years had been spent in putting aside something for a rainy day. Judging by the diameter of his bankroll, he must have feared the sort of a deluge which caused the early settlers to lay the ground plans for the Tower of Babel.

Now it seldom rains in Southern California—that is to say, it seldom rains hard enough to produce a flood—and as soon as Mr. Perkins became acquainted with climatic conditions he began to jettison his ark. He joined an exclusive downtown club, took up quarters there and spent his afternoons playing dominoes with some other members of the I've-got-mine Association. Aside from his habit of swelling up whenever he mentioned his home town, and insisting on referring to it as "the Heidelberg of America," there was nothing about Mr. Perkins to provoke comment, unfavorable or otherwise. He was just one more Iowan in a country where Iowans are no novelty.

In person he was the mildest-mannered man that ever foreclosed a short-term mortgage and put a family out in the street. His eyes were large and bovine, his mouth drooped perpetually and so did his jowls, and he moved with the slow, uncertain gait of a venerable milch cow. He had a habit of lowering his head and staring vacantly into space, and all these things earned for him the unhandsome nickname by which he is now known.

"But why the Ooley-cow?" someone asked one day. "It doesn't mean anything at all!"

"Well," was the reply, "neither does Perkins."

But this was an error, as we shall see later.

It was an increasing waistline that caused the Ooley-cow to look about him for some form of gentle exercise. His physician suggested golf, and that very week the board of directors of the Country Club was asked to consider his application for membership. There were no ringing cheers, but he passed the censors.

I will say for Perkins that when he decided to commit golf he went about it in a very thorough manner. He had himself surveyed for three knickerbocker suits, he laid in a stock of soft shirts, imported stockings and spiked shoes, and he gave our professional *carte blanche* in the matter of field equipment. It is not a safe thing to give a Scotchman permission to dip his hand in your change pocket, and MacPherson certainly availed himself of the opportunity to finger some of the Dubuque money. He took one look at the novice and unloaded on him something less than a hundredweight of dead stock. He also gave him a lesson or two, and sent him forth armed to the teeth with wood, iron and aluminum.

Almost immediately Perkins found himself in the hands of Poindexter and Sprott, two extremely hard-boiled old gentlemen who have never been known to take any interest in a financial proposition assaying less than seven per cent, and that fully guaranteed. Both are retired capitalists, but when they climbed out of the trenches and retreated into the realm of sport they took all their business instincts with them.

Uncle Billy can play to a twelve handicap when it suits him to do so, and his partner in crime is only a couple of strokes behind him; but they seldom uncover their true form, preferring to pose as doddering and infirm invalids, childish old men, who only think they can play the game of golf, easy marks for the rising generation. New members are their victims; beginners are just the same as manna from heaven to them. They instruct the novice humbly and apologetically, but always with a small side bet, and no matter how fast the novice improves he makes the astounding discovery that his two feeble old tutors are able to keep pace with him. Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott are experts at nursing a betting proposition along, and they seldom win any sort of a match by a margin of more than two up and one to go. Taking into account the natural limitations of age they play golf very well, but they play a cinch even better—and harder. It is common scandal that Uncle Billy has not bought a golf ball in ten years. Old Man Sprott bought one in 1915, but it was under the mellowing influence of the third toddy and, therefore, should not count against him.

The Ooley-cow was a cinch. When he turned up, innocent and guileless and eager to learn the game, Uncle Billy and his running mate were quick to realize that Fate had sent them a downy bird for plucking, and in no time at all the air was full of feathers.

They played the Ooley-cow for golf balls, they played him for caddy hire, they played him for drinks and cigars, they played him for luncheons and they played him for a sucker—played him for everything, in fact, but the locker rent and the club dues. How they came to overlook these

"You Thought He Had a Bad Bet and You Had a Good One"

items is more than I know. The Ooley-cow would have stood for it; he stood for everything. He signed all the tags with a loose and vapid grin, and if he suffered from writer's cramp he never mentioned the fact. His monthly bill must have been a thing to shudder at, but possibly he regarded this extra outlay as part of his tuition.

Once in a while he was allowed to win, for Poindexter and Sprott followed the system practiced by other confidence men; but they never forgot to take his winnings away from him the next day, charging him interest at the rate of fifty per cent for twenty-four hours. The Ooley-cow was so very easy that they took liberties with him, so good-natured about his losses that they presumed upon that good nature and ridiculed him openly; but the old saw sometimes loses a tooth, the worm turns, the straight road bends at last, so does the camel's back, and the prize cow kicks the milker into the middle of next week. And, as I remarked before, the cow usually has a reason.

II

ONE morning I dropped into the downtown club which Perkins calls his home. I found him sitting in the reception room, juggling a newspaper and watching the door. He seemed somewhat disturbed.

"Good morning," said I.

"It is not a good morning," said he. "It's a bad morning. Look at this."

He handed me the paper, with his thumb at the head of the Lost-and-Found column, and I read as follows:

"LOST—A black leather wallet, containing private papers and a sum of money. A suitable reward will be paid for the return of same, and no questions asked. Apply to W. J. P., Argonaut Club, City."

"Tough luck," said I. "Did you lose much?"

"Quite a sum," replied the Ooley-cow. "Enough to make it an object. In large bills mostly."

"Too bad. The wallet had your cards in it?"

"And some papers of a private nature."

"Have you any idea where you might have dropped it? Or do you think it was stolen?"

"I don't know what to think. I had it last night at the Country Club just before I left. I know I had it then, because I took it out in the lounging room to pay a small bet to Mr. Poindexter—a matter of two dollars. Then I put the wallet back in my inside pocket and came straight here—alone in a closed car. I missed it just before going to bed. I telephoned to the Country Club. No sign of it there. I went to the garage myself. It was not in the car. Of course it may have been there earlier in the evening, but I think my driver is honest, and ——"

At this point we were interrupted by a clean-cut looking youngster of perhaps seventeen years.

"Your initials are W. J. P., sir?" he asked politely.

"They are."

"This is your 'ad' in the paper?"

"It is."

He Swung Hard Enough to Knock a Lamp-Post Down

The boy reached in his pocket and brought out a black leather wallet. "I have returned your property," said he, and waited while the Ooley-cow thumbed a roll of yellow-backed bills.

"All here," said Perkins with a sigh of relief. Then he looked up at the boy, and his large bovine eyes turned hard as moss agates. "Where did you get this?" he demanded abruptly. "How did you come by it?"

The boy smiled and shook his head, but his eyes never left Perkins' face. "No questions were to be asked, sir," said he.

"Right!" grunted the Ooley-cow. "Quite right. A bargain's a bargain. I—I beg your pardon, young man. . . . Still, I'd like to know. . . . Just curiosity, eh? . . . No? . . . Very well then. That being the case"—he stripped a fifty-dollar note from the roll and passed it over—"would you consider this a suitable reward?"

"Yes, sir, and thank you, sir."

"Good day," said Perkins, and put the wallet into his pocket. He stared at the boy until he disappeared through the street door.

"Something mighty queer about this," mused the Ooley-cow thoughtfully. "Mighty queer. That boy—he looked honest. He had good eyes and he wasn't afraid of me. I couldn't scare him worth a cent. Couldn't bluff him. . . . Yet if he found it somewhere, there wasn't any reason why he shouldn't have told me. He didn't steal it—I'll bet on that. Maybe he got it from someone who did. Oh, well, the main thing is that he brought it back. . . . Going out to the Country Club this afternoon?"

I said that I expected to play golf that day.

"Come out with me then," said the Ooley-cow. "Poindexter and Sprott will be there too. Yesterday afternoon I played Poindexter for the lunches to-day. Holed a long putt on the seventeenth green, and stuck him. Come along, and we'll make Poindexter give a party—for once."

"It can't be done," said I. "Uncle Billy doesn't give parties."

"We'll make him give one," chuckled the Ooley-cow. "We'll insist on it."

"Insist if you want to," said I, "but you'll never get away with it."

"Meet me here at noon," said the Ooley-cow. "If Poindexter doesn't give the party I will."

I wasn't exactly keen for the Ooley-cow's society, but I accepted his invitation to ride out to the club in his car. He regaled me with a dreary monologue, descriptive of the Heidelberg of America, and solemnly assured me that the pretty girls one sees in Chicago are all from Dubuque.

It was twelve-thirty when we arrived at the Country Club, and Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott were there ahead of us.

"Poindexter," said Perkins, "you are giving a party to-day, and I have invited our friend here to join us."

Uncle Billy looked at Old Man Sprott, and both laughed uproariously. Right there was where I should have detected the unmistakable odor of a rodent. It was surprise number one.

"Dee-lighted!" cackled Uncle Billy. "Glad to have another guest, ain't we, Sprott?"

Sprott grinned and rubbed his hands. "You bet! Tell you what let's do, Billy. Let's invite everybody in the place—make it a regular party while you're at it!"

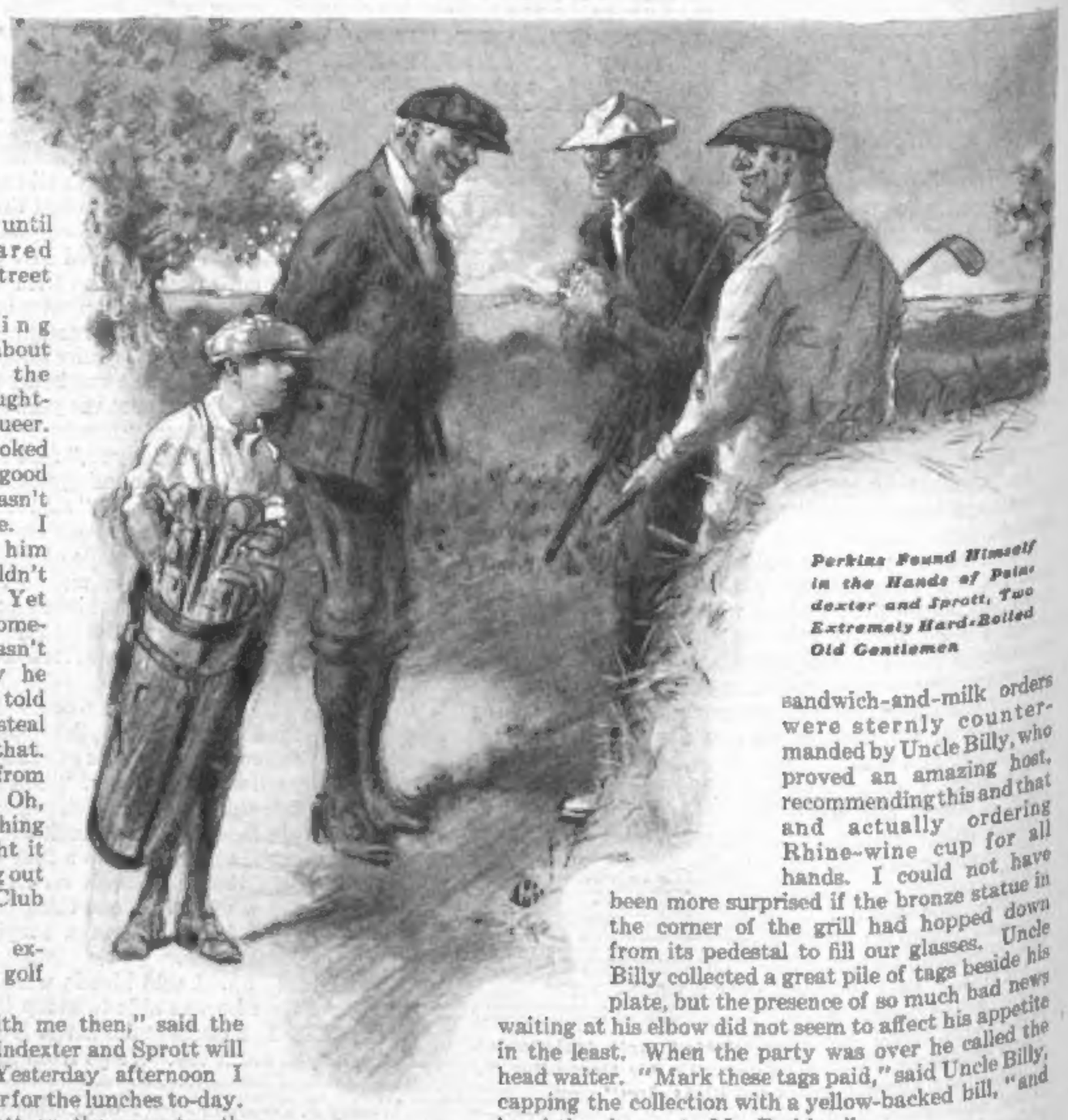
"Great idea!" exclaimed Uncle Billy. "The more the merrier!" This was surprise number two. The first man invited was Henry Bauer, who has known Uncle Billy for many years. He sat down quite overcome.

"You shouldn't do a thing like that, Billy," said he querulously. "I have a weak heart, and any sudden shock ——"

"Nonsense! You'll join us?"

"Novelty always appealed to me," said Bauer. "I'm forever trying things that nobody has ever tried before. Yes, I'll break bread with you, but—why the celebration? What's it all about?"

That was what everybody wanted to know and what nobody found out, but the luncheon was a brilliant success in spite of the dazed and mystified condition of the guests, and the only limit was the limit of individual capacity. Eighteen of us sat down at the big round table, and



Perkins Found Himself in the Hands of Poindexter and Sprott, Two Extremely Hard-Boiled Old Gentlemen

sandwich-and-milk orders were sternly countermanded by Uncle Billy, who proved an amazing host, recommending this and that and actually ordering Rhine-wine cup for all hands. I could not have been more surprised if the bronze statue in the corner of the grill had hopped down from its pedestal to fill our glasses. Uncle Billy collected a great pile of tags beside his plate, but the presence of so much bad news waiting at his elbow did not seem to affect his appetite in the least. When the party was over he called the head waiter. "Mark these tags paid," said Uncle Billy, capping the collection with a yellow-backed bill, "and hand the change to Mr. Perkins."

"Yes, sir," said the head waiter, and disappeared.

I looked at the Ooley-cow, and was just in time to see the light of intelligence dawn in his big soft eyes. He was staring at Uncle Billy, and his lower lip was flopping convulsively. Everybody began asking questions at once.

"One moment, gentlemen," mooed the Ooley-cow, pounding on the table. "One moment!"

"Now don't get excited, Perkins," said Old Man Sprott. "You got your wallet back, didn't you? Cost you fifty, but you got it back. Next time you won't be so careless."

"Yes," chimed in Uncle Billy, "you oughtn't to go dropping your money round loose that way. It'll teach you a lesson."

"It will indeed." The Ooley-cow lowered his head and glared first at one old pirate and then at the other. His soft eyes hardened and the moss-agate look came into them. He seemed about to bellow, paw up the dirt and charge.

"The laugh is on you," cackled Poindexter, "and I'll leave it to the boys here. Last night our genial host dropped his wallet on the floor out in the lounging room. I kicked it across under the table to Sprott and Sprott put his foot on it. We intended to give it back to him to-day, but this morning there was an 'ad' in the paper—reward and no questions asked—so we sent a nice bright boy over to the Argonaut Club with the wallet. Perkins gave the boy a fifty-dollar note—very liberal, I call it—and the boy gave it to me. Perfectly legitimate transaction. Our friend here has had a lesson, we've had a delightful luncheon party, and the joke is on him."

"And a pretty good joke, too!" laughed Old Man Sprott.

"Yes," said the Ooley-cow at last, "a pretty good joke. Ha, ha! A mighty good joke." And place it to his credit that he managed a very fair imitation of a fat man laughing, even to the shaking of the stomach and the wrinkles round the eyes. He looked down at the tray in front of him and fingered the few bills and some loose silver.

"A mighty good joke," he repeated thoughtfully, "but what I can't understand is this—why didn't you two jokers keep the change? It would have been just that much funnier."

III

THE Ooley-cow's party was generally discussed during the next ten days, the consensus of club opinion being that someone ought to teach Poindexter and Sprott the difference between humor and petty larceny. Most of the playing members were disgusted with the two old skinflints, and one effect of this sentiment manifested itself in the number of invitations that Perkins received to play golf with real people. He declined them all, much to our surprise, and continued to wallop his way round the course with Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott, apparently on as cordial terms as ever.

"What are you going to do with such a besotted old fool as that?" asked Henry Bauer. "Here I've invited him into three foursomes this week—all white men, too—and he's turned me down cold. It's not that we want to play with him, for as a golfer he's a terrible thing. It's not that we're crazy about him personally, for socially he's my notion of zero minus; but he took his stinging like a dead-game sport and he's entitled to better treatment than he's getting. But if he hasn't any better sense than to pass his plate for more, what are you going to do about it?"

"'Ephraim is joined to idols,'" quoted Little Doc Ellis. "Let him alone.'"

"No, it's the other way round," argued Bauer. "His idols are joined to him—fastened on like leeches. The question naturally arises, how did such a man ever accumulate a fortune? Who forced it on him, and when, and where, and why?"

That very afternoon the Ooley-cow turned up with his guest, a large, loud person, also from the Heidelberg of America, who addressed Perkins as "Wesley," and lost no time in informing us that Southern California would have starved to death but for Iowa capital. His name was Cottle—Calvin D. Cottle—and he gave each one of us his card as he was introduced. There was no need. Nobody could have forgotten him. Some people make an impression at first sight—Calvin D. Cottle made a deep dent. His age was perhaps forty-five, but he spoke as one crowned with Methuselah's years and Solomon's wisdom, and after each windy statement he turned to the Ooley-cow for confirmation.

"Ain't that so, Wesley? Old Wes knows, you bet your life! He's from my home town!"

It was as good as a circus to watch Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott sizing up this fresh victim. It reminded me of two wary old dogs circling for position, maneuvering for a safe hold. They wanted to know something about his golf game—what was his handicap, for instance?

"Handicap?" repeated Cottle. "Is that a California idea? Something new, ain't it?"

Uncle Billy explained the handicapping theory.

"Oh!" said Cottle. "You mean what do I go round in—how many strokes. Well, sometimes I cut under a hundred; sometimes I don't. It just depends. Some days I can hit 'em, some days I can't. That's all there is to it."

"My case exactly," purred Old Man Sprott. "Suppose we dispense with the handicap?"

"That's the stuff!" agreed Cottle heartily. "I don't want to have to give anybody anything; I don't want anybody to give me anything. I like an even fight, and what I say is, may the best man win! Am I right, gentlemen?"

"Absolutely!" chirped Uncle Billy. "May the best man win!"

"You bet I'm right!" boomed Cottle. "Ask old Wes here about me. Raised right in the same town with him, from a kid knee-high to a grasshopper! I never took any the best of it in my life, did I, Wes? No, you bet not! Remember that time I got skinned out of ten thousand bucks on the land deal? A lot of fellows would have squealed, wouldn't they? A lot of fellows would have hollered for the police; but I just laughed and gave 'em credit for being smarter than I was. I'm the same way in sport as I am in business. I believe in giving everybody credit. I win if I can, but if I can't—well, there's never any hard feelings. That's me all over. You may be able to lick me at this golf thing—likely you will; but you'll never scare me, that's a cinch. Probably you gentlemen play a better game than I do—been at it longer; but then I'm a lot younger than you are. Got more strength. Hit a longer ball when I do manage to land on one right. So it all evens up in the long run."

Mr. Cottle was still modestly cheering his many admirable qualities when the Perkins party went in to luncheon, and the only pause he made was on the first tee. With his usual caution Uncle Billy had arranged it so that Dubuque was opposed to Southern California, and he had also carefully neglected to name any sort of a bet until after he had seen the stranger drive.

Cottle teed his ball and stood over it, gripping his driver until his knuckles showed white under the tan. "Get ready to ride!" said he. "You're about to leave this place!"

The club head whistled through the air, and I can truthfully say that I never saw a man of his size swing any harder at a golf ball—or come nearer cutting one completely in two.

"Topped it, by gum!" ejaculated Mr. Cottle, watching the maimed ball until it disappeared in a bunker. "Topped it! Well, better luck next time! By the way, what are we playing for? Balls, or money, or what?"

"Whatever you like," said Uncle Billy promptly. "You name it."

"Good! That's the way I like to hear a man talk. Old Wes here is my partner, so I can't bet with him, but I'll have a side match with each of you gentlemen—say, ten great, big, smiling Iowa dollars. Always like to bet what I've got the most of. Satisfactory?"

Uncle Billy glanced at Old Man Sprott, and for an instant the old rascals hesitated. The situation was made to order for them, but they would have preferred a smaller wager to start with, being petty larcenists at heart.

"Better cut that down to five," said Perkins to Cottle in a low tone. "They play a strong game."

"Your Money Does Not Frighten Me," Said Uncle Billy

"Humph!" grunted his guest. "Did you ever know me to pike in my life? I ain't going to begin now. Ten dollars or nothing!"

"I've got you," said Old Man Sprott.

"This once," said Uncle Billy. "It's against my principles to play for money; but yes, this once."

And then those two old sharks insisted on a foursome bet as well.

"Ball, ball, ball," said the Ooley-cow briefly, and proceeded to follow his partner into the bunker. Poindexter and Sprott popped conservatively down the middle of the course and the battle was on.

Battle, did I say? It was a massacre of the innocents, a slaughter of babes and sucklings. Our foursome trailed along behind, and took note of Mr. Cottle, of Dubuque, in his fruitless efforts to tear the cover off the ball. He swung hard enough to knock a lamp-post down, but he seldom made proper connections, and when he did the ball landed so far off the course that it took him a dozen shots to get back again. He was hopelessly bad, so bad that there was no chance to make the side matches close ones. On the tenth tee Cottle demanded another bet—to give him a chance to get even, he said. Poindexter and Sprott each bet him another ten dollars on the last nine, and this time Uncle Billy did not say anything about his principles.

After it was all over Cottle poured a few mint toddies into his system and floated an alibi to the surface.

"It was those confounded sand greens that did it," said he. "I'm used to grass, and I can't putt on anything else. Bet I could take you to Dubuque and flail the everlasting daylights out of you!"

"Shouldn't be surprised," said Uncle Billy. "You did a lot better on the last nine—sort of got into your stride. Any time you think you want revenge ——"

"You can have it," finished Old Man Sprott, as he folded a crisp twenty-dollar note. "We believe in giving a man a chance—eh, Billy?"

"That's the spirit!" cried Cottle enthusiastically. "Give a man a chance; it's what I say, and if he does anything, give him credit. You beat me to-day, but I never saw this course before. Tell you what we'll do: Let's make a day of it to-morrow. Morning and afternoon both. Satisfactory? Good! You've got forty dollars of my dough and I want it back. Nobody ever made me quit betting yet, if I figure to have a chance. What's money? Shucks! My country is full of it! Now then, Wesley, if you'll come out on the practice green and give me some pointers on this sand thing, I'll be obliged to you. Ball won't run on sand like it will on grass—have to get used to it. Have to hit 'em a little harder. Soon as I get the hang of the thing we'll give these Native Sons a battle yet! Native Sons? Native Grandfathers! Come on!" Uncle Billy looked at Old Man Sprott and Old Man Sprott looked at Uncle Billy, but they did not begin to laugh until the Ooley-cow and his guest were out of earshot. Then they clucked and cackled and choked like a couple of hysterical old hens.

"His putting!" gurgled Uncle Billy. "Did he have a putt to win a hole all the way round?"

"Not unless he missed count of his shots. Say, Billy!"

"Well?"

"We made a mistake locating so far West. We should have stopped in Iowa. By now we'd have owned the entire state!"

IV

I DROPPED Mr. Calvin D. Cottle entirely out of my thoughts; but when I entered the locker room shortly after

(Continued on Page 110)

"Now Don't Get Excited, Perkins; You Got Your Wallet Back, Didn't You? Next Time You Won't be So Careless"

THE SLICKER—By Corinne Lowe

TO THE visitor Washington is like no other modern capital. The man from Topeka or Buenos Aires or Moscow may find it in the spring, when the heavy-petaled magnolias are first beginning to blossom and when drowsy old barouches drive through streets alight with flower stands. Or he may come there first when Pennsylvania Avenue stretches out toward the great white dome between curving autumnal foliage. No matter. The impression is always the same. It is that of movement without strain; of strength without effort. Slowly, nobly, the city moves, like some grave ancient barge, and there is never a hint of the stressed muscles underneath.

In this grave separateness from all cross currents of commerce our American capital is as imposing as the Acropolis and the Forum. Here is the state—solemn, concrete. And yet, under this mask of broad street and pillared building and leafy park, there is going on always a constant murmur of individual life. The visitor from Topeka or Buenos Aires or Moscow does not hear it. From his seat on the grand stand, where he watches the long, waving lines of soldiers, where he hears the fifes shrill and the drums beat in some triumphal celebration, he does not dream of the movement underneath. Even Congress itself is not altogether revealing; for those debates, interwoven as they are with personal aims, are the will of man against man in the conduct of the state. They are far different from that other manifestation there below the mask—the will of man against the will of the state.

This is the most subtle drama of Washington, and you find it in those staid porticoed buildings where, day after day, rows of clerks read the mail from Seattle and Cheyenne and Duluth and St. Augustine. In the letters received here you will know what Tom Brown and Charles Jones want of their Government. Here is heard the beat of the individual soul; is laid bare all its poor ambitions, hopes and fears. And until you know this Washington you cannot know America.

In one of those staid porticoed buildings dedicated to an important department of state is registered the soul of many a young American. At the time of our entrance into the war the rows of clerks were kept busy reading applications from young men all over the country. Many of those who wrote were strong-limbed, strong-brained fellows who had received the best our country has to offer. They had inherited their names from ancestors who had wrested civilization from Indian and forest. They had heard, all their lives, reverberations of Bunker Hill and of Gettysburg. Among those of such high endowment is found the name of Malcolm Patterson Reed.

The story of Malcolm begins properly in certain early processes of impression and reaction. Yet we can only begin to trace it that April afternoon when Theodora Wells walked from the fan-shaped section of Fifth Avenue, where the gilded Sherman rides, to keep her appointment with the hero of this tale. Since every day at exactly the same hour Theodora was involved in the same process, this fact is hardly important. Nor—since newspapers and magazines had been fairly active in relieving public curiosity as to how Theodora looked at Piping Rock, at the Newport tennis matches, with her pet chow, Nanky Poo, and as she raffled off canaries at the Allied Bazaar—is it much more important to add that Theodora was young and beautiful.

Yet, because even the least mischievous snapshot cannot say quite all, we pause here to interpolate. The little woman in the Pennsylvania coal town, glancing at Theodora's picture in the Sunday magazine section while she waited for the bread pudding to bake, could not guess the slate darkness of her eyes, the little flicker of sunlight gold that lingered on her lashes before they turned to black, or the way the short upper lip lifted in childlike wonder. Nor would she pause—this little woman in Pennsylvania—to comment that here was a girl first and a débutante afterward. Yet this was the distinction made by all those who knew Theodora. It may have been because she was a Southern girl, simply brought up and comparatively poor, that in her world of house parties and dances and yachting trips she had not lost the glorious sense of Perhaps! At all events, this radiance of young wonder was always more arresting than the radiance of young color.

To-day, however—and this is really the important fact—something different was in Theodora's face. Wonder had given way to fixed lines, and in her widened eyes and tightened lips you saw a dreadful certainty. Something of the difference in her was communicated by Fifth Avenue. To-day, as always, the broad street, tapering down to where the Flatiron Building wavers in mist—sometimes gray, sometimes dusty rose—was filled with limousines. What was more, spring was in the air. Flower venders held up trays of daffodils like neat golden torches; of arbutus, searching the passer-by with its sweet arrowy odor; and of violets, so sweet in their tinfoil wrappings that one could not believe their lives were already so far spent. Everywhere wealth was explicit. Everywhere spring was explicit. Yet ——

"Oh, how can it look just the same!" cried Theodora in a shocked little inward whisper. "How can it!"

The man who would have to go—the sight of him staggering backward under the cruel impersonal fire; the sight of him wounded in some far-distant hospital; above all, the thought of night—the black foreign night—closing in about him, piercing him with its loneliness, chilling him with the fears that even the bravest feel in the darkness before the battle—few women in America were not doomed to their picture that day.

Even Fifth Avenue—vain, foolish Fifth Avenue, where every day pass thousands of people who borrow and steal to keep up an appearance for the thousands of other people whom they do not know and never will know—was engraved with such images, repeated again and again and again. And, though everything looked just the same; though fretful little lap dogs peered from crested limousines and people went on their regular business of buying and selling, of flirting and dining—one had the feeling that these figures were mere mechanisms, and that they moved now only because they had been wound up and could not stop. Life itself stopped and waited—waited for that hour when the President should go before Congress with his message of war.

The man who would have to go—like every other woman that day, Theodora realized war through one figure. The figure was that of the man she was now going to meet. It was that of Malcolm Patterson Reed. She had been engaged to Malcolm ever since the January before and she had wanted to be engaged to him ever since the moment she first saw him. That had been at the Thanksgiving football game five years before, when Theodora had been a little girl of sixteen, with her mane of fair hair tied back in a big black ribbon. She had come to the game with Rutledge Forbes, a sophomore at Harvard, looked upon with all the disdain of a schoolgirl for a boy only one year older than herself, whom she had known all her life. Rutledge was the son of the rector at Sharpsville, the small West Virginia town near which lay the old Wells home; and he was small and slight, and adoring of Theodora.

The moment she had sat down there in the stand between Rutledge and her mother she had asked:

"Who is that?" Her elimination was precise. Never for an instant did she doubt that Rutledge would pick out Who from the thousands of figures on the stand and the dozens of figures on the field.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Rutledge, peering about.

"The cheer leader."

"Oh, that's Malcolm Patterson Reed, son of T. Mortimer Reed, the big banker. Handsome brute, isn't he?"

Walking down the street to-day, Theodora's mind went back to Malcolm as he had first leaped to her sight from the crowd—broad of shoulder, topped with blond hair like a battlecrest, and with the megaphone at his lips. Big, masculine, overriding—Theodora had known from the very first moment that he was built for an epic. How he had charged the air with an enthusiasm more compelling than the sweating, battling figures it inspired! And now again she seemed to see the fury of his gesture; to hear the boom of that tremendous voice.

After the game she had watched him go up to a group of women, one of whom was a débutante with big dark eyes and a big expensive bunch of orchids quivering between big expensive furs. He had looked into the dark eyes of this débutante as if he saw nothing else. At Theodora, passing him with a wistful appeal of slate-gray eyes, he had never even glanced.

The little Southern girl never forgot him, and later, when she made her début in Baltimore, the heroic figure of the cheer leader always came between her lifted eyes and those of the man to whom she had just been introduced. Finally Malcolm Patterson Reed stepped out of the borderland of dreams. He came down to Baltimore for the fox hunting, and before many meetings he had been swept inland by the wondering tremulous youth of Theodora. They had planned to marry sometime in the early summer. All this, however, was before those solemn happenings that had led to to-day's headline: "President Will Go Before Congress at Eight To-night." And now Malcolm must go to the war.

The possibility that he might not go never once occurred to her. Her mind was filled with too many explicit things. Now at this moment there came to her the memory of his voice at the time when the Housatonic was sunk. She had just met him then, and they were walking together over the tangled grass of Big Oaks, her father's West Virginia country place.

"I tell you, Miss Wells," he had suddenly cried, with a ring in his voice, "the time is coming when every decent man will have to fight the battle of humanity!"

She always remembered how he had looked as he said it. And even through the terror of her present thought there winged a little thrill of pride in his courage and strength.

So absorbed was she in her pictures of Malcolm that the crowds rolled by her dully, as the waters of a river. And when suddenly a voice behind her cried out her name she wheeled about almost in fright.

"Why, Rutledge!" she cried at sight of the thin, dark young fellow. "Where in the world did you come from? I thought you were in Washington to-day with the pacifists."

If Theodora had not been really fond of her lifelong friend there might have been a little bitterness in her voice. As it was, the condescension he found there brought the color to Rutledge Forbes' cheek.

"Oh, come now, Theo!" he cried, catching step with her. "I suppose you think, just because a fellow wants to think things out a little, that it's because he's afraid of what's going to happen to him."

Theodora looked at him with swift compunction.

"Poor old Rutledge!" said she. "I know he's not afraid."

"Afraid!" he threw back the word almost fiercely. "I am afraid. I was born afraid. When I was a boy there wasn't a thing that didn't give me goose flesh—night noises, snakes, graveyards; and when I used to have to go to the doctor's to get my tonsils swabbed I'd almost faint at the smell of those old drugs in the office."

"Yet you always did things, Rutledge," interrupted Theodora gently. "Don't you remember that time we got lost one evening and I was afraid to pass the old cemetery, and you took my hand and made me go?"

"That was because you were depending on me, Theodora," he answered quickly; "I could always do anything when I knew that."

She made no reply, and in a moment he hurried on:

"No; I'm not a warrior, Theo. Nature never intended me to stand on the prow of a ship or to ride through the country with my saber rattling at my side. But, you'll see—if anything's depending on me I'll fight—no matter how afraid I am."

He threw back his head a little proudly and for a while they both stared in silence down the fretted sumptuous street. Then suddenly he turned to her again:

"I hate to have you misunderstand me, Theodora. It plain hurts. And all along I've so much wanted you to know—to know why it was that I—well, I hesitated. I'm proud of America, just as proud as I can be; and I didn't want to see her just a touchy nation. I hate touchy people, you know, more than anything else—the sort of man who glares and What-ho-varlets over nothing isn't proud. He's just a vain fool. Don't you see, Theo?"—and he searched her face appealingly. "I wanted to make sure that my country was wronged and not merely offended before she went to war ——"

"And you are sure now, are you?" the girl interposed breathlessly.

"I am sure," answered the young man solemnly. "You see, I have it all reasoned out now; so when I go it won't be just drum-and-flag madness—the sort of thing that gets into your blood without touching your head. Thank God, I know now, before the fifes begin to play, what my duty is to my country!"

The girl looked up at him with a little touch of awe.

"And what is it makes you think we ought to go now, Rutledge?" she asked.

"Broken promises," he replied grimly. "Society—civilization—is all built on whether people and nations keep their promises."

"But Germany has been breaking her promises to us right straight along."

"But it was only when she declared for an unrestricted submarine warfare that she officially broke that promise."

"Officially!" The girl threw back the word with her gray eyes full of the soft storminess of a March cloud. "Do you wait for a murderer to say 'I am a murderer!' before you treat him as one?"

Rutledge hesitated a moment.

"You can't do that," said he—"apply individual standards to a nation. So long as Germany was repudiating her submarine sinkings, so long as she assured us that individuals should be called to account for various outrages, we could not act. We had to believe her. But now, when she breaks all promises; now, when she tells us right out that she, Germany, the whole nation, is responsible for her indecency—America is threatened; America is outraged. That is why"—and he gave his occasional shy smile—"I am going to fight, Theodora. I shall get over being afraid, now that I know America needs me."

They had come to Thirty-fourth Street, and Theodora stopped rather abruptly.

"I'm going in here for tea with Malcolm and his mother," she began, and hesitated.

He was looking at her a little wistfully, she thought; and as he stood there, with his hat off, an upstanding lock of hair on the crown of his head gave him an almost absurdly boyish look. Suddenly Theodora put a compassionate little hand on his arm.

"I'm proud of you, Rutledge," said she softly. "And won't you come in and have some tea with us?"

"Thank you—no," replied the young man; "I've got to be going on down home this evening. I want to see mother; in fact, I'm going to stay down there until I enlist."

"Oh, Rutledge"—the gray eyes filled with swift tears—"it will be hard on her, won't it?"

It was proof of Theodora's nature that, even now, her young grief did not close her in. On the contrary, it led her through keen, sharp vistas of pain to the older woman. She could see her now in the rectory garden, with her firm fine face bent over the flowers that she loved. The narcissus would be there now, and daffodil; and in the sweet, slow twilight the moon would be coming up over the solemn hills, and the robins would be crooning their contented bedtime song, and one by one the cozy little lamps of Sharpsville would be shining from the windows. Poor Mrs. Forbes! She would have to endure it—the sweet promise of the spring twilight—Mrs. Forbes and all the others!

And suddenly Theodora felt a vast, healing companionship with all the women of her country.

"Yes," said her old friend slowly, "it will be hard on her; but mother won't be afraid. She comes from generations of warrior women who have waited for their men to come back." He stopped and looked deeply into her eyes, and she could see that he was trying to find some word for her own grief. "I'm sorry—be brave, Theo—good-by!" he gulped at last; and with a touch of her hand he was gone.

Meantime the hero of this story sat somewhat impatiently in one of the rooms that flank the main thoroughfare of a certain big hotel. At sight of Theodora the shade of impatience lifted, and he jumped up to meet her with the brimming smile that always won people to Malcolm Patterson Reed.

"I thought I could not wait another moment," he beamed down upon her.

She did not reply in words, but one little gloved hand caught at his rough sleeve—caught at it wistfully, almost hungrily.

"Oh, Malcolm," she cried, "I'm so glad you're here!"

He looked down at her in bewilderment; and then he broke into a jolly tender laugh.

"Where did you think I should be?" he retorted. "Asking Mrs. Dalrymple about her latest operation?"

She smiled back at him. Almost did the brimming smile, the jolly tender laugh, the whole air of happy vitality win her back to the old undisturbed kingdom of youth and love and pleasure.

They walked on toward the tea room; and then suddenly Malcolm gave an exclamation.

"By Jove!" he cried. "I forgot all about the mater. I must go out and tell Peter to collect her. Just you wait here."

"No," said Theodora firmly; "I'll go too." Indeed, she would not miss one moment of her hero now.

As they approached the swinging door to the street a small man, close behind them, made an abrupt forward movement. It was inconsiderate, it was rude, and it pushed the girl against the edge of the door. In an instant Malcolm's fist doubled, with a lightning flash of white knuckles against the red back of his hand.

"Don't!" breathed the girl. "He didn't mean it—really."

With a last look at the other man, Malcolm went over to the waiting limousine. As she watched him bend over to the chauffeur Theodora's heart glowed. She loved that fierce vigilance of his; that instant angry response to the slightest thing which threatened her.

As the head waiter took them to their places Malcolm suddenly stopped.

"This is not my table," said he.

The waiter looked at the young man towering above him.

"I know, sir," he murmured deprecatingly; "but I thought that just for to-day you wouldn't mind."

"I do mind!" cut in Malcolm shortly. "You know perfectly well that is my table; and I don't want this to happen again."

"That rascal will double-cross you every time," he remarked as they sat down at the substituted table; but as he said it the brimming smile was all the time offering her his every thought.

"Now, darling, what is it to be to-day—same old orange pekoe and toast? All right—if you like; only there doesn't seem to be anything very inventive about your tea. Yes, Angelo; a Scotch highball for me, and, say—an anchovy canapé, will you?"

This dynamic manner of Malcolm's, this air of sureness about what he wanted—how it would lift him, leading his men, over the top! And as she looked at him the girl's eyes were blurred with a pride in which even the grief of losing him was forgotten.

They sat for a moment in silence while about them beat the strains of Brahms' Hungarian Dance. Then suddenly the young man bent tenderly toward her.

"What is it, dear?" he asked. "Why are you looking at me as if you were trying to commit me to memory?"

It was just what Theodora was doing. As the man on an outgoing steamer tries to press in every tree and house of the vanishing home shore, she was storing away each detail of his appearance—the strong hands, with the heavy-jointed fingers; the way his smooth yellow hair ribbed back over his forehead; the Sons-of-the-Revolution button; the slight unevenness of the white teeth. She must know them every one while he was "over there"; must have them so her image of him would come back intense and complete.

She did not answer his question for a moment. Then, very slowly, she echoed his words:

"What is the matter with me? How can you ask that, Malcolm? Why, I feel as if this were the day of doom!"

"My poor little Theodora," he said, and for one instant his hand touched hers, "you're nervous—that's what is the matter with you. This day isn't really so different from any we have been having. Of course the President's message will call for war—there's no doubt about that; but we've known we had to go to war for days and weeks. And we ought to have gone months ago. But don't let us worry now—don't let us spoil our time together. Ah, here's my Scotch—thank heaven for that!"

He drained the glass rapidly and then took out a cigarette.

"Now," said he, watching her pour her tea, "we'll be cozy and forget all about the war. I've had a beast of a day! These people that think rich men's sons don't work just ought to have seen me at it to-day. And now I feel as if a vacuum cleaner had gone over the whole front of my head."

To be chatty while one's heart is knotted with pain, this is the supreme sacrifice woman makes for her love. And Theodora made it now, telling him of the dinner last night, to which he had not gone, and of the Red Cross meeting that afternoon, and what old Mrs. Dalrymple had said to her there:

"'And I told President Wilson that he need never expect my son to go into the trenches for him. George says there's no excitement in that kind of death. They're not even shooting at you—just at a big mass of men. Oh, no; George says there's some sport and adventure in the aviation and the artillery; but the trenches—no, it's not a gentleman's death!'"

Theodora gave the dowager's high-bred croak so livingly that the young man threw back his head in roar after roar of laughter.

"That's ripping, Theodora!" he cried. "You ought to be on the vaudeville stage."

At this moment Theodora beheld in the doorway of the tea room a hesitating figure.

"There's your mother!" said she; and involuntarily she gave a little sigh.

Mrs. T. Mortimer Reed was a tall blond woman of forty-eight; and, in spite of her pink and whiteness, she did not look fresh—merely candied. Almost before she had sat down her son was bending over her.

"Well, mother, what is it to be to-day?"

His manner was a trifle nervous; in fact, everybody who lived in her household hurried to get Mrs. T. Mortimer Reed what she wanted before she had time to feel injured about it.

"Oh, I believe, just some toast and tea"—her voice trailed ever so slightly, like a feather drawn over water—"only have the bread toasted on the table. I can't bear it in a napkin—it gets so clammy."

(Continued on Page 36)

War Rations!

COATS IS IN

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

THERE is an axiom in modern merchandising founded on the experience of one Newton and his apple. It is the two-and-two of every ready-to-wear buyer and is just as infallible as four or a bump on the head. It starts "Coats is in," and leaves a trail of red ruin through the suit and waist departments. It starts "Suits is in," and the aged bookkeeper reaches for the profit-and-loss ledger, preparatory to making a large entry in red ink below the pages marked coats and dresses.

If it is a coat season women buy dresses also. If it is a suit season women hurry past the coat and dress departments to the waist section. It is very simple. All that is necessary is to know five months in advance whether coats or suits will be "in," and buy accordingly.

Miss Adele Glaub, buyer of waists for the Mammoth Department Store, drew a languid hand across the gleaming white Glaub brow and left it to find a haven of rest just above the symmetrical curve of the Glaub jet eyebrow. The wicked gleam of a huge jade dinner ring sent out its baleful light from under the heavy blue-black mass of Glaub hair. The half-closed eyes seemed to be trying to smother the lure within. The clinging sheen of the black dinner gown reflected neither crease nor wrinkle. Long jet earrings accentuated the pallor of cheek and neck. The only touch of color in this symphony of danger was the red of lips—slightly parted.

Over beyond, behind a hedge of jaded green palms, the last trembling notes of "Car-ree Me Ba-ack to O-old Vir-gin-ee-e" have been drowned in a light patter of applause. It was only the oyster-cocktail stage at the Broadview Inn.

Across the table the pink visage of Mr. Nathan Rosewater, of August & Rosewater, waist manufacturers, was registering the last act from A Fool There Was. Mr. Rosewater had just allowed himself to be vamped into selling a consignment of blouses at one and a half less, extra. Mr. Rosewater had noticed the striking resemblance to a certain movie home-wrecker on the occasion of Miss Glaub's last visit to New York, and had seen the Mammoth order jump from thirty-five hundred dollars to forty-seven hundred as a consequence. On the other hand, Miss Glaub felt that it was good business to look like a big girl in a little city and show the folly—at a glance—of trying to load her up with Kelly-green crêpe de chine in a peach-georgette season. And, after all, it wasn't no drawback to the waist business if you attracted men, was it?

As the last sporadic handclaps gave way to the clatter and tinkle of the famous Broadview chicken dinners Miss Glaub sighed.

"Ain't the air of those old tunes persuasive, though, Mr. Rosewater?"

Mr. Rosewater beamed.

"I wish it was persuasive enough to get you to take a coupla more gross of those beaded georgettes with the large frill collars—they're going to be the biggest thing in the country this year; and ——"

Miss Glaub interrupted him coldly—almost out of character.

"There ain't music enough in the world to get me to take a single waist more. Believe me, Mr. Rosewater, if you was selling waists, instead of making them, you wouldn't talk as if ——"

"As if you were going to lose a thousand dollars' worth of business by letting Fryer, down at the Economy, sell all the beaded georgettes in Bigburg this year," jovially suggested Mr. Rosewater.

Miss Glaub dropped her hand for the utilitarian purpose of buttering a small tea biscuit.

"Ain't you the kidder!" she said. "What I was going to say was that selling waists won't be no indoor sport this year if coats is in. Believe me, Fryer can take the chance if he wants; but it looks like a mark-down season to me."

"Everybody is buying heavy, though, Miss Glaub; and ——"

"Maybe," reflected Miss Glaub aloud. "I really ought to cancel on that bunch of voiles."

"Those number three-hundred-and-twos? Those snappy waists with the tucked frill and the collars and cuffs edged with venise lace? Take my advice, Miss Glaub, and forget ——"

"Maybe it would be better if I cut out those sport blouses; the stripes is pretty loud, and ——"

"Try some of this chicken," urged Mr. Rosewater, "and forget about business until you start to see the women rushing in for those three-hundred-and-twos and those sport blouses."

"Oh, Mr. Garbey!" She Thrilled. "Ain't You Wonderful!"

"Chicken," replied the practical Miss Glaub, "ain't no consolation when you have to go into Mr. Harvey Bibker's office and tell him that, instead of a profit, he has a little three or four thousand dollar loss coming."

Mr. Rosewater essayed a deprecating laugh.

"If you lose even half your profit on waists like those in the A & R line, take it from me it's because the Kaiser has the country and won't let you sell 'em. You know yourself, Miss Glaub, that waists like those peach and flesh crêpe de chines practically will sell themselves."

"But if it's a coat season ——" persisted Miss Glaub.

"Suit season or no suit season, nothing can stop those waists from going big," Mr. Rosewater predicted.

"But ——"

"Ain't that the best chicken you ever ate? The way they have of mixing green peppers ——"

And so the little quarterly comedy ended with the victory resting on both sides of the spotless damask. Miss Glaub, by libeling what she privately considered was to be the biggest waist season ever, had insured a major portion of the evening against the intrusion of business. Mr. Rosewater, also, was content, after one attempt to unload some lone orphans, with the eight thousand dollars previously referred to.

Mr. Robert Hilliard would have unqualifiedly indorsed Mr. Rosewater's rendering of the fascinated man during the entrée and over the salad. He played the fly to Miss Glaub's charming spider until it became apparent that the fickle creature had moved the center of interest to a point immediately over Mr. Rosewater's right shoulder.

As Miss Glaub drew the fingers of her left hand into a shape that almost infringed Miss Ruth St. Denis' patented head of an asp, and allowed it to wave waggishly to and fro as she dipped into a peach Melba with her right, Mr. Rosewater dropped his napkin. In picking it up, he glanced quickly at the table in the rear. It was best. Hermie Zellner, of the Perfection Waist Company, was supposed to be in Chicago; but maybe ——

But the gentleman at the table lighted by the smoldering orbs of Miss Glaub was not Hermie. It was Mr. Uthas O. Garbey, director of publicity for the Allied Wonders of the World and associate of Mr. Rosewater during the occasion of A & R Waist Week the preceding spring.

After all, if a good customer, like Miss Glaub, for instance, liked to enjoy herself while in New York—and it didn't interfere with business—a merry, innocent little party has a long memory, even if business is bad. At least, so reasoned Mr. Rosewater as he rose, after a hurried apology, and walked to the other table. Besides, Mr. Garbey was alone.

A moment later: "Miss Glaub, may I present my friend, Mr. Garbey? Mr. Garbey was dining alone, and I thought ——"

"You thought right," Mr. Garbey interrupted with a snowy flash in the direction of Miss Glaub. "I was just trying to figure out who the guy was that had cornered the sunshine."

"You don't mean me, I'm sure. Does he, Mr. Rosewater?" appealed Miss Glaub as she extended her hand, palm down, fingers drooping.

"Don't he, though?" Mr. Garbey's eyes registered love at first sight with the most engaging frankness or so it seemed to Miss Glaub.

"We were just finishing our dessert, Garbey. Won't you ——"

Mr. Garbey rejected Mr. Rosewater's implied invitation with a flat palm.

"Then I'm just in time to buy a little drink," he began.

"Miss Glaub," Mr. Rosewater explained hastily, "is one of my best customers from Bigburg."

"Well, that won't stop her from having a cup of coffee—or something—will it?" questioned Mr Garbey.

Miss Glaub settled the question by declaring that there was nothing she liked better after a chicken dinner than a nice cold claret lemonade.

"It's so settling," she concluded with a slow smile that indicated Miss Glaub's belief in live and let live!

Mr. Garbey returned the smile threefold and hunched forward on his brightly checkered elbows.

"Not that I'm falling for this Bigburg stuff, Nate. Miss Glaub may have spent the happy childhood hours by the shores of old Lake Erie, but she never got that air of class anywhere but on Ol' Broadway. She may be a movie star out for a little rest; but don't ask ——"

"Miss Glaub is the waist and dress buyer for the Mammoth Store in Bigburg, Ohio," Mr. Rosewater stated firmly.

Miss Glaub forgot herself and went back to the days when she was only head of stock, and Mr. Hickey, the new floorman, had said she had wonderful eyes. She giggled.

"Oh, what a line you got, Mr. Garbey!"

Mr. Rosewater felt that the Garbey air of assurance needed a tiny prick. After all, there wasn't any sense in letting a press agent get away with all the Francis X. Bushman stuff. He laughed loudly.

"That's right, Miss Glaub," he applauded: "you called his business right off the bat! Eh, Garbey?"

"Whaddaya mean?"—suspiciously.

"Mr. Garbey," explained Mr. Rosewater, as if the question had come from Miss Glaub, "is the man that makes all the small-town boys believe that all the lions and clowns died during the winter. Ha! Ha! An' that the Allied Shows hurried right over to Africa and got a wonderful new collection that nobody ever saw before. Ain't I right, Garbey? Ha! Ha!"

"You ain't!" forcibly retorted Mr. Garbey.

"Well, tell us what ——"

"Don't mind Mr. Rosewater," directed Miss Glaub. "He is such a kidder. But do tell us about your business, Mr. Garbey."

Mr. Garbey looked defiantly into the large black Rosewater eyes.

"I am a sales manager," he announced.

Once more the throaty gurgle—like the noise from a very large bottle—announced that Mr. Rosewater was highly amused.

"Ain't these press agents the funny guys?" he appealed to Miss Glaub, who was seeking to impale a cherry on the point of an infirm straw. "Always springin' something good."

"I leave it to Miss Glaub," continued Mr. Garbey in a tone that had subtly changed from defiance to injury, "if selling a million dollars' worth of pasteboard a year ain't big business."

Miss Glaub said very warmly that she thought it was tree-mendous; "and," she coyly added, "you ought to come down to Bigburg, Mr. Garbey, and sell the Mammoth. They use an awful lot of paper boxes."

"By pasteboard," Mr. Garbey explained with a smile, "I mean tickets—circus tickets. Not that I sell them myself, y'understand—I merely work out the ideas that put them over."

For the tiniest of intervals Miss Glaub registered admiration. "Wonderful!" she whispered.

"It's the hardest selling game on earth," Mr. Garbey admitted; "it makes the waist game—wholesale or retail—as easy as filling an ice box with Peary ——"

"Not in a coat season," objected Miss Glaub.

"Not when georgette goes up three cents a day, regular," corroborated Mr. Rosewater.

"Easy as selling grilled sweetbreads to a starved Pittsburgh steel man," Mr. Garbey assured them.

"But ——"

"Listen, Garbey: You ——"

"Human nature," continued Mr. Garbey, "is the same whether you are packing them in to see Bosko the Dog-faced Boy in Niles, Ohio, or calling in the fire marshal and the police reserves while you let them struggle for French blouses at one-half off.

"Suppose, for instance, the Mammoth waist department had started up in 1894 with a nice line of red-an'-white striped waists. Suppose those were the only waists they had in stock for the whole year. Suppose that the next year they had the same line—an' the next year, and the year after; and so on right up to now. Maybe the lines were changed a little in 1900 and a frill collar was added in 1904—maybe a coupla new buttons for a novelty in 1913; but the same old waist was there!

"Suppose you took that poor old waist and got everybody so excited about it every year that two thousand to a town was only fair. Would selling something new and different every year look hard to you? Yes; it would not."

"But people expect the same old thing in circuses," said the waist manufacturer.

"Sure they do," agreed Mr. Garbey, "and still you have to sell 'em on the idea that, after all the years they have been munching peanuts an' tippling on red lemonade, they are going to see something new an' different."

"Bunk!"

"Maybe; but, just the samee, Old Barnum was the best little merchandiser since that guy who bought Broadway an' Forty-second Street for a coupla strings of beads."

Mr. Garbey caught the eye of a hovering waiter and ordered the same all round.

"If coats is in," whispered Miss Glaub, "I'm going to insist that you come down to Bigburg an' prove it."

"Sister," said Mr. Garvey, "I'll be in Bigburg in April, and I'll be all yours."

Miss Glaub blushed.

By ten-thirty Mr. Garbey had completely eliminated Mr. Rosewater from the vampire handicap, and had told Miss Glaub, gently stirring her third lemonade, that she had more ver-vee than any lady he had ever met.

At ten-forty-five he called her "Little One," and touched her hand as Mr. Rosewater lit a large cigar.

At eleven, as they rose to leave, it was Mr. Garbey who helped Miss Glaub into her rose-colored wrap with the large collar of kolinsky. He let his hand rest caressingly on the soft fur for a moment, while Mr. Rosewater settled with the waiter.

"Believe me, little girl," he murmured as Mr. Rosewater handed a crisp golden note toward the waiter, "when I get to Bigburg you and me are going to talk about something else than business."

Miss Glaub sighed into the depths of the fur. "Oh, Mr. Garbey, quit your spoofing!" she whispered; but a smile—a lingering come-hither smile—negated the words.

As they filed through the door to the waiting taxi Mr. Rosewater came into his own. For a moment, as Mr. Garbey searched in the dark of the tonneau for robes, Miss Glaub laid her hand lightly on the Rosewater arm.

"Maybe you was right about those beaded georgettes," she whispered. "Send me out a gross of those with the tiny frill collars and tucked yokes."

II

MR. HARVEY BIBKER, merchandise manager of the Mammoth Store, was a very important personage. Not only that: Mr. Bibker knew that he was a very important personage. He knew that there was something about him—something he couldn't quite put into words—that the other fifteen hundred-odd employees of the Mammoth Store did not possess. He was an emotional man; a man who found it hard to conceal the natural kindness and magnanimity of his soul from his fellows—and employees.

Therefore, his mouth wreathed a smile as bland and vernal as the sun at midday—and as fixed. Only one cloud ever cloaked its warmth; ever changed its lines. That was the whispered mention by a buyer that he guessed he'd have to take a markdown on that stuff! He was a kind man; but it pained his tender heart to hear that whispering specter at the beginning of a season. It made him feel that his natural goodness was being imposed upon. He was a man temperate in all things; so the tightening lines of his mouth were the only indication of the pain within.

So you know, as Mr. Bibker sits in the comfortable mahogany swivel chair of his private office with the lines of his broad mouth turned downward, that he is being deeply pained. , Mr. Bibker's sublime faith in human nature has been rudely shocked again. The transition had been most abrupt, as Filberg, the coat buyer, had just left and carried with him the glowing effulgence of the Bibker personality.

Across the shiny desk, with its methodical businesslike array of pens and papers, Miss Adele Glaub was nervously twisting a small bit of lawn handkerchief into a meaningless collection of wrinkles.

Mr. Bibker tapped the polished surface before him with the rubber tip of his pencil and coughed:

"But, my dear Miss Glaub, this is practically the beginning of the season; and if the merchandise is ——"

"The merchandise is the best we ever had in the house, Mr. Bibker—you know yourself that waists like those peach crêpe de chines, with the jabot frill an' collar in one piece and the filet lace edging on the collar and cuffs, are mar-vel-ous values at $4.95. And ——"

"Why don't they ——"

"They don't move simply because coats is in."

Mr. Bibker formed a church roof with his pudgy pink fingers over the black rotunda of his stomach and allowed his eyes to follow a fly across a strip of mahogany molding.

"It would seem to me," he said meditatively, "that it is the function of the buyer to anticipate the tendencies for the approaching season."

"A buyer," said Miss Glaub boldly, "can't always be an Anna Eva Fay. It looked to me like a big season, an' I bought accordingly. Why, everybody in New York ——"

"In New York," Mr. Bibker reminded her, "the situation is rose colored by manufacturers and jobbers."

"They can't color me," Miss Glaub assured him. "I know the proper distance for a lady buyer to maintain."

"What I meant ——"

"I know!"—with a tiny sniffle.

Mr. Bibker allowed his bigness of soul to triumph for the moment.

"Go back to your department," he directed, "and try a series of good-sized advertisements. Tell Mr. Murray that I said you could have all the space necessary."

Miss Glaub hurried to the advertising department and informed Mr. Murray that she was to have tree-mendous space; that these waists were ab-so-lute-ly the most wonderful things that the house ever contained, that if business didn't increase it was per-fect-ly ap-palling!

That night, over her bedtime cup of chocolate, Miss Glaub thought of Mr. Uthas Garbey and his magnetic personality. She recollected with evident pleasure, while fingering the jar of Madam Pale's Beauty Lotion, the way he had shut up that smarty Rosewater. The name brought recollections of the extra gross of beaded georgettes that would have lightened the burden—somewhat. After all, business was no place for a lady with a tender, confiding nature. There were always human wolves, like this Rosewater, ready to —— Wouldn't it be romantic if Mr. Garbey —— And then she could tell that simpering old fraud to take his job and —— A smile of genuine contempt. Mrs. Uthas O. Garbey, the wife of the well-known —— And so she slept.

"Don't Mind Mr. Rosewater," Directed Miss Glaub. "He Is Such a Kidder"

But tree-mendous space in four daily papers and the most per-fectly wonderful merchandise failed to bring a throng of wildly excited women eager to buy. It did not even bring a bevy. It was per-fect-ly ap-palling!

Miss Glaub personally took the floor to show how people could be taught to realize the ab-so-lute-ly wonderful values. The first woman she greeted was an upholstered wreck whose charge account had the limit removed. Miss Glaub felt that it was an auspicious moment to inculcate some real salesmanship into her simpering clerks.

Lightly, with her hand gracefully extended, she approached her prospect and, after a few words of gentle greeting, led her to a long rack of expensive imported French blouses. With an air of uncovering some delicate piece of ancient art, Miss Glaub removed the tiny catch and opened the glass door.

Like the high priestess lifting the sacred codfish, Miss Glaub drew from its form a clinging thing of soft gray and blue. Slowly she turned; Mrs. J. Pendleton Smithers was absently studying a fleshy lady in purple velvet and ermine, off stage.

"Oh, Mrs. Smithers," she cooed, "here is something I have been saving for you. When I bought it in New York I said to myself: 'No one can wear that like Mrs. Smithers!'" Mrs. Smithers had turned her gaze to a fawn-colored flapper, R. E., up stage.

"I just knew that small vestee and embroidered shoulder-yoke effect would look pos-i-tive-ly be-witch-ing on you!"

Mrs. Smithers continued to inspect the flapper.

"An' that underlay of blue—doesn't it bring out the softness and quality of that mar-vel-ous georgette which you never seem to find in this country?"

Mrs. Smithers watched the flapper disappear into a descending elevator.

"An' when I tell you that the price is only $23.75 I know it will seem ree-diculously cheap."

Coming back from the elevator, Mrs. Smithers' eyes encountered the marvel in Miss Glaub's hands, and her eyes lighted up.

"Of course—how silly of me! I almost forgot what I wanted," she murmured. "The memory of that wonderful coat! Did you see it, Miss Glaub? A deep taupe Burella, trimmed with blue fox! I just purchased it. Why, at one hundred and ninety-five dollars it just seemed as if I were picking it off some bargain counter. Ha! Ha!"

Miss Glaub registered a smile of polite interest.

"But isn't this waist ——"

"Waist? Of course—how silly! But that wonderful coat! It just is too perfectly wonderful for —— But, as I started to say, my little niece is wearing a simple little suit to school and I should like some little voile affair to match. Nothing expensive. Haven't you something for about a dollar and a half?"

Slowly Miss Glaub led her to a counter and turned her over to a simpering clerk.

Over behind a sheltering pillar Miss Glaub executed a vulgar grimace and murmured to a painted fleur-de-lis:

"Sherman said it about war."

After a torturous month filled with idle clerks and with eager customers rushing through to the coat and dress departments Miss Glaub took off her earrings, went into the great man's office, and explained the urgent necessity of getting out from under. The great man tapped his high white forehead—he was always tapping something—shook his head sadly, and then suggested a March Sale of Waists at one-quarter off. As he spoke his eyes were sad, but his voice had a suggestion of sharpness that Miss Glaub did not fancy. On the way up in the elevator she wondered whether Mr. Garbey really did hand out the same line of talk to every girl he met.

For the March Sale of Waists the advertising department got out the dearest, pret-ti-est little folder, which showed Miss Glaub's treasures in all their glory of maize, peach, Nile green, flesh and white, against a darling background of sea foam. Twenty-five thousand of them went out to invite appreciative women to the feast. Printing and mailing cost a trifle over three hundred dollars; but it was worth it.

There wasn't a particle of doubt that Art was going to upset that

silly saying about coats. Why, the pictures alone, showing every little touch of hemstitching and lace, would bring in droves. Miss Glaub went back to peach Melbas for lunch and asked the superintendent for extra help. She was even too busy and excited to think of Mr. Garbey.

Miss Glaub arrived an hour before the store opened on the morning of the first of March—too early for the crowd to be waiting about the closed doors. But at eight-thirty it developed that the crowd had failed to appear. At nine-thirty several women lounged through the department and lounged out. At two, the day's business was perfectly normal—for a bad day. At four a fleshy lady bought two blouses that had been sketched for the folder; but the tidings did not cheer Miss Glaub—as she had left half an hour before.

Costumed in a very unvamplike gray kimono, Miss Glaub indulged herself in a long, comforting cry, and wished she knew Mr. Garbey's address—or where a letter would reach him. The waist she had worn during the day lay, a shapeless mass, on the bed. It was an A & R waist. It was a beaded georgette waist. With a "Faugh!" of intense loathing, she lifted it gingerly and dropped it into the bottom drawer of the closet. Once more Miss Glaub curled herself into the comfort of the cretonne-covered easy-chair and wondered whether Mr. Garbey really ——

As goes the first day, so goes the sale! is another merchandising maxim that proved itself during the entire twenty-six selling days of March. It would soon be time for spring stuff. Miss Glaub shuddered.

"My Gawd!" she said when the coat buyer whispered the result of his season's business.

During the early days of April—which, thank heaven for small favors, were cold and wet Miss Glaub haunted the walnut cabinet with the hundred and two pigeonholes where a red-headed lout of an office boy placed the buyers' mail—when he wasn't reading about Hank Duke's triple with the sacks populated. A plain envelope, which did not announce itself as a little titbit from some jobber or salesman, was opened with all the thrill and quickened heart action of a first love letter. When the dancing letters had straightened out and she read:

"In reply to your inquiry of the twenty-eighth, would say that voile models 280 and 285 have been rushed and will be ready for shipment on or about ——" it was as unsatisfactory as machine stitching, or as disappointing as a novel where the heroine dies; yes, worse!

And then, just as Miss Glaub was preparing to remove her earrings for the third time and tell Mr. Bibker that they must unload—and unload fast—a shrill cry from the wrapping desk:

"O-o-oh, Miss Gl-Gl-au-ub! Tel-ee-phone!"

She nervously patted the frill of her waist as she hurried to the desk. She found the receiver slippery and her quickened breath frosted the shine of the mouthpiece.

"H-hello!"

Out of the black little disk came the easy, assured tone of one not unused to soft Hellos! "Hello, sister!" said the black little disk. "Here I am—rough an' ready."

"They Can't Color Me," Miss Glaub Assured Him. "I Know the Proper Distance for a Lady Buyer to Maintain"

Miss Glaub moistened her lips. "Oh, Mr. Garbey!" she said. "Ain't this the grea-at-est sur-pri-ise!"

III

"AN' NOW, little one," said Mr. Garbey as they sat in the tiny parlor of Miss Glaub's three-room apartment, "let me get this thing straight." Mr. Garbey spoke in the brisk tone of one getting down to tacks.

"First, it is a coat season; second, it is a coat season, and third, it is a coat season. Am I right?"

"Yes-s."

"Next, you tried all your bag o' tricks to try an' sell them. Yes?"

"Yes-s."

"Folders an' advertising and reductions. Huh?"

A nod of the head.

"Yuh got a big stock?"

A convulsive shudder.

"Old Man on his ear. What?"

Another nod.

Mr. Garbey reached over and patted a taffeta-clad shoulder with a brightly manicured hand.

"Willing to sell at cost to get rid of the stuff. Huh?"

Two nods.

"A small profit would look as big as a house. Eh?"

Miss Glaub straightened and pressed a clenched hand against the soft tulle at her bosom.

"Please don't kid me like that, Mr. Garbey!" she implored.

Mr. Garbey reached for the disengaged left hand and patted it slowly.

"Sister," he said earnestly, "when I met you last fall I said that when I came to town I would be all yours. I also said that the next time I saw you we would talk about something else th'n business.

"Well I was wrong. We'll talk about business now an' we'll talk about something else afterward. Now then ——"

"Mr. Garbey, you don't honestly mean that ——"

Mr. Garbey held up his free hand in silent interruption.

(Continued on Page 56)

BOTH CHEEKS

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

I THINK you ought to present that demand note of Uncle Abel's for collection," said James Lord.

His old Uncle Zenas Lord sighed heavily.

"I think we have talked that matter over enough, don't you?" he returned.

The square old room in the low light of the gathering night was lovely, lovelier than in broad daylight, when its shabbiness, which was almost sordid, offended. Now soft shadows lay over it, and there were little pools of dim radiance here and there from polished surfaces of old furniture; an engraving over the mantel gleamed out like a sheet of silver, and right across the floor lay a mysterious beam of reflection beyond tracing. James saw that every night before the lamp was lit, and had never been able to trace its source. The glass over the engraving showing silver was simple enough. The street light caused that. The beam across the floor defied him. He gazed at it now as he talked with his uncle. Zenas was his paternal uncle. The Abel to whom he referred was on his mother's side of the family, Abel Carson. He was a rich old man and Zenas held his demand note, but would not make any effort to collect it.

"No, Uncle Zenas, I don't think we have talked enough until we have talked to some purpose," said James Lord. "If you had that money I could enlist."

"Do you think that is a reason for me to collect?"

Suddenly the boy rose and was across the room. His wiry young figure stood over the old man in the chair.

"Yes, I do," he said vehemently. "I do, and you ought to think so. You are an old man, Uncle Zenas, but I am ashamed for you. God knows, in time of peace I would be willing to stay here in Leicester and work in the Sylvesters antique store till I died, to support you; but this is different. If you had the money which that note represents you would have plenty if the war continued four years, and I could save a little out of my pay for you; but now here I am tied hand and foot. I see all the others going, and I am pinned down here because I am your sole support when you could get enough money to-morrow to set me free."

"You know how I feel about this war," said the old man, and there was a terrible inflexibility in his voice.

"Know how you feel! I should think so! I know to my shame and disgrace, and all the town knows. But I would go for all that, Uncle Zenas, and I would feel right about going if you had enough money to live on."

"You really mean that you would go to war when you know how I feel about the wickedness of war, and how I am convinced that love and peace would take its place?"

"I love peace enough to fight for it," the young voice rang out. "I don't love it enough to stay in a safe place and talk about it while the other fellows are getting hit. Uncle Zenas, for God's sake, why won't you collect that note? Uncle Abel has plenty of money. He is just laughing in his sleeve because you don't."

"I have never had any quarrel with your Uncle Abel," said the old voice inexorably.

"And you won't try to collect because Uncle Abel has such a devilish temper and hates to pay out money like poison."

"I cannot have a quarrel, James."

"Uncle Zenas ——"

The old man said nothing.

"Look here, Uncle Zenas, could you get on with what I could save from my pay if I did enlist? Have you got anything besides that note?"

The old man was silent.

"Is this house mortgaged?"

There was no reply.

"You could mortgage the house and set me free," said the young voice with a burst of courage.

"Mortgage the house where your grandfather was born!"

"Well, I suppose that would come sort of hard for you, but I would pay it as soon as I could after the war."

"Young men often never return from war, and often when they do return it is to be burdens rather than agents to remove them. You can't guarantee anything when you go to war—you know that, James Lord."

"Uncle Zenas, haven't you anything besides?"

Then the old man spoke with cold fury:

"If I had a million in bank notes here this minute I would put it in the fire and make you stay at home and support me.

"You shall not go to war, James Lord!"

"Uncle Zenas, if you were young and able-bodied, do you mean to say you would not go?"

"I would not! I would settle the whole peaceably."

"No man can settle matters peaceably when there is no peace."

The boy's voice rang high, then he hushed suddenly. He struck a match and lit the lamp on the table and made for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Zenas.

"Over to the Sylvesters. I see Thomas Dodd coming in here, and I don't want to stay and hear the old argument, when I am on Dodd's side and can't say so because you are my uncle. I don't like Dodd either."

James went out of the room, and at the same time the knocker clanged and a dog barked. The dog barked with a volley of shrill yelps.

Zenas rose and went to the front door. A large stout man stood there and a fox terrier was snapping at his heels. The large man kicked out at the dog but did not hit him, and entered.

"Why in the name of common sense don't you tell Sam Buzzy to keep that nasty little cur of his at home?" he demanded. "He always hangs round your door, don't he?"

"I think he does a good deal," admitted Zenas.

"Why don't you tell Buzzy to tie him up?"

"I like to live on good terms with my neighbors."

"Oh, my Lord!" snarled the stout man. "And so you let your friends take chances of being bitten by mad dogs rather than have a row with a neighbor!" The man seated himself and the chair creaked.

"This old relic won't let me down with a broken bone, will it?" he growled.

"I think it is fairly strong."

"It isn't as if you had steam heat. Steam heat is the very dickens for old furniture. You ought to have it though. Only thing for a house as big as this. Hot-air furnace don't begin to heat it, I know that."

"It does except when the wind is in certain directions."

"Strange the wind ain't as accommodating as you peace folks. Sort of queer Nature seems to go on such strikes."

Zenas flushed. He was a handsome, small old man, with delicate but strong features and a small, closely set mouth.

"When are you going to start your peace delegation?" said the other. His voice hissed with aggravation.

Zenas said nothing.

"Ain't you going to send a peace delegation to Europe pretty soon?" demanded Thomas Dodd.

Zenas spoke sharply.

"Would to God I could do that very thing and stop this frightful slaughter!" said he.

"Hm! Suppose you think a peace delegation, with the women wearing stuffed doves on their hats, and the men with olive sprigs in their buttonholes, and the whole lot preaching and praying, could do more than the armies of the Allies and the United States, now we are in it. Hm!"

"I certainly do," said Zenas firmly.

The argument was on.

Thomas rose and towered over Zenas ponderously. He shook the index finger of his right hand in his face:

"You believe that right against Scripture?"

Zenas looked at Thomas and his small face seemed as hard as flint.

"I think that is Scripture."

"What do you make of this saying from the Gospel: 'I came not to send peace, but a sword'? What do you think of that, eh?"

Zenas spoke with tense firmness:

"'If any man strike you on one cheek I say unto you turn the other also.'"

Thomas Dodd openly sneered. "If I were you I would quote Scripture correctly," said he. Then he fairly shouted: "'But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.'"

"The meaning is the same," returned Zenas firmly.

"You know what is said if anybody changes just one word in the Bible, I suppose," sneered Thomas Dodd.

Zenas did not answer. He was a gentleman, and Dodd lacked some of the traits of one. That gave Zenas a certain advantage.

Thomas dimly recognized the fact. His great face blazed red. He shook his finger in the other man's face.

"You traitor, you!" he shouted. "That's what you are, a damn traitor!"

"If believing in saving the sons of my country from quarrel and bloodshed is treachery, then I am a traitor," replied Zenas.

He gazed straight at the index finger, which nearly touched his delicate nose. Zenas looked more high-bred than usual in contrast with Thomas Dodd. His face did not flush. It was slightly paler and his features stood out more distinctly.

"Damn traitor!" said Thomas Dodd.

Zenas said nothing.

"You really mean you would be content to let those crowing fools—for they are fools, and history is going to show it—sink our ships, and murder Americans, and make plots against our Government, and try to get us into war with other nations, and into civil war, and blow up our factories and our bridges—and not fight?"

"I believe in peace."

"Hang peace! Why, there isn't any peace! How in Sam Hill can you want to keep what isn't in existence? There hasn't been any peace in this happy-go-lucky country, bless it, since those dog-goned Germans goosestepped over the Belgian frontier. Peace! Huh!"

"I do not defend the invasion of Belgium," stated Zenas mildly. "I admit I feel that the principle is wrong and ——"

"Who cares a cat's hind leg about principle, now the United States has finally reared and is shaking all her flags out, and getting her men and her guns and her ships into the ring?" shouted Thomas Dodd. He fairly danced up and down. "Don't I know that principle is behind the whole devilish mess? But now we have taken our stand on principle for granted, and are saying 'Look here, Bill Hohenzollern, you have hit us; now we hit you.' Lord-a-mighty, it was all well enough to talk principle and high-mindedness when we begun, but now it is hit back, and sit on the whole crew like our fathers sat on the Indians I tell you now, Zenas Lord, it is hit! Do ye hear me? Hit! Hit!!"

"I believe in peace," said Zenas.

"Do you actually sit there and say, you whose folks did some tall fighting in the little baby wars we used to have, that you would stand for that usage any longer, and let them go on hitting us and turn the other cheek?"

"I believe in following the lead of Scripture," said Zenas.

"Well, here goes!" shouted Thomas Dodd. "I'll give you one chance to practice what you preach!" With that Thomas Dodd gave the man in the chair a mighty slap on his right cheek. Directly over its delicate pallor red finger marks blazed out. Zenas said nothing. Slowly and with dignity he turned the other cheek. Thomas Dodd nearly knocked him out of his chair with a blow on the left jaw.

Then there was a crash. Zenas Lord's chair fell over backward and he was fighting Thomas Dodd. Zenas landed a terrible blow on the right cheek of Thomas, then on the left, with little fists that seemed as hard as steel. Zenas was a small man, but small men sometimes make mighty fighters. Zenas had always known he could fight. He would not perhaps have been a pacifist if he had not known that. Deep in his mind had lurked the knowledge of restrained power. For an old man he was amazing. He fairly seemed a blur of motion, so fast he rained blow after blow upon the other man.

Thomas Dodd was no coward. He had been taken by surprise. It was as if a dove had attacked him like a tiger; but he soon began to defend himself. Nothing except defense, and that only to a limited extent, was possible. As well attack a buzz saw as that fierce old man who had turned from his precepts of peace.

Zenas simply could not be hit. When the blow landed he was not there, and immediately Thomas received one. The two were all over the room. The table and the lamp and a vase of flowers went over, and water and oil trickled over the carpet.

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"What Do You Make of This Saying From the Gospel: 'I Came Not to Send Peace, But a Sword'? What Do You Think of That, Eh?"

THE GHOST OF ROSY TAYLOR

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

IF YOU should suppose, from the fact of this story's beginning with the conversation of two ladies in an employment bureau, that it was going to be one of those gossipy feminine tales that are turned out with such gratifying regularity for the women's magazines—you would be mistaken.

Very strange and sinister affairs often begin in employment bureaus; the Fordyce Murder, for instance, and all the unspeakable complications of the Hofmeyer Emerald—to mention only two.

Not that there will be anything sinister about this one; I only suggest the others to warn you that one can't always judge from the beginning of a story what the end, or even the middle, will be.

Mrs. Herriman-Smith, in search of a laundress-chambermaid—and the hyphen in the employee's official title is quite as important as the hyphen in her employer's surname in the Social Register, which is very important indeed—encountered Mrs. Paul du Vivier in the artistic sage-green anteroom of one of our most exclusive Employment Agencies for Domestic Service and, in the intervals of her successive rejections at the hands of the hyphenated employees, found time for a little friendly conversation with the younger woman. "How amusing it is," bubbled little Pussy du Vivier, "that we're always meeting here, dear Mrs. Herriman-Smith!"

"I am glad to have even this chance of a few words with you, my dear child," replied the elder lady with massive condescension; "you are so much surrounded—so much engaged ——"

"Oh, how can you? Really, it's not that. We do get the name of frightful gadabouts, Paul and Jacques and I; but I think it's only because we're always out of town from Friday to Monday. You see, Paul never takes a real vacation. He does it this way; and with a good country club, and an apartment, it's so easy."

"Well, well; enjoy yourselves while you can, my dear," Mrs. Herriman-Smith returned darkly, scowling inadvertently at the new applicant for laundress-chambermaidship and abstracting her attention already—"and you have no objections to the country?" she added serenely.

"Oh, just one moment!" Pussy begged, moving in front of a suspicious Irish woman and cutting off her objections to rural life, if she had them. "I simply must thank you, Mrs. Herriman-Smith, for that perfectly wonderful cleaning woman you sent me. She is too perfect!"

"Ah! I'm glad ——" But the answer was vague.

"Surely you remember? The one you only used in the spring and the autumn—but I have her every week? Rosy?"

"Rosy?" Mrs. Herriman-Smith repeated, glaring strangely at her little friend. "Rosy? What can you mean? Every week?"

"Why, yes," Pussy answered, surprised at the glare. "I suppose it seems odd to you—mamma says I arrange my housework idiotically; but I must say I have less trouble than anyone I know—far less than she. I'm here for a cook for mamma to-day, as a matter of fact. You see, I took my own personal maid with me when I married, and Paul had his Uncle Edouard's old cook—a fussy old person who cooks divinely but can't be overworked. Stephanie goes home to her son's, somewhere in Twelfth Street, every Friday, and rests up—do you see? and I take my maid. And as we've had the same laundress since I was born there isn't any need of anybody else. We just turn the key and go.

"When you spoke to me about Rosy and told her to come to me I just wrote her; and as I knew you knew all about her and the car was waiting—and Paul is so impatient!—I didn't stop for her, since she was a little late. When we got back Monday I had never seen the apartment looking so spick-and-span in my life—Stephanie was so impressed! I used to have a niece of hers; but she got so dirty. She's been every Friday since, and—oh, she's simply wonderful! The way she arranges the flowers ——"

"My dear Mrs. du Vivier, there must be some mistake," Mrs. Herriman-Smith interrupted nervously. "I'm afraid we're not speaking of the same person."

"Mistake?" Pussy repeated. "Mistake? But what mistake could there be, dear Mrs. Herriman-Smith? I only knew of her through you."

"It must be another Rosy," said Mrs. Herriman-Smith. "You couldn't have Rosy Taylor."

"I not only could, but I did," Pussy persisted gayly; "and she waxed my floors last Saturday."

"Last Saturday?" cried Mrs. Herriman-Smith. "Rosy Taylor? Last Saturday?"

"And why not?" Pussy asked, staring uncomfortably now, one hand at her throat unconsciously, her face slowly paling, as the other woman's had paled.

"Because Rosy Taylor died two months ago!" said Mrs. Herriman-Smith in an odd, choked voice, and the laundress-chambermaid, listening, called upon the Mother of God and fell forward in a dead faint upon the floor.

Rhoda Sayles' maternal grandfather was one of the merchant princes of New England and her father was one of the best-known lawyers of New York. This means, of course, that he was a rich lawyer. Just what he did, Rhoda never knew; but it was something greatly to his credit, her mother always told her. There was a responsibility mistakenly assumed, and a tremendous financial obligation, a furious fight with his recalcitrant partners and a crippled firm. They paid—oh, yes, they paid! And then her father took them abroad, when Rhoda was eight; and there, in eight years more, he died.

Rhoda had been eight years in a convent school by that time and was, if possible, more ignorant of the world than her mother, who died, in her own gentle and refined manner, a year after her husband had accomplished that ceremony. The money, which had up to now supported the family at least sufficiently, turned out to have been a species of annuity, ceasing with her mother's death, a matter utterly uncomprehended by Mrs. Sayles, who had assured her daughter that she should always have eight hundred and ninety-five dollars a year; and perhaps more if things looked up.

But, as you see, and as even the good nuns saw, things weren't at all looking up. Rhoda was an honor girl and had the silver graduating medal for general excellence in conduct, and particularly in obedience. Obedience, as a vulgar little creature from a Western city of their native country had remarked, seemed to be Rhoda Sayles' long suit; and the chief trumps in it—though neither girl, of course, knew this—were a good memory, a strong tendency to take things as they were, and a conviction that God would take care of you if you were good.

Now you know and I know that this hand may win in a convent school; but when you play against the great card sharper, Fate, and play in the Western Hemisphere into the bargain —— Ah, well; why attempt to finish the sentence?

The nuns loved Rhoda and kept her as teacher to the little ones, so that she knew even less of the world than ever. Then the government smote them and disbanded them; and they scattered in panic, and placed her as quickly and as kindly as they could in a *pension* for American girls in Paris, directed by an Englishwoman. She was twenty then; very good looking: a big well-built creature with a great deal of lightish brown hair and clear hazel eyes under straight, heavy brows. The Englishwoman's son ran over from Oxford and fell in love with her, and the Englishwoman sent her away. This was very natural, and you must not be angry with the Englishwoman, for you would have done it yourself if you could get dozens of French teachers and not only one son.

She found a place as companion and reader to an invalid American lady. And the lady's husband bought her a little white poodle for a present—and kissed her suddenly one day, on the stairs, and the lady happened to be leaning over the banister, and sent her away. Again, you must not be angry with the invalid lady, for you would have done the same, even though you knew that Rhoda was not in the least to blame, and admitted it. Still, you would have done the same.

The invalid lady's husband was deeply remorseful and tried his best to find something for Rhoda to do; but this, for many reasons, was rather difficult. You cannot say to your friends: "Please take this handsome young girl to work for you; I cannot keep her in my family, because I gave her a white poodle and kissed her on the stairs!"

But there it was. The girl was a perfect white elephant on his hands. The poor man passed sleepless nights of worry over her, and was heard to regret violently that kissing had ever been invented—or discovered—by Adam or Darwin, or whoever it was.

He put her in the country, with an old servant; and at least she was safe there, though the life was dull. After a while he wrote her somewhat apologetically that, if she felt she could consider it at all, he had found that an old friend of his in London had always room for fine hand embroiderers and workers on lingerie, with steady pay and no dull season. It was not the sort of work she should be doing, but it was what she could be doing; and meantime they could look about.

Rhoda accepted this gratefully. She had no preposterous ideas as to what she should do, and

Rhoda Had Seen Too Many Holy Women at Just Such Tasks as Theirs to Find the Work Anything But Good and Necessary

her handwork was convent taught—which is to say, it was exquisite. So she and Mimouche, the foolish and fatal white poodle, went across the Channel; and the invalid lady decided to recover and take her husband, who was really a good-enough man, though she had long ceased to think so, back to America forever.

Just at this point, of course, the experienced reader of stories will assure himself that he knows the rest of this one well enough to go on writing it all alone: A handsome young girl, sweated by a rapacious employer in a strange city, beset with the almost necessary persecutions of a working woman who is also an innocent and helpless woman—one sees the successive stages of her martyrdom, without ever having been farther from home than the first theater on the street.

And yet the experienced reader would fall into deep error here; for Rhoda was not persecuted in the least by anybody. She was able to afford a fairly comfortable, fairly clean room in a fairly respectable district, not too far from her workrooms. The superintendent was a woman, who gave her extra piecework and advised her where to buy her food; and one of her fellow workers, a devout and pious girl, led her to the Chapel of St. Eustace-near-the-Hedge, a quaintly ritualistic Anglican offshoot of a wealthy parish, whose colorful and frequent services reminded her pleasantly of the convent and yet kept her faithful to her mother's urgent wish that she should never become a convert to Roman Catholicism.

The world is full of good-looking, underpaid young women, working faithfully at dull tasks, who maintain a virtue as complete as was Rhoda's in her convent days. And everybody knows this, I fancy, but the playwrights—sometimes I think even they must know it too.

She might have been there to this day but for the fact that the workrooms and everybody and everything in them changed hands suddenly, and the new management decided that things had been developed on too large a scale and reduced the force in every direction. Under the new régime the employees were retained in the order of their seniority, and both Rhoda and the one girl with whom she had the slightest friendship lost their jobs.

This girl went immediately back to her family in Shropshire after giving Rhoda a few addresses where employment might be possible, and Rhoda never saw her again. The other girls had no interest in her, for she was clearly not of their class; and anyway, it never occurred to her to ask help or even advice from them. All her life she had been put into the various positions she had occupied, and she had no more idea of forcing herself into one than the children she had taught in the convent.

She had two pounds, sewed into her corset, which the nuns had adjured her never to spend except at the last emergency; and she went to meditate in the only place she knew—St. Eustace-near-the-Hedge; where she found Sister Adelaide, one of the deaconesses, dusting and polishing about the carved marble altar.

As she sat, weeping quietly a little, for she was a little worried, Sister Adelaide came up to her and asked her whether it would trouble her too much to reach, with a fur brush, a higher point in the reredos than the deaconess' shorter arms could manage. Rhoda obliged promptly, and dusted on mechanically, while the sister found out with great ease the situation of the handsome girl she had often seen at early service.

"And so there is nobody at all?" Sister Adelaide said at last. "You are all alone?"

"I am all alone," said Rhoda.

"We must see what can be done," said the deaconess. "You can't stay alone. Come home with me to-night."

The story of Sister Adelaide is one of the most interesting stories I know; and that is saying a great deal. There really isn't time to tell it now. I cannot stop to explain to you why she worked sixteen hours a day among the poorest of London's poor: I can only state that she did. I cannot tell you why she was seen by the world only in a black serge dress, which, with the heavy, plain linen nightgown in which Rhoda alone saw her, comprised apparently her wardrobe; I can only state that this was her wardrobe.

This not being the time to describe why her hair was gray at thirty, I shall only mention that it was, and that her pointed fingers, very full at the base, were scarred with rough work and strong soap and water. Her sister had never worked sixteen minutes a day and wore an emerald necklace that would have bought most of the territory in which Sister Adelaide's labors were spent, had the family not owned it already, which rendered the purchase unnecessary. And her brother stood very near the most important corpses in the Abbey on the several occasions of their interments. Her own name was Adelaide Alexandra Ellin de la Croix. . . . And the surname there is no need for you to know, because Rhoda never knew it.

That she was obviously a rather great lady did not particularly interest Rhoda; she had been educated in a convent. As a matter of fact, Rhoda had known more great people and more very humble people than people in between; which was one reason why she never really understood people like the American invalid lady.

After a few days, during which she helped Sister Adelaide in her daily rounds, the deaconess admitted sadly that she had been utterly unable to find her any embroidery, or even fine sewing. "Nobody is taking on any new hands," she explained. "I can't quite understand it. Everybody seems to be turning off. They tell me the conditions have never been more unsettled. And it's all you can do, you see. You haven't any training."

"No; I haven't any training," Rhoda echoed sadly.

It seems incredible that she shouldn't have told her would-be benefactress that she was a fairly experienced teacher of young children, and spoke French as fluently as she spoke English. But it never occurred to her; the sister had found her embroidering, had accepted her as an embroideress, and dealt with her as an embroideress. Never mentioning her own family, she was unaccustomed to inquire into the families of others; and by what stages Rhoda had lapsed into her present state she never knew.

Of course you and I would never have been so stupidly careless; in Rhoda's place we should have been practical enough to find out to whom we were indebted and make some good use of her friends or family; in Sister Adelaide's we should have got the girl's whole story and acted accordingly. But, you see, these women were not really practical. And there are thousands like them.

"If you cared to stop with me as helper," said Sister Adelaide abruptly one night, just before they slipped into the exhausted oblivion of the overworked, "I could keep you till the market improves. I suppose it's bound to. There will always be food and half of my bed. And God knows there's plenty to do—and more. Of course I can't offer you any pay."

"I don't care for any pay," said Rhoda. And in a week the slums were calling her Sister Rhoda.

They scrubbed and cleaned for sick women who lay in bed, silent, with fretting babies; they tried to teach them how to cook, how to feed their swarming, sickly children, how to treat the bruises and wounds inflicted by their drunken husbands; they tried to keep their daughters out of the streets and their sons out of the jails, and—in many cases—their husbands in the prisons. And always they scrubbed and cleaned and aired and tidied.

For three months of the long autumn they worked together, and they had long ceased even to discuss the embroidery market; for Sister Adelaide—saint possibly, fanatic certainly—had found a helper after her own furious heart, and Rhoda had seen too many holy women at just such tasks as theirs to find the work anything but good and necessary. The insatiate deaconess ordered and she obeyed; there was no time to think; they only worked and slept, and worked again.

She came in late one afternoon, exhausted after a hard day, to find their slattern landlady waiting for her, big with news: Sister Adelaide had gone! Gone, while one stood, waitinglike, in the 'allway. Gone, without any discussion or explanation. Gone, if Mrs. Stoggins was hany judge, for good and hall!

And all so suddintlike! A beautiful young gentleman, a reg'lar orf'cer, with his sword clinking and clanking ag'in' his legs, 'ad jumped hout of a new shiny 'ansom keb, and clattered hupstairs, before you got your breath like.

"Is this where Sister Adelaide lives?" he had asked; and on being shown to sister's room, and her, for a marvel, being there, he had stood in the doorway, white as a sheet, but tanned, too, if you see what that means.

"Addie," he says, "it's too awful! Toodles was thrown, hunting—and she never spoke, even. And mother doesn't seem to recognize anybody—the shock was too much. For Christ's sake, come home—won't you, Addie?"

And Sister 'ad stood up and tied on 'er bonnet very calm, and gone out with 'im.

"Certainly, Freddy," she said, very quiet. "Certainly, Freddy."

Rhoda never saw her again. She went on mechanically for a few days with their visiting; but the room was paid for weekly, and the landlady, though sympathetic, moved away suddenly, herself, in the nomadic fashion of London's poor; the building was to be torn down, under the new tenement law, and a more sanitary rabbit warren erected in its place.

"I expect you'll soon be settled again, sister," said the landlady, bringing up for the last time the worn black tray of tea and bread. "It's wunnerful 'ow you sisters falls in with changes so easylike. They'll all miss you—that's sure! My 'usband'll be glad to carry your bag wherehever you say."

Rhoda Had Been Eight Years in a Convent School and Was, if Possible, More Ignorant of the World Than Her Mother

As She Was Ready Far in Advance of the Hour Agreed Upon, She Took a French Book From Jacques' Room and Began to Read It as She Sipped Her Tea

Rhoda might have replied that she had nowhere to carry it; but she remembered a solemn engagement of Sister Adelaide's with a paralyzed and incidentally bad-tempered woman, who inhabited a dirty mews half a mile away, and saw no reason why she should not fulfill it and then drift out into the world from there.

So she availed herself of Mr. Stoggins' slightly intoxicated arm and walked, a little dazed, beside him and her father's worn Gladstone bag to her last job as a deaconess' helper.

The invalid woman's invariable stream of complaints was, on this afternoon, a little more intelligible than usual: this time sympathy was easy. Her niece, an unlucky young woman, for whom Sister Adelaide had found more than one berth, had just lost, through her persistent ill fortune, the last and best of all. She was to have sailed to the States, as child's nurse, with a lovely lady to-morrow; and now what does she do but go and catch the measles! And the lady's going on board to-night; and so angry; a stranger from the States too; and insisting that Sarah should at least find her someone else in her place! Fancy! But then, she was from the States. Did the sister know of anyone? Sister Adelaide would have probably.

And just here Rhoda took the first really constructive course of action she had ever taken in her life.

"I might go with the lady," she said. "I used to live in America when I was a child."

It was precisely as simple as that.

And now we must mention an event that Rhoda would not have mentioned, because it had, as yet, assumed no importance in her life: I refer to the war of 1914. The lady from the States considered it of no great importance, either; she was extremely vexed, because, on the fifteenth of August, things had suddenly come to such a pass in Europe that her husband cabled her to return instantly. No discussion, he said; but return instantly!

Now in the circles in which she and Sister Adelaide had moved nobody was interested in that little land of Belgium. Over their heads the nations gambled; and battle, murder and sudden death pushed their human pawns in and out of the shrapnel—but they were submerged. Where they worked existence itself was war—war to the knife!

And yet it was the war of 1914 that caught Rhoda in its widening ripples and changed the whole current of her life.

In Mrs. Wilbur Pennypacker Sturgess she had found undoubtedly the one employer who would have taken her gladly, without the ghost of a reference. Mrs. Sturgess had three troublesome American children and was a very bad sailor. If the same deaconess who had recommended Sarah knew this Rhoda so well, and Sarah vouched for her so unqualifiedly, why, Mrs. Sturgess was satisfied. It was only for a week, you see.

It was, on the whole, a pleasant week for Rhoda. In the weeks that followed she often looked back with longing at the abundant good food, the clean little bed, the fresh windy days when she walked the deck with her three chattering charges. Her employer was wordlessly, bitterly, horribly seasick for the entire period and, when she spoke, confined herself to alternate requests for grapefruit and orders that when she died the children were to be taken to West Seventy-sixth Street. A more definite address Rhoda never knew.

They landed as Mrs. W. P. Sturgess and nurse, and in the dining room of the Holland House, where they lunched, a slightly revived but quite distrait lady paid her seven dollars and thanked her languidly. The children were to have a French governess.

"I hope you will get a good place. Say good-by to Rhoda, children. Will somebody call a taxi for me?" said Mrs. Sturgess; and Rhoda and her Gladstone bag were left on the steps of the hotel.

Of course you would have acted very differently had you been in Mrs. Sturgess' pointed patent-leather slippers. You would have inquired whether the English girl had any friends in New York or any money besides the seven dollars. Equally, of course, if you had been Rhoda, you would have had, first, enough ordinary common sense to apply for a reference from the only person in a position to give you one; second, you would have suggested that, as you not only spoke French charmingly but had been in the habit of teaching it to children, perhaps Mrs. Sturgess might like to keep you as governess; third, you would have consulted a directory, a telephone book and a Social Register, to get what information you could about the Sayles family.

But do I need to add at this point that Rhoda did none of these things? She was possessed of seventeen dollars and a Gladstone bag; American currency was a confusion to her and the bag merely an unpleasant weight, light as it was. She must find a room for it and herself; and the lucky chance of her walking down instead of up led her at last to a side street near an old French hotel, where a little French sign in a dusty window found her, in return for what seemed to her a surprisingly large sum, installed for a week.

During this week she lived—very scantily, of course, and resorting at last to the precious two pounds, which she unpinned from her corset with shaking fingers—with the hope of finding embroidery work from the beautiful Fifth Avenue shops; but they needed no extra help, it seemed. Incredible as it may appear to you, she knew nothing of employment bureaus. If you will stop to think a moment, why should she?

Of course you would have gone immediately to one of these useful institutions, or to the Exchange for Women's Work, or to the Young Women's Christian Association, or to one of the worthy Working Girls' Homes, or to the Associated Charities. You might even have applied to the police force to find out about your family. You might have remembered where you used to go to church when you were eight years old, and appealed to the rector. You might have looked up your old school. But wait a moment! Would you? These are all things one suggests to poor and friendless young women to do. Does one do them oneself?

Rhoda was to all intents a French girl. She remembered only that she used to be escorted by a maid to a brown house a few streets away from her own; mounted the high steps and sat at a desk near a yellow-haired child named Marjory. The teacher was Miss Hunt, she thought. But that was only her teacher; there were several others. She remembered Aunt Lydia and Aunt Kit and Aunt Mamie—she supposed their names to be Sayles; but they might have been Wentworth aunts. She had gone to Sunday school and learned collects; and the curate wore glasses and lisped slightly. The church was brown. Every street full of brown houses might have been her street; she did not know. From the day they sailed away to Europe she had never heard her father mention a single name of any of his old friends; a gentle, embittered, crushed man, he had taken the one revenge of silence upon his past and prosperous life. "Your father was cruelly treated, but he did what was right and honorable. Remember that," her mother had said.

There was nothing more to remember. So she lived till her money trickled away, and wondered that the tea did not sustain her as it had in London, but only excited her; and that the bread seemed so light and frothy. It didn't "stick to the ribs like," as Mrs. Stoggins used to say. Every day she went out and walked the streets for work, and every day she failed to find it.

Just here, again, I must go counter to all the correct stories about the unprotected working girl, and disappoint the skilled reader of fiction by assuring him that nobody tried to insult or injure Rhoda in any way whatever. No one enticed her to strange rooms under false pretenses, rooms from which she was forced to flee after a struggle to the death with either a polished villain or an unpolished kidnaper. Nobody frightened her on shadowy corners, or persecuted her in parks, or tempted her on winding stairways. Nobody, in short, paid any attention to her.

Her bilious yellow landlady, indeed, offered her, after a while, half of her bilious yellow niece's room, and the chance of such of her niece's French knotting as the niece's headaches prevented her from accomplishing. Rhoda accepted these kindnesses gratefully and was stupid enough to be content with the good *soupe à la croûte* and the garlic-flavored salad with which she was paid. But this could not last forever; and one Friday morning, when the niece had had no headache for a week and Rhoda had only five cents in the world, she gave up her share in the room and walked out with her Gladstone bag, and sat, rather faint and empty, on a bench in a little park near a seasick sort of fountain that gasped and heaved and never did anything in particular. She was at the end of her rope, as they say.

How could she know that next door to the house where she had been living dwelt an old butler of her father's, who would have kept her fed and lodged indefinitely, out of pure gratitude? How could she know she was staring at an office building owned by one of her father's old partners, who would have died of shame if he had known that Charles B. Sayles' daughter was starving in the park below? How could she know that, aside from all the general charities of the big charitable city, there were fifty men, at least, who would have given her a thousand dollars on her name alone; and a thousand who would have given her fifty? She could not know. Little girls who leave their native town at the age of eight cannot know these things, and young women who have been told that their parents were cruelly treated by vindictive associates cannot deduce them.

So she sat on her bench, shivering slightly in the damp early spring air, and tried to think what to do; and failed utterly. She did not even know enough to pawn the Gladstone bag.

At this point one of the park cleaners came by her, prodding with his pointed stick at bits of paper and fruit peelings. He had speared more torn sheets than his weapon could carry, it seemed, for one fell off unnoticed at her feet; and, as she stared at it unconsciously, something in the shape of the letters written on the still stiff envelope caught her eye, and she stared again—surely it read, Miss Rhoda Sayles!

Impossible! And yet —— Yes, it was! She leaned forward, incredulous, and picked it up. As she did so a key fell out; it had worked its way, by weight, through the sealed envelope. Close to her eyes, she saw the natural mistake; the address was: Miss Rosy Taylor. She handled the key doubtfully; it was an odd thing to throw away. It must have been lost. She slit the envelope and drew out the sheet of folded paper that had wrapped the key.

Mrs. du Vivier cannot wait for Rosy, and wishes to tell her that the apartment is badly in need of a thorough cleaning; and if Mrs. Herriman-Smith can spare her for both Friday and Saturday please spend two full days there. The key is inclosed. Do not leave it with elevator boys, but keep for next week, or give to superintendent if you prefer. You will have to get your meals from the refrigerator, as no one comes to the apartment on those days. JEANNE DU VIVIER.

Pinned to this note were two two-dollar bills. At the sight of the money a faint color came to her cheeks; to a person who has eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, money means only one thing.

It had been thrown away. It was rubbish. It would have been bundled into a sack and burned. Surely it wasn't stealing!

Her feet carried her to a white, clean, cheap restaurant across the little park, even while she argued with herself; and with her own five cents and fifteen of Rosy Taylor's cents she bought bread and coffee and an egg. It was not enough for her hunger, but it was

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She Came in Late One Afternoon, to Find Their Slattern Landlady Waiting for Her, Big With News

THE UNDERGROUND

By A. Curtis Roth

Former United States Vice Consul, Plauen, Saxony

SCIENTIFIC spying is a Prussian product. It knows no ethics, owns no friendships and enjoys no code of honor. It delights to operate through degenerates, international highbinders and licentious women. It shrinks before no meanness or blackguardism to attain its ends, even callously conducting official houses of prostitution for the entrapment of the unwary. It is the most unlovely fruit of the appalling latter-day German logic of expediency. It is the last word in efficiency as efficient as the German Army—and almost all-pervasive. Corruption and furtive destruction are the hired arms of the German Army, often more dangerous than the visible army in the field. The Russian armies fell before the stealth of the German spy rather than before the charge of the Pomeranian grenadier.

The Wreck of a German Plane, by a Roadside on the Somme

The world is literally acrawl to-day with the spies of Central Europe. They are recruited from all nationalities, and are paid mostly according to the value of each piece of work. Some are working to earn promised German commercial and political support after the war; a motley host are working upon the inspirations of a long-time-cultured patriotism; and a fanatic few are actuated by desires for German social advantages and orders in the gift of the Emperor. Some of the most highly placed and influential of the foreigners in the ranks of the German spy machine are those desirous of winning promised German political and commercial backing in the days following the war. These agents are playing for high stakes, and there are many shrewd traitors among them!

Germany's spy machine was in full working order long before the outbreak of the war. It is an inheritance from the days of Bismarck, and possesses a rich tradition of devious plotting and faithless cunning. Friendships abused, trusts betrayed, hospitalities misused; in short, all manner of treacherous achievements abound in the history of this service throughout the years of German peace from the close of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1871, down to the outbreak of the world war, in 1914. When the war broke out Germany's intelligence department was running smoothly in all parts of the world, its twin weapons, corruption and anonymous destruction, ready for the orgy.

Three Divisions of Spies

MY FIRST contact with this service came in 1912, when I met the chief of the secret service of the southwestern district of Saxony. He was a vain fellow, boastful and talkative, a *bon vivant*, a bit theatrical, and keen for suggesting the importance and the mystery flavor of his work. During my whole stay in Germany I met him frequently, and many times when the hour waxed late he became most incautious in his gossip. He was much interested in our consulate, more particularly after the outbreak of the war.

Also, before the war I became acquainted with a young and brilliant army officer who served in the intelligence department of the Great General Staff, and learned from him much that was interesting about this branch. This young officer had served in the New York National Guard and with the British in India. He had changed his citizenship twice, pursued his inquisitive duties in many parts of the world, and gathered a considerable mass of military and commercial information. He spent six years in New York, where he worked as an interpreter, as a clerk in hotels and clubs, and as bookkeeper in one of the banks in the financial district. He spoke English, French, Italian and Spanish like one to those languages born, and he knew far more about England and America than does the average Englishman and American. This young officer of the 134th Saxons has performed many hazardous intelligence details during the war.

There are three grand divisions of the German spy machine: That coming under the Admiralty, that under the General Staff and that under the Foreign Office. Their respective headquarters are at Hamburg, Munich and Berlin. These services have a fivefold task: The gathering of information concerning the enemy, the development of unrest and German propaganda within enemy and neutral countries, the guarding of home information, the promotion of smuggling schemes, and the destruction of materials, stores, factories and communications within the enemy lines. Success in this work calls for a well-trained personnel indeed.

The greatest force of secret agents is in the employ of the Foreign Office. They are likewise the most motley throng. There are professional and amateur spies, trained spies and crude spies, shrewd spies and fool spies, earnest spies, frivolous spies and near-spies in the pay of this service. Their activities range from the gathering of important military and political information to the compilation of trivial neighborhood gossip. Some of them lead adventurous lives, but more of them enjoy the sleek repose of the big neutral cities that fringe the war zone, which serve as centers of exchange for all manner of intelligence. These agents have builded laboriously an underground network of communications that enmeshes the world.

Stockholm, Copenhagen, Geneva, Bern, Amsterdam and The Hague are the great spy centers where the rival intelligence systems meet in a wonderful borderland struggle of wits. In these neutral cities the spy may be met and known; for here, beyond reach of firing squads, the secret-service agent frequently struts round in the mystery of his international importance. Especially is this true of the painfully apparent minor German agents, who take it as a privilege of their position to impress upon the guileless stranger the weight and darkness of their calling. It is impossible for a stranger to linger in one of these cities many hours without crossing innumerable secret-service trails—and being aware of his accomplishment. Intrigue is so thick in the northern capitals as to produce the illusion of the theater.

However, many of my German friends assured me that the spy has played a larger part in this war than in any previous war. As a cog in a great system and no longer a sporadic adventurer, he has reduced the gathering and forwarding of vitally important information to a science; he has standardized methods for wrecking factories, depots, wharves and shipping in enemy and in neutral countries; and he has evolved most efficient methods for fostering social unrest everywhere. Much of the important unwritten history of the war revolves round his work. Wrecking factories, destroying valuable stores, damaging ways for communication, inciting to unfounded alarms and to treason, the German spy conquered Poland, Courland and the swamps of White Russia. By much the same maneuvers he conquered Rumania. The unhappy spy fever which now and again breaks out in unreasoning passion has justification aplenty in the very real existence of a spy peril.

There are serious phases and comical phases in the wholesale spy work going on to-day. There is a wealth of romance in this vast endeavor after secrets. There are some of the world's cleverest minds enlisted, a great number of mediocre rank and file, and a host of hangers-on, seekers after easy money and not-too-great exhilaration. Neutral spies have been in prime demand, and their willing labors have made the task of secret-keeping an almost impossible one. Moreover, the spy goes about his business well-authenticated, and in some instances he holds a place of public honor and trust in the land against which his work is carried out. The successful spy is generally the least obvious person in the community he endangers. He may be a commercial traveler, a small tradesman, a waiter, a mechanic or a wandersome *bon vivant*.

German Invisible Ink

ONE of the most successful spies operating from Saxony was an old Russian merchant who dealt in damaged laces and broken lots. He bought laces and embroideries from the manufacturers in Plauen and in St. Gall, Switzerland, and before the war had built up an excellent business in England. His business address was in Rotterdam, where his laces were warehoused pending shipment to English customers. When the war broke out the German Foreign Office detailed one of its agents to take over the supervision of the Russian's office in Rotterdam and employed the old merchant on English business. He made regular trips to England, and, I understand, garnered some very valuable information there.

As this agent was typical of hundreds of other agents, it is worth while to describe his methods. He visited England on a Dutch passport, equipped with nothing more formidable than lace and embroidery samples and two cases of cigarettes. The cigarettes in one case contained, impregnated in their paper covering, the chemical out of which the Germans manufacture their new invisible ink. All more bulky messages were forwarded in this invisible ink. They were contained in commonplace business messages to the firm offices in Holland. The visible messages, detailing English orders, were written upon any sort of letter paper, and then the secret information was written across the apparent message. The merchant would soak a cigarette covering in a cup of water, the resulting fluid being the invisible ink, and would write the invisible message very lightly with a toothpick. These messages were developed by chemical treatment in Holland, and their

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SIX MONTHS AFTER

What the Railroads are Doing to Keep Their Promise of Increased Wartime Efficiency—By Edward Hungerford

GASOLINE stopped the enemy at Verdun, but it was steam coal that won the Battle of the Marne." So spoke Field Marshal Joffre as he journeyed from Washington to Chicago one day last spring in the car and company of a high officer of one of the Eastern railroads. The great Frenchman showed an extraordinary interest in our national transportation system. He studied maps the entire length of the trip, inquired as to the location of our steel plants, of ore and of coal. The romance of the Pittsburgh district fascinated him—Gary was a revelation. And finally he made his observation of the performance of the motor truck at Verdun and of the railroad at the Marne. Without the railroad, he added, it would never have been possible to bring the necessary men and munitions for the winning of that famous fight. And that was the battle which saved France and gave England and the United States an opportunity to prepare for their own parts in the great world conflict.

"This is a railroad war," he finally added.

It is not likely that our own railroads will be called upon to perform any such dramatic feats as those of France, or even Germany, in the winning of this war, even though there are thousands of our railroaders already handling the transportation problems of the French Republic—with many more to follow. The problem in the United States has been less picturesque, but it has not been any less intense. To a national railroad system already overburdened and beginning to fall out of repair was added, soon after the beginning of 1915, a flood traffic of munitions, food and other supplies from the interior of the land to the seaboard for transshipment to the nations overseas that have since become our allies. This traffic steadily increased in volume.

Women in England are Saving the Day by Replacing Men in the Handling of Freight

The Shortage of Rolling Stock

THE railroads began to look about for more engines and cars with which to transport these supplies; but the dull years in which they might have purchased equipment at reasonable prices were gone. The engine builders and car builders were busy with orders from the nations already at war; and when the railroads turned to their own construction shops they found that, for both labor and raw materials, they were being forced into an expensive competition with the many munition factories which had sprung up across the land. That situation grew in intensity.

It was only a few months ago that the Santa Fé—one of the richest, most conservative and best managed of all our railroads—ordered box cars and paid twenty-three hundred dollars apiece for them. Before the war those cars could have been bought for less than one thousand dollars each. The Santa Fé will be more than ordinarily fortunate if it can buy any more freight cars even at twenty-three hundred dollars apiece.

Another big road, which in 1915 paid $36,000 each for Mallet locomotives, ordered a dozen three months ago at $102,000 apiece—and will be lucky to get them, even at that figure.

To the perplexity of the equipment situation add the labor problem—unsettled, to put it mildly. It is only within the last three years that the country has been threatened with nation-wide railroad strikes. And, for the first time in all their history, the four great unions of railroad operatives were able to put aside their contentions and jealousies of other years and to present a solid front in their demands for better pay and easier working conditions—with what success every man who reads these pages knows.

To these problems are added the burdens of a nation supplying the war sinews to the fighting men overseas, and then the vastly greater problems of a nation itself involved in the very fight for its life—an army of one million five hundred thousand men to be raised and equipped, a merchant marine and a navy to be greatly enlarged and equipped, a vast aviation arm to be created out of mere nothingness—and material to be gathered for our allies. All this was a volume undreamed of six months ago: Troop trains to be operated by the tens and hundreds and even thousands—and for every troop train ten, fifteen, twenty of materials; ore to be handled, and fuel; from forty to fifty per cent more traffic than in 1914, the year of the opening of the great war—and with a little more than three per cent of additional equipment.

I have called the railroad the sick man of the American business family—and with good reason. He still is a sick man; all the doctors apparently have failed to reach his deep-seated organic malady. But he is no longer a man sick abed. He is up and dressed and hard at it. And his clothes are khaki. Also, I have likened the railroad to a rod carrying a huge burden—a rod that bends greatly, yet does not break. Frequently within the past two years it has seemed as if it must break as each successive burden, greater than the one before it, has been heaped upon its back; as it has been forced to face our cruel Northern winters. Yet it has not broken, and therein lies the telling of this story.

The story of how the railroads were united to meet their great part in the burdens of a nation actually at war; of how one Daniel Willard, risen from water boy to the presidency of one of the greatest of our individual carriers, faced the executive heads of the larger roads in his room at a Washington hotel on an April day of the present year, has been told in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It was shown how the presidents of fifty-three of the greatest railroads of the land assembled at the capital and, after a single session, signed a document by which they made their railroads as one during the duration of the war; how they buried their competitive interests, their ambitions and their jealousies and made their many lines into a single wartime continental system of more than two hundred thousand miles and employing more than one million seven hundred and fifty thousand men. And, after them, the smaller roads, which had not been directly represented at the conference, until there was hardly a mile of railroad in the whole length and breadth of the land that had not put itself under the orders of the American Railway Association—the agency chosen by the railroaders to institute and carry out the nationalization plan for their properties.

Big Men for Big Problems

FOR the solution of this great special problem the Railway Association created a special war board, consisting of Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway, as chairman; Hale Holden, president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad; Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee of the Southern Pacific Railroad; Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and Howard Elliott, until recently president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. To this committee were added, *ex officio* and as counselors, Mr. Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio and chairman of the Advisory Council of National Defense; and Edgar E. Clark, not only one of the senior members of the Interstate Commerce Commission but a former passenger conductor, as well as head of the Brotherhood of that branch of railroading.

In turn, this central committee created a number of subcommittees—some territorial, to meet local problems as they might arise; and others, like itself, national, to handle certain specific questions: car service, troop trains, military accounts, express service, and the like. The work of these subcommittees is almost the entire story of the railroad's great part in the first six months of our war.

The biggest of the transportation companies have contributed the best of their operating experts to these twenty-three committees. No pay—not even the nominal dollar a year—is given by the Government to them. And, even though they are giving practically their entire time to the Washington work, their salaries—amounting to about eight hundred thousand dollars a year—are being paid by the railroads that employ them. It is a contribution on the part of the carriers that is not generally understood or appreciated. It is the service of these men that has

counted the most; it is their hard thought and constant labor that have brought the nationalization of the railroads from a mere phrase to an accepted fact. As we shall see, it is not yet a perfected fact; yet it is one in which very much has been accomplished. For the railroad—the second greatest industry of America—called upon to render a superhuman service in the nation's crisis, has not failed it. And now—after six months—how has the plan worked? I think I answered that question when I said that the rod has not broken. No one can deny that it has bent—and at times bent precariously; for the burden has been frightful. In the month that followed the adoption of the nationalization plan at Washington the freight-transportation service rendered by about three-quarters of the large roads of the country was about sixteen per cent in excess of the service rendered in May, 1916. In that year—also one of unusual activity—the freight service given by the carriers was twenty-four per cent greater than for the same month in 1915.

Great Tasks Performed in Quick Time

IN OTHER words, the railroads of the United States have achieved the rather astounding feat of adding to their freight service a freight traffic equal to that of France, Russia, Great Britain, Germany and Austria combined; and this with an increase of but three per cent in rolling stock, and with the ranks of the railroaders depleted, not only by generous volunteer enlistments in the regular arms of the fighting service, by the creation of the nine full regiments of railroad engineers—already sent to France to handle the railroad transport needs of the United States and its allies over there—but also by the draft.

The forges of America have been alight as never before. Our factories have operated night and day—turning out guns, powder, shoes, socks and clothing for the men of every branch of service; building ships for fighting use and for taking these very munitions to the fighters far overseas.

To the doorways of these factories the railroad has brought fuel and the raw material; from those same doors it has carted away the finished products. This of itself has been a vast traffic—an increase to be measured in the proportion of the annual freight haul of at least three of the great European nations we have just named.

And now to this great war-goods traffic—far more sizable than even in the piping years when we were merely a workshop and not a factor in the war—add the special needs that have arisen. Take, as the largest single equipment, the organization and equipment of our army. This was in no small sense a railroad problem. The railroaders who helped haul the Regular Army and the mobilized National Guard of all the states down to the Mexican border last year began to realize that. This year they have come to know it fully.

The first great form the army-transport problem assumed came with the planning and the building of the cantonments. The movement of the enlarged Regular Army to the seaboard for embarkation for France was not a particularly difficult task, even though it involved much careful planning. The transportation sharps at Washington regarded it as a sort of drill or rehearsal for the bigger tasks that were to follow upon its heels.

For the cantonment problem was not merely the hauling of men or their munitions; it was a whale of a freight problem, too—sixteen army cities of forty thousand men each to arise within ninety working days. The constructing quartermaster's forces at Washington, working at top speed, estimated that there would be required for each of the cantonments at least sixteen million feet of lumber. They were moderate. Camp Devens, at Ayer, Massachusetts, is typical of its fellows. By September first thirty-two million feet of lumber had gone into its construction. To carry that lumber into Ayer, the Boston & Maine—a particularly overburdened railroad—carried almost fifteen hundred carloads of lumber. And not a single important detention was reported from its rails.

By September twenty-third the sixteen cantonments were, with the single exception of Camp Upton, at Yaphank, Long Island, practically complete. Some 28,927 carloads of lumber and 25,052 carloads of other materials had been delivered—a total of almost 54,000 carloads. And this takes no account of the permanent camps built for the federalized National Guard. For these, 18,090 cars of lumber and other materials were delivered—a grand total of over 72,000 carloads of freight for the camps and cantonments. If you would know better what this means, think of a solid line of thirty-six-foot box cars reaching from New York to Buffalo and fifty-one miles beyond.

It almost goes without saying that there was no serious delay. The Army authorities would brook none. The situation did not permit delay. There was a special representative of the American Railway Association at each of the camps, and his powers were very large indeed. When delay threatened he got aboard the first train and hunted out the tardy car—a hot box or a fussy yardmaster or conductor might have set it out upon some inconspicuous siding. It was the duty of the A. R. A. man to find the missing car and, if necessary, to ride with it back to his cantonment.

There were many instances where this very thing was done. There were other instances where shipments—generally of lumber—were made in special trains; and these were sent as preference freights, bumping their brisk way to the new army cities. And there was one case where a load of redwood water pipe, destined for a cantonment, went far astray, and a camp contractor and a constructing quartermaster vied with each other in damning the transportation system in general and a certain big railroad in particular.

The man from the American Railway Association lost no time in profanity. He used the telegraph freely, found about where the car was, and got down to the Georgia town that held it early on Sunday morning. There he ran against a new obstacle. There is an ancient Georgia law that forbids the running of freight trains on Sunday—a law the Federal authorities are now trying to have suspended through the duration of the war. When the A. R. A. man found the yardmaster at his Sabbath morning corn pone, that functionary informed him of the statute.

"Nothing doing till to-morrow morning, boss," he grinned as he dug deeper into the corn pone.

Twenty-four hours' delay! Nothing of the sort!

"Get out an engine and we'll run a special then," said the man down from the cantonment, and before the yardmaster had really digested his breakfast they were doing that very thing. And it is upon the records of that Georgia railroad that upon a Sabbath day a single box car, filled with wood pipe, traveled all day behind a locomotive and in front of a caboose—a brisk five-hundred-and-ninety-mile trek north to the cantonment which was awaiting it.

Lumber, though the greatest, was only one of the materials that went into the building of the cantonments. Take Camp Funston, out at Fort Riley, Kansas. It required not only forty-two million feet of lumber from Louisiana and Arkansas, but it received nails from De Kalb, Illinois, roofing paper from Minneapolis, radiators and heating plants from Kewanee, Illinois, heating pipes from Pittsburgh, machinery from Birmingham, sewer pipe from Missouri, steel rails from Pueblo, Colorado, and coal from the Missouri fields—and all these commodities in carload lots. In order to handle it all and handle it promptly the Union Pacific double-tracked its line from Manhattan, Kansas, to Junction City—twenty miles, and at a cost of a million dollars. It also handled forty-three carloads of laborers in and out of the camp during each day of the construction.

In order to facilitate the handling of cantonment supplies alone, the American Railway Association established a complete transportation bureau, with full authority, and in charge of C. E. Denney, an assistant of the president of the Nickel Plate Railroad, right in the offices of Col. I. W. Littell, who was assigned by the quartermaster's department to the important job of building the great new army camps. That bureau not only supervised the huge special car movement but also the erection and maintenance of the railroad tracks that served each of them.

Even in the cases where it was possible to locate the cantonments alongside existing railroad lines, it was necessary to build solidly constructed main-line approaches from three to five miles in length. At Des Moines, Iowa, and at Annapolis Junction, Maryland, it was necessary to rebuild interurban electric lines in order to render them fit for the haul of steam-railroad freight and passenger equipment in and out of the cantonments.

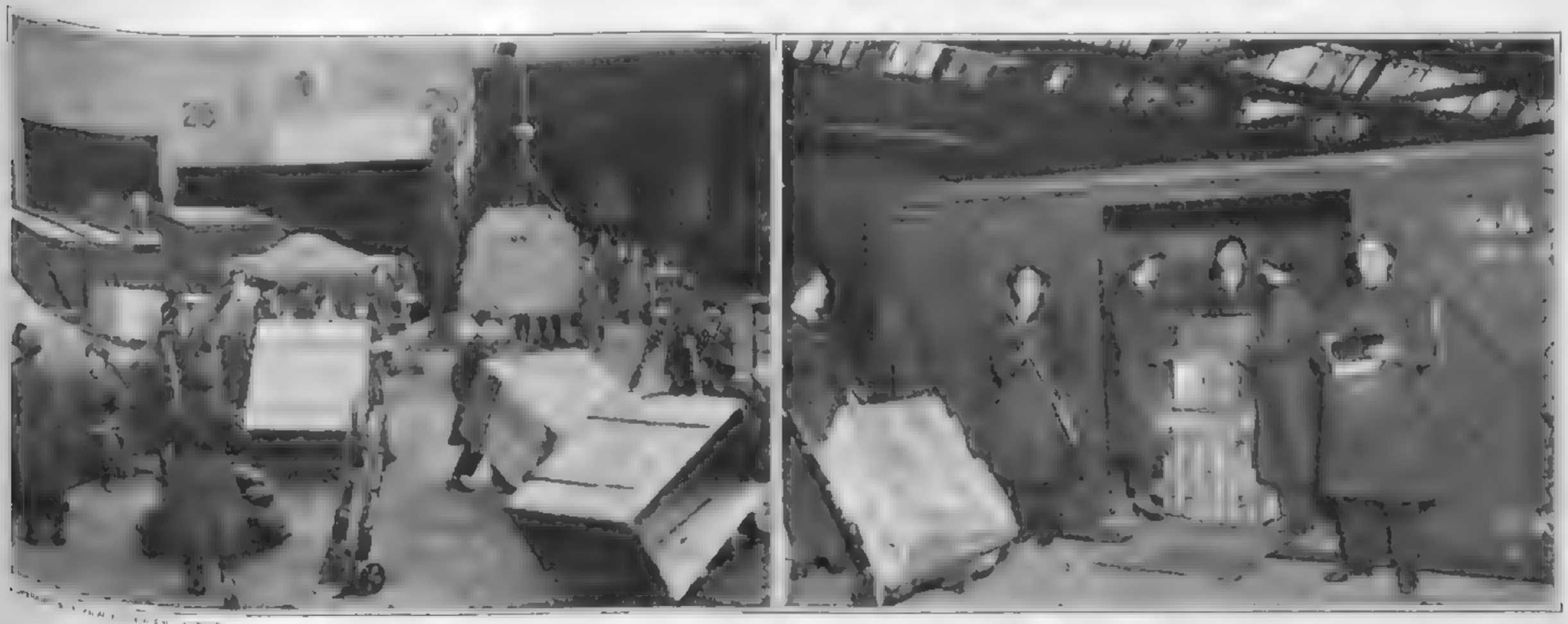
Upon the heels of the last carloads of lumber and other raw materials came the first of the conscripts for the sixteen cantonments. To have moved the six hundred and eighty-seven thousand men of the first draft in a single week, as was originally planned, would have been a real test of the efficiency of our sick man of American business. Fortunately for him, it was decided to break the movement into percentage hauls in order to better assimilate the selected men as they came into their new barracks. And yet ——

"We could move a million soldiers in thirty days," says George Hodges, vice chairman of the War Board, as the executive committee of the A. R. A. has come to be known, "and do it without a serious disarrangement of existing service. A little while ago I should not have believed that could be done. Now I know that it is possible."

Long Hauls Smoothly Accomplished

AS I WRITE, the first forty-five per cent of the first draft for the new National Army has been transported to its cantonments—with no more fuss or confusion than would attend the special movement of the Barnum & Bailey Circus, or the Metropolitan Opera House Company from New York over to Boston or from Chicago to St. Paul. The movement of these troops has been interspersed with that of the federalized National Guard to its camps in the South and some fairly sizable movements of the Regular Army to the embarkation points along the seaboard. In all, approximately seven hundred and twenty thousand men have been moved, in distances varying from the twenty-five miles for the District of Columbia unit to Camp Meade, Maryland, to that of a battalion of San Francisco engineers, bound from their home station to a point on the North Atlantic coast, a journey which occupied a little less than seven days' running time.

(Continued on Page 49)



To-day the Freight Department of an English Railway Shows Women Rolling the Trucks and Loading the Cars

THE SURE THING

By Conrad Richter

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

About This Time the Stockholders Began to Assume a Close Interest in Their New Mexico Investment

MOST of Monmouth, a red-brick city of twenty-eight thousand noses, was aware that quiet, brown-haired Roger Bankson would have married lively, light-haired Jean Bonring long ago had Roger been earning enough to smile at rent, table, clothing, gas and movies for two. No one but Jean's and Roger's families knew how much Roger was getting; but various persons bet a soda, a sundae and a beer respectively that his pay envelope didn't bulge with more than two fives and five ones a week. And they were correct.

Roger Bankson was what a college president would term a conservative young man. He was not the exploited type who catches the same car to work every morning and steps brightly into the office just as the clock starts to chant the hour. No one set his or her watch by Roger Bankson. Conservatism, Roger felt, followed the times, not the time. There were times when it was necessary, in his judgment, to be a trifle late. Perhaps for the sake of a nickel or the exercise he walked to work. Perhaps he washed his hair, having suddenly discovered that his mother had cleaned his brush and comb. Perhaps he lay in bed a few minutes longer breathing the scorchy aroma from the kitchen, where his mother was pressing his trousers and tie.

At his favorite religious institution, the bank, Roger had a savings account at three per cent, a checking account at two and a half per cent, and Christmas and vacation funds at three per cent, compounded regularly. His total bank deposits, however, had never exceeded a hundred and twenty dollars. Conservatism, Roger felt, was not miserliness, but rather the art of looking presentable in clothes, beard, hair and linen, reading books and magazines, going out to meet people evenings in a quiet, gentlemanly Monmouth way, developing a nice, likable personality, a pleasant voice pitched safely between tremolo and a saw, a well-groomed young figure, and an interest in nearly all sports except poker. Even in five hundred, no one had ever seen Roger Bankson bid himself or his constant partner, Jean Bonring, into the hole.

If there was a girl in Monmouth with the good will of nearly everybody, it was Jean Bonring. Jean and her mother managed to occupy their big gray church of a house, always cool, behind a row of horse-chestnuts. Hunter Bonring, Esquire, the father, had some years past left the shade of these horse-chestnuts to take up his silent residence under the junipers and arborvitæs on white-dotted Grandview Hill.

Jean was simple and democratic, as her father had been. She had inherited also his cool drawl, which always contrasted deliciously with her mother's rapid tongue. Jean knitted afghans and embroidered centerpieces, played Verdi and whist, sang Jacobs-Bond, and admired a *coloratura* voice. She also enjoyed staying up nights with Roger longer than her mother had said she might. The remainder of the time she helped with the housework and, incidentally, taught the third grade in the old First Ward school, where she earned nearly as much as Roger.

Mrs. Bonring was an imposingly large woman, who openly longed for the halcyon days when Hunter Bonring, Esquire, pushed in her dining-room chair. With secret disfavor she looked on the activities of Monmouth's Who's Who, sprung up in the last decade, particularly the grocers and bakers and hardware dealers who showered dust upon her front porch with their pennant-strung automobiles. Someone had once said that Lila Bonring had inherited the bad qualities of both her parents and the virtues of neither.

This, however, must have been somewhat exaggerated, for there were days when she could be the living image of cordiality; at which times she nearly always baked little old-fashioned Maryland jumbles and sent them by Jean to the old Misses Montour, who lived in a vine-screened house in the next square. Since Jean had stubbornly shaken her yellow head, however, and persisted in remaining engaged to a fifteen-dollar-a-week bookkeeper, the Misses Montour had grown quite famished for old-fashioned Maryland jumbles.

It had been a year now that Roger and Jean had kept up their hopes on fifteen dollars a week. Then, one evening, Jean whispered tensely to Roger that her mother that day at supper had tried to make her promise to let Seymour Rells call at the house to see her.

Seymour Rells was the son of the vice president of the First National Bank. People said that he made a big salary as a bond salesman. He covered the territory between Harrisburg and Easton in a big strikingly green automobile, let the bands remain on his cigars when he smoked them, and had been the first man to wear a Palm Beach suit in Monmouth. He was easily thirty, and his cheeks already jolted flabbily when he jerked in the gears of his machine.

Jean, with a gleam in her eyes, suggested to Roger that they defeat her mother and Seymour Rells by an elopement. They were walking close together under the shadowy silver maples of Maple Avenue, the oldest and darkest street in Monmouth. Roger felt his blood leap under the contagion; but he reluctantly shook his head.

"No hour can come quick enough for me to marry you, Jean," he whispered; "but we don't want to take our biggest step until it's a sure thing. Fifteen dollars a week isn't. But twenty is. And Mr. Rawlings will have to give me a raise soon. Just stay cool with me and we'll get there yet."

So it was settled. Jean aversely agreed to try to endure her mother's remarks and admonitions without back-fire; and the next morning Roger earnestly reminded his employer that his salary had not been raised for more than a year. Mr. Rawlings apologized and promised that the delayed raise should take effect the very next pay day. Roger and Jean were elated—until Roger opened his neat little Manila envelope, with the advertisement of the Monmouth Trust Company on the back, and found that he had been advanced from fifteen dollars a week to the princely sum of sixteen dollars.

Roger had never been bluer than on this Saturday when he came straggling home. After dinner his older brother Dan, who by dint of bottomless energy and lidless ideas had nearly wrecked a dying company, of which he had been assistant manager, and now on the strength of such was enjoying married life at home on a job with a rival concern at thirty dollars a week, took Roger into the front room for a brotherly tête-à-tête.

"There's something radically wrong with you, Roj, and I'm going to tell you right out what it is," he began. "It's this dog-gone old-maidish waiting on what you call a sure thing. There ain't no such animal. The nearest relation to it is a mortgage at five or six per cent, and by the time you've hooked in enough principal to live off the interest you'll be ripe to have your grandchildren walking solemnly after you. Make me your mirror for once and take a *gesicht* at yourself. Here you are, twenty-four years old, and pulling down only sixteen cart wheels for posting a whole week with blue and green ink in a canvas-bound ledger that outweighs any pulpit Bible in captivity. And you're a dog-gone good bookkeeper. The trouble is a good bookkeeper is no good when it comes to salary. A bookkeeper is only a simple recorder of facts without initiative. If he had initiative he wouldn't be a bookkeeper any longer, but an auditor or an accountant or an office manager, or somebody who digs up facts to record. Get me?"

Roger nodded doubtfully.

"Retrospect yourself a little in the gills," went on Dan admonishingly. "Start in on yourself when you were a kid. Did mother ever worry about your swallowing a penny? Not on your life! You used to sleep with a nickel tucked up in your little fist as tight as an oyster in its shell. You never even tried to bust open your bank or inveigle a nickel back out of the slot with a hairpin. Up until a few months ago you used to ask your mother whether you might take a bath. You still graciously inform her whenever you are going to take one, which is too darn' often for any hustling business man. Your habit of keeping up a habit is as bad as dad, who still carries his glass of ice water upstairs every night, like he used to when us kids would get thirsty before morning. You'll never get married as long as you'll stay satisfied to keep on putting down figures that another guy has to tell you are right. What you need to cultivate is initiative with a capital I."

"But I have initiative, Dan," returned Roger mildly. "I'm only waiting till I find a sure thing to use it."

"Oh, mother!" gushed Dan, waving his arms hopelessly above his head. "After all that hot stuff! Roj, you'll never change if you live till the crack o' doom!"

It seemed that Dan had prophesied a mouthful. Roger's brothers mechanically continued to know better than to go upstairs to take a bath within an hour and a half when Roger went up for the same purpose. His mother, without thinking, continued to dish up dinner with portions back on the stove for her youngest, knowing that there would likely be some conservative reason why he wouldn't be Johnny at the Tablecloth. And Jean Bonring continued to try to be patient as she scanned the horizon with him for the approaching dust of their sure thing.

Then Roger's Great-Uncle Simpson died in Philadelphia, leaving Roger's mother his sole heir. Roger eagerly hurried to Jean with the sad news. Their sure thing had come. Soberly they condoled with each other on Uncle Simpson's unfortunate death at sixty-seven years, and began building a cozy cottage with a little of his money. Roger asked Mr. Rawlings for three days' leave and accompanied his parents to Philadelphia.

"You'll Never Get Married as Long as You'll Stay Satisfied to Keep On Putting Down Figures That Another Guy Has to Tell You are Right"

The evening after the funeral Roger unearthed a bunch of keys and opened his late uncle's strong box in the library. A rich musty odor floated up as he turned back the japanned lid. Here were canceled and expired agreements, leases, contracts and deeds, beautifully leathered bank books and sufficient canceled checks to start in the waste-paper business. There was also an inner steel drawer. It was laid deep with important-looking documents.

Roger unfolded one of them. Christopher! A stock certificate! Roger tremblingly opened a second document. Another stock certificate! He opened them all. All stock certificates! Each was beautiful enough to frame. Each had a different design. All were delicately and painstakingly engraved, finer done than a bank note. The filigree borders of some were printed in black, some in maroon, some in sienna, some in half-tone green, a few in brown, three or four in gold, and one in silver. Each was duly signed, countersigned, numbered, dated, and sealed with its solemn respective corporation seal. All bore the genuine perforated edge, where they had been truly torn from their respective stock books.

Roger turned to his parents, with the imposing sheaf in hand.

"International Copper, one thousand shares," he read. "Chile-American Gold Company, five hundred shares. Amalgamated Mail-Order Houses, sixteen thousand shares. Delaware Slate Corporation, one hundred thousand shares. Delaware Slate Corporation, ninety thousand shares. Delaware Slate Corporation, one hundred and twenty thousand shares. Mother, did you know that your Uncle Simpson was president of the Delaware Slate Corporation? His name is signed here on each certificate."

Roger read off the remaining certificates. There were fifty-eight. He added the total number of shares represanted. The result was one million two hundred thousand and some shares. At its par value this great block of stock was worth half a million dollars. If the present value averaged ten dollars a share it would aggregate a market value of twelve million dollars.

But Roger had vaguely unpleasant memories that all stock certificates were not considered a sure thing. The more he thought of this the more he began to harbor a deep suspicion regarding these certificates. The next morning Uncle Simpson's lawyer confirmed his doubts. Not one certificate in the lovely lot was good for a trolley ride. There was, however, an important-looking receipt for eight hundred shares of the Sure Thing Mining Company, an investment Uncle Simpson had made with his last two hundred dollars, just a week before he died, and which, the lawyer dryly mentioned, did not have a fair chance as yet to announce its bankruptcy.

Roger went dumbly back to Monmouth, with amethyst lenses for car windows, and found that during his short absence a storm had blown suddenly out of the west and had sprinkled his prospective house furnishings. The name of the storm was Seymour Rells, and he had just come from Nevada.

When Roger called that evening at the big gray Bonring home, behind the sturdy horse-chestnuts, Jean met his brief disheartening report with cheerful eyes.

"Don't feel badly about your Uncle Simpson, Roger," she said. "I have good news. We are about to make our fortune." For a moment Roger didn't know just how he felt. "Come out on the side porch and I'll tell you all about it," she promised.

Roger followed her to the dim lawn-facing veranda, where the dry pungent fragrance of the early brown horse-chestnut leaves came strongly on the dewy night air.

"I must say I don't like Seymour Rells a little bit as a visitor," Jean confessed, "but I do say he has proved awfully kind to mother. He is letting her in on a wonderful investment that is rare in such a small city and is usually offered only to men of large means."

"What's this?" asked Roger, pricking up his ears suspiciously.

"The Santa Angela Mining Corporation. Isn't it a pretty name? This company has a gold mine that is going to prove a wonder in about a month, and then the stock will go away up and mother will make many times as much as she can put into it."

Roger swallowed gulpingly and Jean went on:

"Mother, you know, still has about three thousand dollars in the railroad shares that daddy left her. There were eight thousand; but it took the rest to live and put me through school after daddy died. If mother only had more to put in! Three thousand isn't so bad, of course. When we get our first dividend check mother is going to buy an automobile, and I am to learn to run it."

"Can you let me talk a few minutes with your mother, Jean?" requested Roger, wiping his forehead.

"I wouldn't if I were you, Roger," said Jean, gently. "As usual, mother hasn't been saying very complimentary things about you, and she might take the opportunity to ask you to stay away from the house."

"Don't Feel Badly, Roger. I Have Good News. We are About to Make Our Fortune"

"Then you tell her for me," pleaded Roger. "Tell her for heaven's sake to stay away from this gold-mining stock and keep her money where it is! Railroad shares are speculation enough."

"You don't understand, Roger," said Jean patiently. "This is no speculation. It is practically an established mine. They have almost dug into the vein. The vein is there, because there is a beautiful outcropping. The property is on the land of a Mr. George, who used to own miles and miles round this particular point. He sold all his other land but this. Everybody knows that a man always keeps the best land for himself."

"It mightn't be good enough to sell to anybody round there," suggested Roger, perspiringly. "Listen, Jean! Please don't let your mother go into this. Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred she will lose every penny."

"I don't see how, Roger," reproved Jean stiffly. "The gold is there, or they wouldn't be permitted to call it a gold mine. And it costs only twenty-five cents a share. That is much more reasonable than railroad stock. You get more for your money, don't you see!"

Earnestly, then, Roger told about the twelve hundred thousand worthless shares his mother had just inherited.

"But this must be different, Roger," insisted Jean. "Mr. Cettrick and Mr. Bennett Robinson are going into it. Your own employer, Mr. Rawlings, is going in; and Mr. George Carter, the Laidlaw Brothers, and lots of others are already in it. Mother and I saw their names down on the list. These men are investing thousands and thousands of dollars. They are business men; and business men wouldn't go into it unless they knew it was a good thing."

"Wasn't mother's Uncle Simpson a business man?" reminded Roger.

"Then there's another feature about it," said Jean—"only you mustn't tell mother I told you. Mr. Rells, knowing that mother isn't wealthy, made her a special offer of twenty cents a share if she would pay cash instead of on the installment plan. You mustn't mention this to a soul, Roger! Mr. Rells said that if the wealthy men of town heard of it he should be swamped with applications. And he doesn't want all rich people. The rich have made enough money, he says. He prefers to help others less fortunate. I was really surprised in him. You ought to see the photographs of the beautiful country down there! Simply wonderful! Mother thinks she will send the railroad company stocks to New York on Monday to be sold."

As Roger went home that evening from the gray house behind the horse-chestnuts, he discovered that a hard resentment was ablaze inside of him. For three years he had been slaving over ledgers, trying to work up to a position on which he could safely marry. The most he had been able to get out of his employer was about eight hundred dollars a year. Along had come Seymour Rells, with his green automobile, fat cheeks, and a pretty piece of paper; and he was going to get many thousands in a few days. Roger's resentment lapped hotly on. By morning it had ignited the hard coal of his conservatism.

"Dan was right! In a world like this I need more reckless initiative," he told himself grittingly. "If these people want to buy a pretty sheet of paper describing a certain hole in the ground or intentions of digging one, why don't I sell it to them as well as Seymour Rells? If he can afford to risk his big reputation on a gold mine, I can afford to risk my little one on a mine of copper or silver or zinc."

Before going to see Jean that evening he wired a long night letter to the Sure Thing Mining Company, Sure Thing, New Mexico, asking for terms and state agency on the Sure Thing stock subscription if same was still open, and that they should send him by special delivery a lot of descriptive matter and blanks, especially colored pictures of the scenery round the mine. He gave bank references and added how the mine's name had appealed to him. The next day he received a telegram from Sure Thing stating that he was now their state representative and that all data had been sent to him.

Roger went to his employer that afternoon and in almost a whisper mentioned that if he cared to hold off his investment in the Santa Angela Mining Corporation for a few days, he—Roger—would investigate an inside market tip he had heard through an uncle of his from Philadelphia who owned over a million shares of different stocks. Mr. Rawlings became immediately interested, agreeing that the proposition sounded mysteriously promising. Grimly cheered, Roger insisted his way in to Jean's mother that evening. By painting the certainty of riches from the Sure Thing, using the name of his employer as a lever, he induced her to hold the cash from the sale of her railroad shares until he saw her again.

In due time Roger's package came to him from the Sure Thing. It contained a great, stoutly bound prospectus, long and broad enough to cover any of his ledgers at the office. The pages were of heavy cardboard, like the leaves of a photograph album, and opened with a series of pasted photographs. These included the outcropping, the upper tunnel, the lower tunnel, the reservoir, a piece of machine equipment, and three machine men in rubber suits, drilling into the face at the Sure Thing.

Next came several pages of photographed letters from New Mexico business men and political leaders, stating their faith in the Sure Thing Mine. There were photographed copies of the official assays of pickings in the outcrop and upper tunnel, carbon typewritten copies of reports of mining engineers, clippings from Western newspapers, a blue print showing the several government claims, and a general report of conditions by the manager of the company. The book closed with a list of tempting figures of the output, in tons and in dollars and cents, of the big producers of the district, and was replete with a set of beautifully colored post cards of each operation in question.

In addition to the prospectus there were several dozen copies of a convincing booklet entitled When You Turn

Me Down, You Lose; a package of subscription application and receipt blanks, and a sample subscription agreement, backed with the same blue paper familiar to a lawyer's brief and containing a list of the names and addresses of the chief subscribers, with the respective amounts subscribed.

When Roger, at twelve o'clock that night, had finished studying the big book he almost wished he himself had capital to invest in the Sure Thing. Next morning, when the Bankson family rose, the members found him poring over the book again. His mother and Dan picked at the pages curiously.

"You're not going to get interested in such a thing after the lesson you learned from your poor Uncle Simpson!" wondered his mother.

"Uncle Simpson," replied Roger gently, "was, to speak offensively, a boob. God rest his old soul! He bit at every bait that came along. He was so terrifically easy that those crooks even made him president of their own crooked slate company! I'm no Uncle Simpson, mother. Leave this to me."

"You mustn't talk disrespectful of Uncle Simpson," said Mrs. Bankson. "He had a big heart."

"But not a little bit of common sense," murmured Roger sadly.

"For glory's sake, mother," spoke up Dan, paging interestedly through his brother's big book, "don't discourage Roj now when he's getting into the first live thing he's ever tried to do! Roj, this Sure Thing looks good to me. Put me down for about a thousand shares. I'll give you a check when the first payment's due."

Mrs. Lila Bonring was openly antagonistic when Roger parted his big book before her on her living-room table that evening. But Roger confidently turned to the first page.

"The Sure Thing Mining Company owns over five hundred acres of land. Here they are on the blue print. All government claims. The best title that can ever be secured. Direct from the United States Government itself. One hundred acres of the five hundred are in timber. Here is a picture taken in the woods. Beautiful trees! The Sure Thing need buy no saw or mining timber.

"This is the upper reservoir. It holds water twenty-one feet deep and covers thirty acres. The company owns two valuable water rights, capable of generating one thousand horse power. This eliminates the services of an engineer and fireman. No salaries to them. No fuel to buy. Thousands of dollars saved each year!

"Here is the spur of the P. & F. Railroad, which runs directly across the Sure Thing property. No expensive carting of ore or supplies, as some mines have to do. This is an actual photograph of the ore in the vein at the outcropping. Here is the vein at a depth of fifty feet. It shows a width of from three to nine feet of galena ore, silver, lead and iron carbonates, mixed together. Samples picked up at random here show fifty to seventy per cent lead—think of that!—and fourteen to thirty ounces of silver. Lead and silver are going up all the time. Think what a big daily output would amount to! Here is a photographic copy of the assay. Neither the camera nor the assay office can lie."

Roger now began to warm up to his subject. He himself had begun to feel the convincing persuasion of the Sure Thing. He dwelt strongly on the unusual size of the vein, the extra stringers of zinc and copper that had already been cut, the downhill pull to the railroad and the self-drainage of the mine. He explained that, with no better ore than that of the big producers of the district, the Sure Thing would show decidedly better dividends. He paged from the letters of reference and recommendation to the typewritten reports of mining engineers; from these to the clippings from newspapers, and laid particular stress on the unique system of financing, whereby the subscriber does not receive his stock certificate until the mine is placed on a paying basis—all of which prevents brokers and outsiders from juggling and manipulating prices, which often retards a mine's development.

His own receipt as the Sure Thing Mining Company's state representative would be as good as any stock certificate they could issue. He did not neglect to impress that the stock of the Sure Thing must be truly more valuable than that of other mines if the owners took such means to protect it. An older promoter might have smiled at some of the expressions that dropped from Roger's mouth, but he would have envied the earnest sincerity and strength of the boy's appeal.

As a closing argument Roger turned simply to the beautifully colored post cards of district mines and read off the annual production of each mine in tons and in dollars.

"This seems extraordinarily good, extraordinarily good," admitted Mrs. Bonring when he had finished. "But I wish I knew someone who was in it."

"Mr. Rawlings is going in," declared Roger without blinking an eye. "Don't mention it to Mr. Rells, but Mr. Rawlings far prefers it to the Santa Angela proposition."

"I believe I prefer it too," decided Mrs. Bonring.

The following evening Roger called at the house of his employer. Fairly confident from his practice and success of the evening before, he demonstrated for two full hours from his big gold-lettered prospectus. When he left, Mr. Rawlings asked for a few days to think it over.

"It looks gilt-edge to me," he added. "I also know your own conservative make-up well enough to believe that you would not for a moment consider anything in which you did not have absolute faith. Come to see me again—say Friday evening."

When Roger called again at the big white house on Friday evening he found his employer in company with two other gentlemen—Mr. Robinson, physically and

(Continued on Page 45)

THE FALSE FACES

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LONE WOLF

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XVII

THE person in the educated evening clothes was made known as Mr. Revel. For Lanyard's benefit and his own he vacated the chair beside Sophie Weringrode, seating himself to one side of Cecelia Brooke, who had Velasco between her and the *soi-disant* princess. Already a waiter had placed and was filling glasses for Lanyard and the girl.

With the best grace he could muster the adventurer sat down, accepted a cigarette from the Weringrode case, and with openly impertinent eyes inspected the intrigante critically. She endured that ordeal well, smiling confidently, a handsome creature with a beautiful body bewitchingly gowned.

Time, he considered, had been kind to Sophie—time, the mysteries of the modern toilet and the astonishing adaptability of womankind. Splendidly vital, like all of her sort who survive, she seemed mysteriously able to renew that vitality through the very extravagance with which she squandered it. She had lived much of late years, rapidly but well, had learned much, had profited by her lessons. To-night she looked legitimately the princess of her pretensions; the manner of the grande dame suited her type; her gesture was as impeccable as her taste; prettier than ever, she seemed at worst little more than half her age. And her quick intelligence mocked the privacy of his reflections.

"Fair, fast and forty," she interpreted with a little nod.

He pretended to be stunned. "Never!" he protested feebly.

The woman reaffirmed in a series of rapid nods. "Have I ever had secrets from you? You are too quick for me, monsieur; I do not intend to begin deceiving you at this late day—or trying to."

"Flattery," he declared, "is meat and drink to me. Tell me more."

She laughed lightly. "Thank you, no; vanity is unbecoming in men; I do not care to make you vain."

Aware that Cecelia Brooke was listening all the while she seemed to be enchanted with the patter of Mr. Revel and the less vapid observations of Velasco, Lanyard sought to shunt personalities from himself.

"And now a princess!"

"Did you not know I had married? Yes, a princess of Spain—and with a castle there, too, if you must know."

"Quite a change of atmosphere from Berlin," he remarked. "But it has done you no visible harm."

That won him a black look. "Oh, Berlin!" she said with contemptuous lips. "I haven't been there since the beginning of war. I wish never to see the place again. True, I was born an Austrian; but is that any reason why I should love Germany?"

She leaned forward, her fan gently tapping the knuckles of his hand.

"Pay less attention to me," she insisted, with a nod toward the dancing floor. "You are missing something. Me, I never tire of her."

The floor had been cleared. A drummer on the dais was sounding the long roll crescendo. At the culminating crash the lights were everywhere darkened save for an orange-colored spot light set in the ceiling immediately above the dancing floor. Into that circular field of torrid glare bounded a woman wearing little more than an abbreviated kirtle of grass strands with a few festoons of artificial flowers. Applause roared out to her, the orchestra sounded the opening bars of an Americanized Hawaiian melody, the woman with extraordinary vivacity began to perform a denatured hula—a wild and tawny animal, superbly physical, relying with warrant upon the stark sensuality of her body to make amends for the censored phrases of the native dance.

The floor resounded like a great drum to the stamping of her bare feet, till one marveled at such solidity of flesh as could endure that punishment.

Sophie Weringrode lounged negligently upon the table, bringing her head near Lanyard's shoulder.

"Play fair," she said between lips that barely moved.

Without looking round Lanyard answered in the same manner: "Why ask more than you are prepared to give?"

"The police ran you out of America once. We need only publish the fact that Mr. Anthony Ember is the Lone Wolf ——"

"Well?"

"Leave Berlin out of it, before this girl."

Lanyard shrugged and laughed quietly. "What else?"

"We can't talk now. Ask me for the next dance."

The woman sat back in her chair, attentive to the posturing of the dancer, slowly fanning herself.

Lanyard's semblance of as much interest was nothing more; furtively his watchfulness alternated between two quarters of the room. On the farther edge of the circle of tropical radiance he had marked down a table at which two men were seated, Dressler and O'Reilly. No more question now as to the personnel of the conspiracy; even Velasco had thrown off the mask. The enemy had come boldly into the open, indicating a sense of impudent assurance; indicating, even more, contempt of all opposition. No longer afraid, they no longer skulked in shadows. Lanyard experienced a premonition of events impending.

In addition he was keeping an eye on the door to the elevator shaft. Once already it had opened, letting a bright window into the farther wall of the shadowed room, discovering the figure of the *maître d'hôtel* in silhouette, anxiety in his attitude. He was waiting for somebody, waiting tensely. So were the others waiting, all that crew and their fellow workers scattered among the guests. Lanyard told himself he could guess for whom.

Only Ekstrom was wanting to complete the circle. When he appeared—if by any chance he should—things ought to begin to happen.

If tolerably satisfied that Ekstrom would not come—not that night at all events—Lanyard none the less continued to be jealously heedful of that doorway.

But the hula came to an end without either his vigilance or the impatience of the *maître d'hôtel* being rewarded.

Writhing with serpentine grace to the edge of the illumined area, the dancer leaped back into darkness and the folds of a wrap held by a maid, in which garment she was seen, bowing and laughing, when the lights again went up.

Without ceasing to play, changing only the time of the tune, the orchestra swung into a fox-trot. Lanyard glanced across the table to see Cecelia Brooke rising in response to the invitation of dapper Mr. Revel.

In his turn he rose with Sophie Weringrode. "Be patient with me," he begged. "It is long since I danced to music lighter than a cannonade."

"But it is simple," the woman promised; "simple, at least, to one who can dance as you could in the old days. Just follow me till you catch the step. It doesn't matter, anyway; I desire only the opportunity to talk."

Yielding to his arms she shifted into French when next she spoke:

"You do admirably, my friend. Never again depreciate your dancing. If you knew how one suffers at the hands and feet of these Americans ——"

"Excellent!" he said. "Now that is settled; what is it you are instructed to propose to me?"

She laughed softly. "Always direct! Truly you would never shine as a secret agent."

"Not as they shine," Lanyard countered—"in the dark!"

"Don't be a fraud. We are what we are, and so are you. Let us not begin to be censorious of each other's methods of winning a living."

"Agreed. When do we begin to talk business?"

"Why do you continue so persistently antagonistic?"

"I am French."

"That is silly. You are an outlaw, a man without a country. Why not change all that?"

"And how does one effect miracles?"

"Germany offers you a refuge, security, freedom to ply your trade unhindered—within reasonable limits."

"And in exchange, what do I give?"

"Your services, as and when required, in our service."

"Beginning when?"

"To-night."

"With what specific performance?"

"We want, we must without fail have, that document you took from the Brooke girl."

"Perhaps we had better continue in English. You are speaking a tongue unknown to me."

"Don't talk rot. You know well what I mean. We know you have the thing. You didn't steal it to turn it over to England or the States. What is your price to Germany?"

"Whatever you have in mind, believe me when I say I have nothing to sell to the Wilhelmstrasse."

"But what else can you do with the document? What other market ——?"

"My dear Sophie, upon my word I haven't got what you want."

"Then why so keen to get the Brooke girl on the telephone as soon as you found out where she was stopping?"

"How did you learn about that, by the way?"

"Let the credit go to Señor Velasco. He saw you first."

"One thought as much. Nevertheless, I haven't what you wish."

"You gave it back to Miss Brooke?"

"Having nothing to give her, I gave her nothing."

The woman was silent throughout a round of the floor; then, "Tell me something," she requested.

"Can I keep anything from you?"

"Are you in love with the English girl?"

Lanyard almost lost step, then laughed the thought to derision. "What put that into your pretty head, Sophie?"

"Do you not know it yourself, my friend?"

"It is absurd!"

She laughed maliciously. "Think it over. Possibly you have not stopped to think as yet. When you know the truth yourself you will be the better qualified to fib about it. Also, you will not forget ——"

"What?" he demanded bluntly as she paused with intention.

"That as long as she possesses the document—since you have it not—her life is endangered even more than yours."

"She hasn't got it!" Lanyard declared, as nearly in panic as he ever was.

"Ah!" the woman jeered. "So you confess to some knowledge of it, after all!"

"My dear," he said teasingly, "do you really want to know what has become of that document?"

"I do—and mean to."

"What if I tell you?"

Her eyes lifted to his in childlike candor. "Need you ask?"

"You are irresistible. Ask Karl!"

She demanded sharply: "Whom?"

"Ekstrom."

"Ah!" Again the adventuress was silent for a little. "What does he know?"

"Ask him; inquire why he murdered Von Harden; then what business took him to Ninety-fifth Street twice this evening, once about nine o'clock, again at midnight."

"You must be mad, monsieur. Karl would not dare——"

"You don't know him—or have forgotten he was trained at the International Bureau, and there learned how to sell out both parties to a business that won't bear publicity."

"I wonder," the woman mused. "Never have I wholly trusted that one."

"Shall I give you the key?"

"If you love Karl as little as I ——"

"But where do you suppose the good man is, this night of nights?"

"Who knows? He was not here when I arrived at midnight. I have seen nothing of him since."

"When you do—if he shows himself at all—look him over carefully for signs of wear and tear."

"Yes, monsieur? And in what respect?"

"Look for cuts about his head and hands—possibly elsewhere. And, should he confess to an affair with a wind shield in a motor accident, ask him what happened to the study window in the house at Ninety-fifth Street."

Impish glee danced in the woman's eyes. "Your handiwork, dear friend?"

"A mere beginning. You may tell him so if you like."

He was subjected to a convulsive squeeze. "Never have I felt so kindly disposed toward an enemy!"

"It is true, I were a better foe to Germany if I kept my counsel and let Ekstrom continue to play double."

The music ceasing, to be followed by the inevitable clamor for more, Lanyard offered an arm upon which Sophie rested a detaining hand.

"No—wait! We dance this encore. I have more to say to you."

He submitted amiably, the more so since not ill-pleased with himself. And when again they were moving round the floor she bore more heavily upon his shoulder, and was thoughtful longer than he had expected.

Then: "Attention, my friend!"

"I am listening, Sophie."

"If what you hint is true—and I do not doubt it is—Karl's day is done."

"More nearly than he dreams," Lanyard affirmed grimly.

"I shan't be sorry. I am German through and through; what I do, I do for the Fatherland, and in that find absolution for many things I care not to remember. If through what you tell me I may prove Karl traitor I owe you something."

"Always it has been my fondest hope, Sophie, some day to have you in my debt."

Her fingers tightened on his. "Do not jest in the shadow of death. Since you have been unwise enough to venture here to-night you will not be permitted to leave alive unless you pledge yourself to us and prove your sincerity by producing that paper."

"That sounds reasonable—like Prussia. What next?"

"I have warned you, so have paid off my debt. The rest is your affair."

"Do you imagine I take this seriously?"

"It will turn out seriously for you if you do not."

"How can I be prevented from leaving when I will, from a public restaurant?"

"Is it possible you don't know this place? It is maintained by the Wilhelmstrasse. Attempt to leave it without coming to a satisfactory understanding, and see what happens!"

"What, for instance?"

"The lights would be out before you were half across the room. When they went up again the Lone Wolf would be no more, and never a soul here would know who stabbed him or what became of the knife."

"Are you by any chance amusing yourself at my expense?"

Once more the woman showed him her handsome eyes; he found them frankly grave, earnest, unwavering.

"If you will not listen your blood be on your own head."

"Forgive me! I didn't mean to seem rude ——"

"Still, you do not believe!"

"You are wrong. I am merely amused."

"If you understood you could never mock your peril."

"But I don't mock it. I am enchanted with it. I accept it, and it renews my youth. This might be Paris of the days when you ran with the Pack, Sophie—and I alone!"

The woman moved her pretty shoulders impatiently. "I think you are either mad or—the very soul of courage!"

The encore ended; they returned to the table, Sophie leaning lightly on Lanyard's arm, chattering gay trivialities.

Dropping into her chair she bent over toward Cecelia Brooke.

"He dances adorably, my dear!" the intrigante declared. "But I dare say you know that already."

The English girl shook her head, smiling. "Not yet."

"Then lose no time! You two should dance well together, for you are more of a size. I think the next number will be a waltz. We get altogether too few of them; these American dances, these one-steps and fox-trots, they are not dances, they are mere rompe—favorites none the less. And there is always more room on the floor; so few waltz nowadays. Really, you must not miss this opportunity."

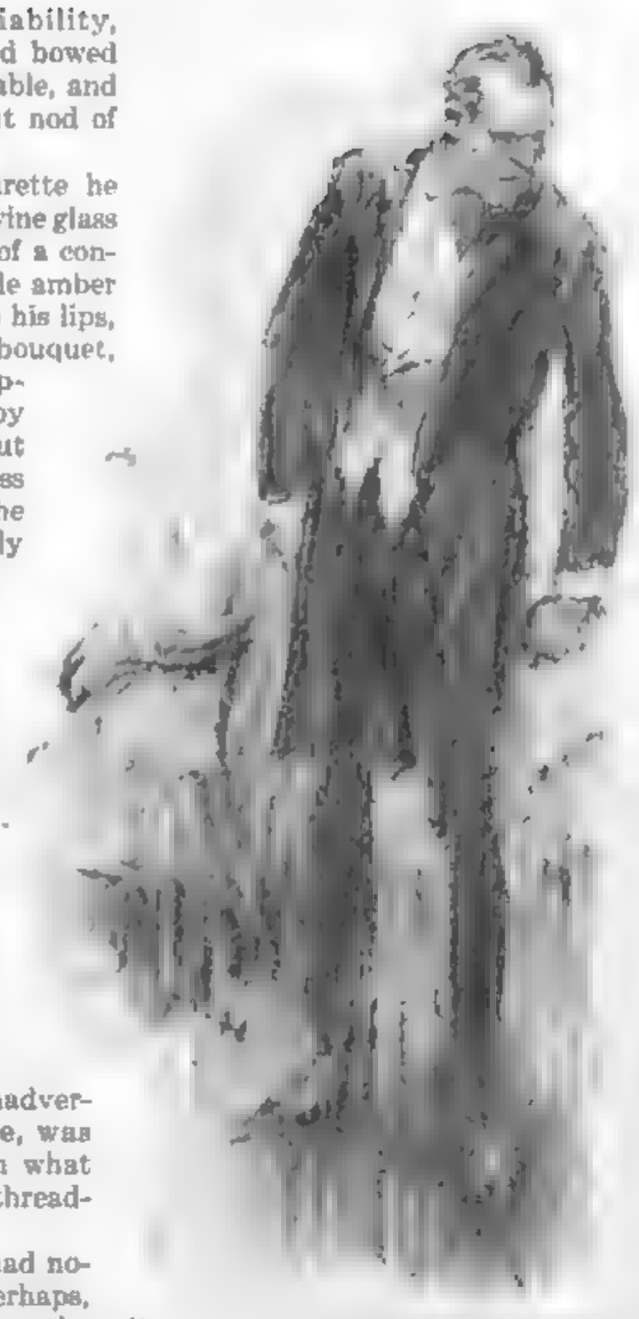
This playful insistence, the light stress she laid upon her suggestion that Cecelia Brooke dance with him, considered in conjunction with her recent admonition, impressed Lanyard as significantly inconsistent. Sophie was no more a woman to make purposeless gestures than she was one sufficiently wanting in finesse to signal him by pressures of her foot. There was sheer intention in that iteration: ". . . lose no time . . . you must not miss this opportunity." Something had happened even since their dance; she had observed something momentous, and was warning him to act quickly if he meant to act at all.

Ekstrom Did Not Stir Other Than to Raise Weaponless Hands in Deference to the Pistol

With unruffled amiability, amused, urbane, Lanyard bowed his petition across the table, and was rewarded by a bright nod of promise.

Lighting another cigarette he lounged back, poised his wine glass delicately, with the eye of a connoisseur appraised its pale amber tint, touched it lightly to his lips, inhaling critically its bouquet, sipped and signified approval of the vintage by sipping again all without missing one bit of business in a scene enacted on the far side of the room, directly behind him but reflected in a mirror panel of the wall he faced.

The diplomatist charged with the task of discriminating the sheep from the goats in the lower lobby had come up to confer with his colleague, the *maître d'hôtel* of the upper story. When Lanyard first saw the man he was standing by the elevator shaft, none too patiently awaiting the attention of the other, who, caught by inadvertence at some distance, was moving to join him, with what speed he could manage threading the thick-set tables.



"Stole Away!" He Muttered Briefly

Was this what Sophie had noticed? Had she likewise, perhaps, received some signal from the guardian of the lower gateway? A signal possibly indicating that Ekstrom had arrived?

They met at last, those two, and discreetly conferred together, the *maître d'hôtel* betraying welcome mitigation of that nervous tension which had heretofore so palpably affected him; and as the other stepped back into the elevator Lanyard saw this one's glance irresistibly attracted to the table dedicated to the service of the Princess de Alavia. Something resembling satisfaction glimmered in the fellow's eyes. It was apparent he anticipated early relief from a distasteful burden of responsibility.

Then, at ease in the belief he was unobserved, he turned to a near-by table, round which four had gathered without the solace of feminine society—four men whose stamp was far from reassuring despite their strikingly quiet demeanor and inconspicuously correct investiture of evening dress. Two were unmistakable sons of the Fatherland; all were well set-up, with the look of men who would figure to advantage in any affair calling for physical competence and courage, from coffee and pistols at sunrise to a battle royal in a Tenderloin dive.

Their table commanded both ways out, by the stairs and by the elevator, much too closely for Lanyard's peace of mind. And more than one looked thoughtfully his way while the *maître d'hôtel* hovered above them, murmuring confidentially.

Four nods sealed an understanding with him. He strutted off with far more manner than had been his at any time since the arrival of Lanyard, and vented an excess of spirits by berating bitterly an unhappy clown of a waiter for some trivial fault.

The first bars of another dance number sang through the rumor of voices—truly, as Sophie had foretold, a waltz.

XVIII

TRAINED in the old school of the dance Lanyard was unversed in that graceless scamper which to-day passes as the waltz with a generation largely too indolent or too inept of foot to learn to dance.

His was that flowing waltz of melting rhythm, the waltz of yesterday, that dance of dances to whose measures a civilization more sedate in its amusements, less jealous of its time, danced, flirted, loved and broke its hearts.

Into the swinging movement of that antiquated waltz Lanyard fell without a qualm of doubt, all ignorant as he was of his benighted ignorance; and instantly, with the ease and gracious assurance of a dancer born, Cecelia Brooke adapted herself to his step and guidance, with rare pliancy made her every movement exquisitely synchronous with his.

No need to lead her, no need for more than the least of pressures upon her yielding waist; no need for anything but absolute surrender to the magic of the moment.

Effortless, like creatures of the music adrift upon its sounding tides, they circled the floor once, twice and again, before reluctantly Lanyard brought himself to shatter the spell of that enchantment.

Looking down with an apologetic smile he asked: "Mademoiselle, do you know you can be an excellent actress?"

As if in resentment the girl glanced upward sharply with clouded eyes.

"So can most women, in emergency."

"I mean—I have something serious to say; nobody must guess your thoughts."

She said simply: "I will do my best."

"You must—you must appear quite charmed. Also, should you catch me smirking like an infatuated ninny, remember I am only doing my own indifferent best to act."

Laughter trembled deliciously in her voice: "I promise faithfully to bear in mind your heartlessness."

"I am an ass," he enunciated with the humility of conviction. "But that can't be helped. Attend to me, if you please—and do not start. This place turns out to be a nest of Prussian spies. I was brought here by a trick. I understand the order is, I may not leave alive."

Playing her part so well as almost to embarrass Lanyard himself, the girl smiled daringly into his eyes.

"Because of that packet?" she breathed.

"Because of that, mademoiselle."

"Where is it?"

For an instant Lanyard lost countenance absolutely. Through sheer good fortune the girl was now dancing with face averted, her head so nearly touching his shoulder that it seemed to rest upon it.

Nevertheless it was at cost of a heroic struggle that he fought down all signs of that shock with which it had been borne in upon him that he dared not promise the girl her packet was in safe hands.

Though he had failed in his efforts to restore the thing to her, that she might consign it as she saw fit and so discharge her personal trust, till now Lanyard had solaced himself with a hazy notion that she would in turn be comforted when she learned the document was in the keeping of her country's secret service.

Impossible to tell her that; his own act had rendered it impossible, that act the outcome of willful paltering with his infirmity, his itch for thieving.

Of a sudden the pilfered necklace secreted in an inner pocket of his waistcoat, above his heart, seemed to have gained the weight of so much lead. The hideous consciousness of the thing stung like the bite of live coals.

This woman was in distress; he yearned to lighten her burden; he could do that with half a dozen words; his guilt prohibited.

A thief!

Now indeed the Lone Wolf tasted shame and realized its bitterness.

Puzzled by his constraint the girl's eyes again sought his; and warned in time by the movement of her head he mustered impudence to meet their question with the look of tenderness that went with the rôle she suffered him to play.

"What is the matter?"

"I am ashamed that I have failed you ——"

"Don't think of that. I know you did your best. Only tell me what became of it."

"It was stolen; when I returned to my stateroom that night I was held up and robbed. The thief shot at me, killed his confederate, decamped by way of the port. I pursued. Another aided him to overpower and cast me overboard."

"Yet you escaped!"

Strange she should seem more intrigued by that than concerned about her loss!

"I escaped."

"You don't know who stole the packet?"

"I don't recall the man among the passengers, but he may have been in the boats, a fellow of about my stature, with a flowing beard ——"

He sketched broadly Ekstrom as he had seen him in the Stanistreet library.

Her eyes quickened.

"One such escaped in our boat, the second steward; I think his name was Anderson."

"Doubtless the same."

"Then it is gone!"

For once in his acquaintance with her that brave spirit seemed to falter; she became a burden, bereft for a little of all grace and spontaneity.

Lanyard was constrained to swing her forcibly into time.

Almost instantly she recollected herself, covered her lapse with a little laugh innocent of any hint of its forced falsity, and showed him, and the room as well, a radiant countenance—all with such address and art that the incident might well have escaped notice, otherwise have passed for a bit of natural by-play.

Yet distress was too eloquent in the broken query: "What am I to do?"

Heartsick, self-sick to boot, he essayed to suggest that she consult Colonel Stanistreet; but lacking so much effrontery stammered and fell silent.

Perhaps misinterpreting she cried in quick contrition: "I am forgetting! Forgive me. I should have said What are you to do?"

He whipped his wits without ruth.

"Look down, turn your face aside, smile. I have a plan, a desperate remedy, but the best I can contrive. When next the lift comes up we must try to be near it. There is one row of tables that we must break through by main force. Leave that to me, follow as I clear a way, go straight into the lift. If anything happens run down the stairway on the left. The ground floor is two flights below. If I am any way detained don't stop—go on, get your wraps, take the first taxi you see, return directly to the hotel. I will telephone you as soon as I can."

"If you live," she breathed.

"Never fear for me ——"

"But if I do? Do you imagine I could rest if I thought you had sacrificed yourself for me?"

"You must not think that. I am far too selfish ——"

"That is not so. And I refuse positively to do as you wish unless you tell me how I may communicate with you."

Resigned to humor her he recited his address and the number of the house telephone and, when she had memorized both by iteration, resumed:

"Once outside, if anybody tries to hinder you don't let them intimidate you into keeping quiet, but scream, scream at the top of your lungs. These beasts abominate a screaming woman—or any other undue noise.

"Not only will that frighten them off but it will fetch the nearest policeman."

The music ceased. She stood flushed, smiling, adorably pretty, eyes starlike for him alone.

"We are not far from the lift now," she said just audibly.

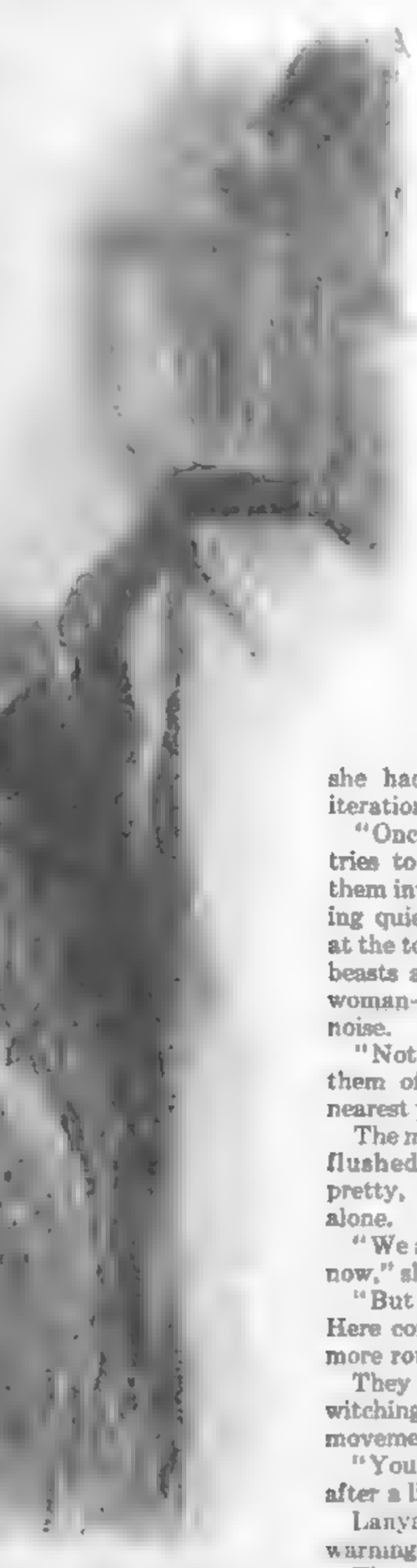
"But the door is shut. Hush. Here comes the encore. Once more round ——"

They drifted again into that witching maze of melody and movement made one.

"You are silent," she said after a little. "Why?"

Lanyard answered with a warning pressure on her hand.

The elevator was stationary at the floor, its door wide, the



Strand After Strand Parted Grudgingly Till It Fell Away Altogether

He Turned, Swung an Arm Round the Girl's Waist and All But Threw Her Through the Lane He Had Created

maître d'hôtel engaged in a far quarter of the room, while those four formidable guardians of the exit were gossiping with animation over their glasses.

"Steady. Now is our time!"

Abruptly they stopped. A couple that had been following them avoided collision by a close margin. Over his partner's head the man scowled portentously—and dissipated his display of temper on Lanyard's indifferent back.

Upon those guests who sat between the dancing floor and elevator Lanyard wasted no consideration. Pushing roughly between two adjoining tables he lifted one chair with its astonished occupant bodily out of the way, then turned, swung an arm round the girl's waist, all but threw her through the lane he had created, followed without an instant's pause.

It was all so quickly accomplished that the girl was in the car before another person in the room appreciated what was happening. And Lanyard, in the act of slamming the door shut without heed for the protesting operator, saw only a room full of amazed faces with gaping mouths and rounded eyes—and one man of the four at the near-by table in the act of rising uncertainly, with a stupefied look.

Elbowing the boy aside he seized the operating lever and thrust it to the notch labeled Descend. An instant of pause followed; like its attendant the elevator seemed stalled in inertia of stupefaction. Beyond the door somebody loosed an infuriated screech. Angry hands drummed on the glass panel. With a shudder the car started spasmodically, moved downward at first gently, then with greater speed, coming to an abrupt stop at the street level with a shock that all but threw its passengers from their feet.

Up the shaft that senseless punishment of the panel continued. Some other intelligence conceived the notion of ringing for the car to return; its annunciator buzzed stridently, continuously.

Unlatching the lower door Lanyard threw it back, stepped out, finding the lobby deserted but for a simpering group of coat-room girls, to one of whom he flipped a silver dollar.

"Find this lady's wraps—be quick!"

Deftly catching the coin the girl snatched the check from Cecelia Brooke and darted into the women's dressing room. Throughout a wait of agonizing suspense the elevator boy remained cowering in a corner of the car, staring at Lanyard as at some shape of terror, while the ignored buzzer droned without cessation to persistent pressure from above.

Out of the dark entrance to the lower dining room the [illegible] diplomatist popped with the distracted look of a jack-in-the-box about to be ravished of its young.

"Monsieur is not leaving?" he expostulated shrilly, darting forward.

Lanyard stopped him with a look whose menace was like a kick.

"I am seeing this lady to her cab," he said in a cold and level voice.

The coat-room girl emerged from her lair with an armful of wraps and furs.

Again the bearded one made as if to block the doorway.

"But, monsieur—mademoiselle ——"

Lanyard caught the fellow's arm, sent him spinning like a top. "Out of the way, you rat!" he snapped. Then to the girl: "Be quick!"

As she shouldered into a compartment of the revolving door incoherent yells began to echo down the staircase well. At length it had occurred to those above to utilize that means of descent.

Wedged in the wheeling door, a final glimpse of the lobby showed Lanyard the startled, puttylike mask of the *maître d'hôtel* at the head of the stairway with, beyond him, the head of one who, though in shadow, uncommonly resembled Ekstrom—but Ekstrom as he was of old, without his beard.

That picture passed like a flash on a cinema screen. They were on the sidewalk and the girl was running toward a taxicab, the only vehicle of its class in sight, at the curb just above the entrance.

Coatless and bareheaded Lanyard swung to face the door porter, a towering, brawny animal in livery, self-confident and something more than keen to interfere; but his mouth, opening to utter some sort of protest, shut suddenly without articulation when Lanyard displayed for his benefit an automatic. And he fell back smartly.

Jerking open the cab door the girl stumbled into the far corner of the seat. The motor was churning in promising fashion, the chauffeur settling into place at the wheel. Into his hand Lanyard thrust a ten-dollar bill.

"The Knickerbocker!" he ordered. "Stop for nobody. If followed steer for the nearest cop. There'll be no change."

He closed the door sharply, leaned over it, dropped the little pistol into the girl's lap.

"Chances are you won't want that—but you may."

She bent forward quickly, eyes darkly lustrous with alarm, and dropped a hand upon his arm.

"But you ——?" she remonstrated.

"It is I whom they want, not you. I won't subject you to the hazard of my company."

Gently Lanyard lifted the hand from his sleeve, brushed it gallantly with his lips, released it.

"Good night!" he laughed, then stepped back, waved a hand to the chauffeur: "Go!"

The taxicab shot away like a racing hound unleashed. With a sigh of relief Lanyard gave himself wholly to the question of his own salvation. The rank of waiting motor cars offered no hope; all but one were private town cars and limousines, operated by liveried drivers. A solitary roadster at the head of the line tempted and was rejected; even though it had no guardian chauffeur, something of which he could not be sure, one would be overhauled before one could start the motor and get the knack of its gear-shift mechanism. Even now Au Printemps was in frantic eruption, its doors violently ejecting man after man.

Down Broadway an omnibus of the Fifth Avenue line lumbered, at no less speed than twenty miles an hour, without passengers and sporting an illuminated Special sign above the driver's seat.

Dashing out into the roadway Lanyard launched himself at the narrow platform of the unwieldy vehicle and, in spite of a yell of warning from the guard, landed safely on the step and turned to repel boarders.

But his maneuvers had been executed too swiftly and unexpectedly. The group before Au Printemps huddled together in ludicrous inaction as if stunned. Then one raged through it, plying vicious elbows. As he paused against the light Lanyard identified unmistakably the silhouette of Ekstrom.

So that one had, after all, escaped the net of his own treachery!

The bus guard was shaking Lanyard's arm with an ungentle hand.

"Here, now, you got no business boardin' a Special ——!"

From his pocket Lanyard whipped the first bank note his fingers encountered.

"Divide that with the chauffeur," he said crisply; "tell him to drive like the devil. It's life or death with me!"

The protruding eyeballs of the guard bore witness of the magnitude of the bribe.

"You're on!" he breathed hoarsely, and ran forward through the body of the conveyance to advise the driver.

Swarming up the curved stairway to the roof Lanyard dropped into the rear seat, looking back. The group round the doorway was recovering from its dumfounderment. Three struck off from it toward the line of waiting cars. Of these the foremost was Ekstrom. Simultaneously the bus, lumbering drunkenly, lurched into Columbus Circle, and the roadster left the curb, carrying in addition to the driver two passengers, Ekstrom on the running board. Tardily Lanyard repented of that impulse which had moved him to bestow his one weapon upon Cecelia Brooke.

The night air had a biting edge. A chill rain had begun to drizzle down in minute globules of mist, which both lent each light its individual nimbus of gold and dulled deceitfully the burnished asphaltum, rendering its surface greasy and treacherous. More than once Lanyard feared lest the bus skid and overturn; and before the old red-brick building between Broadway and Eighth Avenue shut out the western sector of the Circle he saw the roadster, driven insanely, shoot crabwise toward the curb, then answer desperate work at the wheel and whirl madly, executing a *coup-face* so violent that Ekstrom's hold was broken and he was hurled a dozen feet away. And Lanyard's chances were measurably advanced by the delay demanded in order

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 17, 1917

A Touchstone for Peace

EVERYBODY is hoping for peace within a year. Nearly everybody is trying to discover some tangible ground on which to base that hope. Your daily conversations show that.

All official statements on the subject—whether our own, our allies' or our enemy's—are on broad and more or less general lines. We meet a good many people who are baffled when they try to reduce these general statements to some sort of concrete terms. They have the general idea that there can be no peace until we have some reasonable ground for supposing that Germany hereafter will be directed in a different and more trustworthy spirit. But they ask: "Just what signs of reformation must the German Government give? By what tokens can we know that a change of heart has overtaken it?"

A homely illustration may clarify the case:

Jones strolls over to Smith's house with a sawed-off shotgun under his coat, beats up Smith's wife and children, kicks them into the street, levels the shotgun at the assembled neighbors, and asks them how they would like to discuss resumption of amicable relations in the neighborhood. Of course the answer is "Get out of that house!"

With the aggravating circumstance of having solemnly promised not to do it, that is what Germany did to Belgium. The government still proposes to bring the spoils of that monstrous crime to a council table and swap them for colonies or Balkan or Polish territory, or something else.

German spokesmen already talk of disarmament, which is hopeful. When they go a step farther, and make immediate unconditional evacuation of Belgium the first item of a peace proposal, one may begin counting pretty definitely on the coming of peace.

That may be humiliating for the government—though the Emperor, in his own handwriting, and the chancellor, in his first war speech to the Reichstag, virtually confessed the crime. But to induce some humility in the present German Government is one of the things we are fighting for.

Scrambled Government

THERE is a wise provision in most cities that there shall be only one saloon to so many inhabitants; but no such prudent forethought extends to the matter of government. Something less than three million people who inhabit the metropolitan area of Chicago suffer twenty-two distinct governing bodies. There is a numerous county board, a numerous city council, park boards, sanitary boards, a roomful of school trustees, and so on. An exact calculation would show about one governor of some sort or other to each block. The net result is about as poor an article in the way of government as can be found anywhere.

The inconvenience, expense and incompetence of this system have been stable subjects of remark for a quarter of a century or more. The Bureau of Public Efficiency, supported by a great number of public-spirited citizens, proposes to introduce a degree of sanity and order by consolidating these overlapping, intertwined, incompetent organs of government into one body, and by organizing the city as any business corporation is organized, with a council of thirty-five—corresponding to the corporation's board of directors—which shall appoint a mayor as general manager, without regard to politics, and be responsible for governing.

To doubt that the people of Chicago want some such intelligent, efficient arrangement is to doubt their horse sense; but they can by no means get it by simply expressing their desire for it at the polls. The state legislature must pass enabling acts and there must be amendments to the state constitution. Broadly speaking, the situation is that anybody can tie a knot in government; but to untie a knot requires much time and vast effort.

For a hundred years the leading idea in the United States respecting government was to tie it up, complicate it, cut it into as many pieces as possible—so that nobody could abuse governmental power, because nobody had more than half an ounce of it. We are now working away from that—witness, for example, the steady increase in the power of the President and the movement toward commission government for cities and the city-manager plan. But we need to work faster in that direction.

Chicago will get its city-manager plan of government, because finally it has got to have something more answerable to the city's needs than the present scrambled arrangement.

Ask Yourself

THE War Department has the names and addresses of about ten million men between twenty-one and thirty-one years of age. Two or three millions of them were called up last summer, examined as to physical condition and dependents, and either put into training camps or exempted. The Department is about to question the others in order to find out how suitable they are for military service. When it gets through the Government will have about a tenth of the population sorted and classified; it will know just about what it can depend upon from them.

The Treasury Department has the names of about four thousand plutocrats, possessing incomes of one hundred thousand dollars a year and upward. Tax laws will pretty effectually tap their financial serviceability to the nation.

The remaining nine-tenths of the population remains mostly under the general heading of Unsorted and Miscellaneous. But, of course, it is that nine-tenths which finally must win the war.

It ought to be subjected to a questionnaire similar to that which the War Department is addressing to men under the selective draft, but more comprehensive. That task is too complicated for the Government; but it should be done voluntarily.

You, as one of the nine-tenths, should immediately take up this examining and sorting—addressing to yourself the following questions:

How much of my ordinary consumption of wheat, beef, bacon and sugar can I forgo?

How many cigars, ice-cream sodas, neckties, fancy hand bags and theater tickets am I going to contribute monthly to the Red Cross?

How much of my income—not by haphazard and intermittent impulse, but by a rigid day-to-day systematized economy—can I put into war-savings certificates and Liberty bonds during the next year?

If Mr. Hoover and Secretary McAdoo should sit down across the table from you and ask those questions you would search your mind very seriously and pledge yourself to the extent of your ability. If you had a formal printed blank, under the seal of the Government, you would think it over carefully and put down the tallest answers your circumstances permitted.

Just imagine those accessories, and give yourself such answers that yourself will be proud of you.

War-Camp Recreation Fund

ABOUT three-quarters of a million young men have been taken from home and thrown into a strange environment to engage in strange occupations. They are going to the French trenches—which, however stanch their patriotism, is not exactly a thought that makes them jocular.

The Government undertakes to train them, to look after their health, and to see that vice does not spread its lures for them immediately outside the camp. But being virtuous does not keep a young man from being lonesome; nor does passing far-away resolutions in praise of his patriotism.

President Wilson has said that the morale these young men will take to France—and that is the most important thing they are going to take there—will be vitally influenced by their camp environment.

The War-Camp Recreation Fund, with headquarters at Washington, proposes not only a clean and wholesome environment but a friendly, sociable, refreshing environment. Its objects include a clubhouse outside the camp, with all the accessories that make for good fun; opportunity to meet the people of the neighborhood in the same genial way that a boy would enjoy if he had a local friend to introduce him; dances, theatrical and other entertainments; home hospitality, as pleasant acquaintances are formed with resident civilians—in short, the same sort of hearty, frank good times that a decently behaved boy has at home.

Considerable nonsense has been written about the danger of turning forty or fifty thousand robust young men loose upon a community. The danger is in clandestine meetings, acquaintanceship by stealth, treating the soldier as a suspect alien, and thereby gratuitously investing him with a highly romantic interest. The alternative is to take him in at the front door and treat him like a neighbor. These boys are just neighbors from another locality; and everybody but a hopeless blackguard feels the obligation open-handed hospitality enjoins.

This camp community service is doing a good work.

A World Bank

WE ADMIRE the proposal of an ingenious Frenchman for the organization of a Bank of the World. War has already half accomplished it. Time out of mind—roughly speaking—if an American in New York owed something to an American in Omaha he put a piece of paper in an envelope and dropped it in a letter box. Or if there was a strong flow of such pieces of paper in one direction the American's New York bank put some pieces of paper of another color into an express package and shipped it to Omaha.

Among Americans, paper settled it—that is, a promise to pay, an instrument of credit, finally closed every transaction. American credit was sufficient everywhere in America. It was the same way among Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans.

But the moment you came to an international frontier, credit went lame. American credit was only provisionally good in England, or English credit in France. When it came to the last casting up of accounts, if the American owed an Englishman or the Englishman owed a Frenchman, he must dig up barbaric gold and get it lugged across the sea.

War has changed that. Among the Allies credit flows across the international boundary as freely as within each country; but there is, as yet, no organ or institution that represents the pooled and common credit of the Allies, as our reserve banks represent the pooled credit of the United States.

The economic advantages of a world bank are obvious and have long been recognized; but political considerations stood in the way. Each nation jealously hoarded its own particular gold stock in a spirit of strict national individualism—always openly or subconsciously looking forward to a time when it might be fighting another nation. So a world bank will symbolize the fact that the world is banking on peace, and not on war.

Theory and Experience

CHANCELLOR BONAR LAW recently observed to an audience of British radicals: "When I was young I was perhaps more of a Socialist than a great many of you here. I did think it was possible to get some arrangement of that kind; and even now I do not say it is absolutely impossible. But I do say you cannot have the two systems working together. You cannot go on the principle that you will pay no regard whatever to credit and to the incentive which men use in creating capital, and yet have the present system go on."

How many of us were more socialistic, perhaps, than most of the Socialists when we were young!

Immemorially the world has been run on a capitalistic plan, under which men work for gain or profit; capital has the initiative; and an abundant supply of capital and credit is the primary condition of an abundant supply of consumable goods. Under that system it manages, after a fashion, to get on. A system that eliminated profit and privately owned capital might be lovelier. Nobody really knows, for it has never been tried. But experience raises doubts, discloses obstacles. For example, everybody—with negligible exceptions—does a given bit of work because he profits by it, or somebody else profits by hiring him to do it. Strike out that governing motive, and who is going to say which man shall do which work? By what system of selection shall a particular man have a particular job?

Doubts arise; and experience shows that if you are going to stick to a capitalistic system you must operate it on capitalistic principles. If your dependence for prosperity and industrial activity is going to be upon privately owned capital and privately exercised credit—as it now unquestionably is—you must reasonably encourage the accumulation of capital and the supply of credit. If the mainspring of the system is the individual man's quest of gain and profit—as it now undeniably is—you must give him a show to make a profit. You cannot work a capitalistic system on radically socialistic principles.

So most of us, after some experience, would rather give reasonable encouragement to the system that admittedly will work than embark upon a vast and dubious experiment; and our radical friends call us hopelessly conservative.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mrs. Otis Skinner
By Herself

IF I WERE not naturally disposed toward busying myself with many things I should have to assume an activity though I possessed it not, for my husband abominates nothing so much as that type of person he calls "the hotel wife"—the woman who has neither domestic, social, nor civic responsibilities. To justify my freedom this winter in being on the road with him—relieved, for the time, of agonizing attempts to teach an extravagant cook to Hooverize, or to enter into the civic interests in the community in which we live—it is an honor and a joy to have been appointed Representative on the Road of the Stage Women's War Relief.

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General Gorgas and Lieutenant Sousa

SURGEON GENERAL GORGAS, of the Army, and Musician General Sousa, of the Navy, are shown together in the snapshot at the top of the page. Sousa, the well-known bandmaster and composer, is now a lieutenant in the Naval Coast Defense Reserves. With his Navy band of two hundred and fifty recruits, the largest in the world, he has been touring the country to stimulate recruiting.

H. Herman Harjes

MR. HARJES, millionaire banker, is shown below standing beside the ambulance he donated for French relief work. In addition to his money he has given his services, and in recognition the French Government has conferred on him the Legion of Honor Decoration.

John Wingate Weeks

IF YOU happen to be one of the young men recently excused from military service because of a dependent wife and child, just kindly salute the adjoining likeness of United States Senator John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts. "No fair!" said Senator Weeks, when he learned that some of the exemption boards were riding roughshod over the young married men—and, incidentally, over their wives and children—and the result of that brief expostulation was the issuance of revised instructions on this phase of the great draft.

And when you salute, call him "Captain." He likes that better than "Senator," because he was a captain—a sea-dog—in the Spanish-American War. A long time before that he was a midshipman in the United States Navy, and just before that he was "a plugging plebe" down at Annapolis. Just now he's a member of the great Military Affairs Committee of the Senate, and you'll

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Louise Dutton, Herself
By Herself

I WAS born Somewhere in Maine. I attended two of the oldest and wisest of American colleges, but was educated in New York. I live in New York. I am glad that I do, and I never pretend I am not. I am a tallish, thinnish girl, retiring by nature, and fond of cats, cooking and Celtic poetry. I feel about writing a good deal as the old sea captain felt about going to sea—neither very comfortable when I am doing it, nor when I am not. My work does not represent me. I am afraid it never will. My heroines are never afraid to cross streets. They are not often afraid of anything, and I often am. My favorite diversions are New York, London and Paris, my favorite color is rose color and my favorite drink is milk.

INDUSTRIAL AMAZONS

By Mary Brush Williams

AT THE Ambassador's Fourth of July reception in London the Duchess of Marlborough observed: "The women are doing such wonderful work in England." She was not referring to the making of bandages; the caressing of fevered hands in hospitals; nor yet to the knitting of socks. Her follow-up sentence stung one's vision to mental pictures quite different from these. "You know," she elaborated, "they are actually building aëroplanes and helping with the construction of ships!"

I pricked up my ears at her statement. Our country was expected to furnish these very things. Whenever we Americans in London told with pride of our preparations for war Englishmen invariably answered with the questions: "Yes, but are you building ships? How many aëroplanes are you going to send?"

The observations of the duchess reminded me further of something I had read a day or two before in an American commercial journal that had drifted into the embassy. A Pittsburgh steel magnate was credited with the statement that he would not be surprised if within the year his company had to take on a thousand women to replace men drafted into our army. Through his printed words I could get the note of anxiety in his voice when he uttered them. He was disturbed at the prospect of replacing men with women in jobs where they had never served before. Would they wreck everything in the plant—from the discipline to the machinery?

I resolved to make it my business to find out, and if possible to reassure him, as well as the scores of other American employers who must be feeling the same way. Accordingly I subsequently visited factories in fourteen different lines of industry where women are taking men's places, and I began with one that makes aëroplanes.

The works were located in Warwickshire and we went to them on the train. By a strange picturesque coincidence I had experienced my first raid in London that morning. Twenty droning aëroplanes, with a sound like the flying of mighty bees, had soared over the city. While frightened women huddled in the hotel lobby the noise of bursting bombs shook the air. They fell sporadically, at irregular intervals, the sound of one overlapping that of another, and they were punctuated by the popping of antiaircraft guns. One heard those hideous noises and one saw that graceful spectacle in the air. If you did not know you would never connect the two manifestations. I could scarcely grasp that those were alien death-dealing machines, and that they had flown across land and sea to destroy us. Now it did not seem possible that I stood among other machines that were going over to retaliate by taking other lives.

Like a Wholesale Quilting Bee

NEVERTHELESS, on the doorsteps of the plant I could appreciate my historic setting. From the brown grounds, worn of grass, young aëroplanes rose to try their wings. The factory itself provided symbolical background for our chapter in the long story of mankind. It was terribly new, even unfinished, and the chalky walls edged with unvarnished woodwork constituted the quarters that were being added for women.

Women in England Have Been Particularly Successful in the Operation of Public Utilities

My first glimpse of the women at work revealed a familiar sight: They were bent over stretchers the way my grandmother used to be when she did her quilting out in Indiana. They were sewing the wings, which were stretched on oblong frames; and the spectacle was like a great sublimated quilting bee, to which the neighbors had been invited, to help and have cake and coffee. There was nothing novel in the scene. It seemed at first as if women must have been working on aëroplanes always. Then I saw something to dispel that impression: A woman was tacking with a hammer! She held a handful of small nails in her left palm, and without the assistance of her right fingers she managed to get them one by one between her left thumb and forefinger in position for driving into the framework of the machine. My grandmother and her neighbors could not do that.

I was presently further to discover that this achievement does not mark the only advance of woman in industry: She is excellent also at welding with the oxyacetylene flame! This is one of the most difficult tasks connected with making an aëroplane. She does her work with a little blowpipe, from the spout of which issues a slender flame. The light is so white and blinding and she follows it so closely, her face almost up against it and her eyes glued on the point where it touches the metal, that she has to wear goggles to prevent her from going blind. Clad in a boy's leather costume, with a jagged leather apron such as might have been cut by primitive man before the day of scissors, she guides her lighted blowpipe. She runs it along the bits of metal of the end stays that are to be welded and the pieces that go into the sockets of the wings when the plane is assembled. This work it is that holds the machine together. On the perfection of it depend the strength and the resistance of the aëroplane. A defect in any of the welded joints would mean the loss of the aviator's life in one of the sudden and tremendous strains of flight. It is perhaps the most responsible job in the work of making an aëroplane. I was getting my message for the American employer more rapidly than could have been asked.

In the next week I went through another aëroplane factory. Thirty per cent of the employees now are women, most of whom are engaged in responsible work. They attend to such important tasks as the "doping" or the varnishing of the wings with a liquid that has a very sickening smell, the purpose of this process being to make the wings waterproof. Women also do a good deal of the splicing of the lighter cables, or what is known as rigging the aëroplane.

Women Shipwrights

CERTAINLY they had in this occupation been able to back up the claim that the duchess made for them. It was several weeks before I managed to get into a shipyard, but when this was accomplished I there again found the sex employed on what has not heretofore been known as woman's work.

A snub-nosed cargo boat was carried into the drydock wounded, like a man on a stretcher from the field. An ugly hole, big enough for an automobile to pass through, was in her bow. She had been torpedoed but not sunk. Her Red Cross rescuers stretched her out, so to speak, on the operating table; that is to say, they pulled her up onto the repair dock and fastened her firmly. Immediately she was "manned" by a horde of women. Of course men boarded her, too, but either they were in the minority or the sight of them in such surroundings was so natural as to attract no attention at all. One saw only the women. They were clad in trousers and long coats, and they carried lighted torches, coils of rope over their shoulders, portable drills and great sledges. Inside the boat they fell with the accustomedness of men to their part in the work of repairing.

A foreman told me that they are doing the more or less unexpected work of countersinking holes in ships' plates, as well as cutting the condenser and the boiler tubes. He mentioned that he was at a plant one day where they were upholstering the furnishings of war vessels and laying the electric wires throughout the ship. A woman is said

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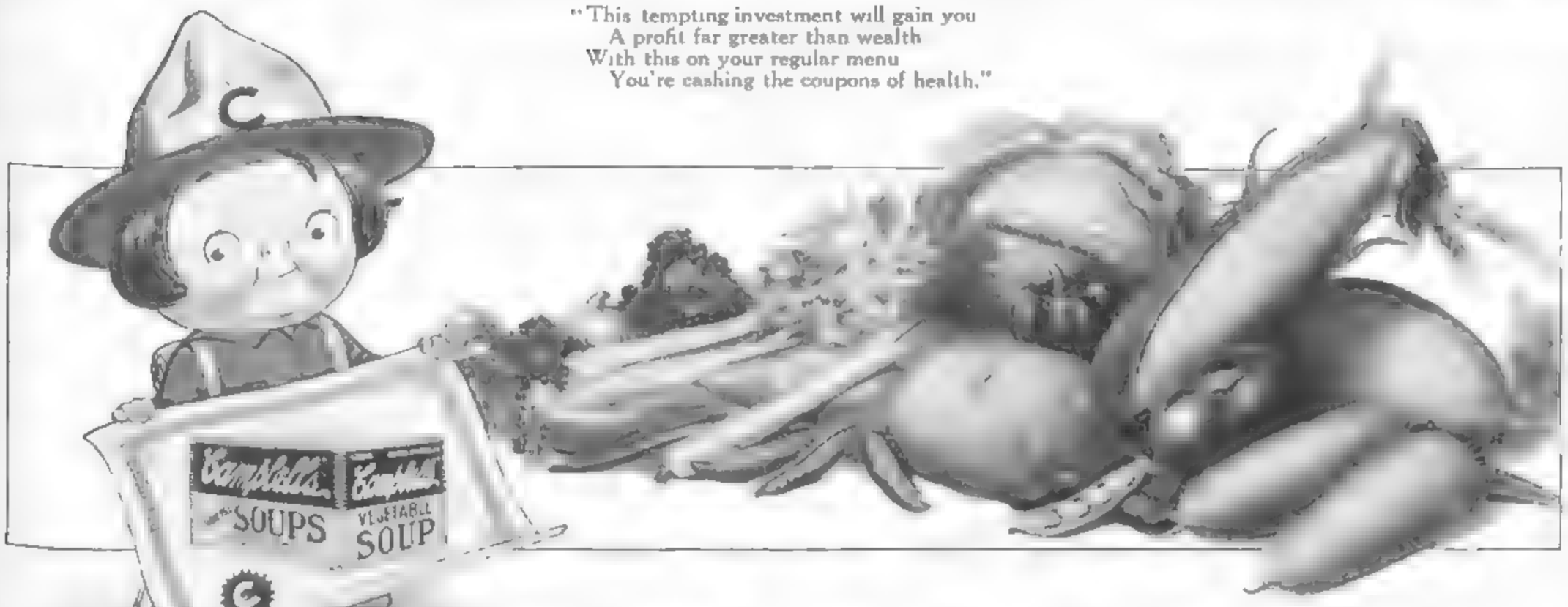
In a Factory Near London Women are Busily Engaged Hot Pressing and Shipping Talking-Machine Records

"This tempting investment will gain you
A profit far greater than wealth
With this on your regular menu
You're cashing the coupons of health."



Now buy a health bond—

And collect interest every day.

That is what you do when you order *Campbell's* nourishing soups by the dozen or the case. There is no better food-value for your money. There is no provision you can make for the home table that will yield you a bigger return in health and solid satisfaction.

"Use soups more freely," says Mr. Hoover, head of our National Food Administration. This shows his wisdom and practical sense. You cannot find a food-product more wholesome or better balanced than

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines the most necessary elements of nutrition and growth in the simplest and most digestible form.

It gives you the invigorating properties of selected beef—from which we make the strong rich stock—blended with strength-giving cereals and the choicest vegetables that grow.

We include high grade white potatoes, Jersey sweet potatoes, tender Chantenay carrots, choice rutabagas from Canada—all daintily diced. We add Country Gentleman corn, high-grade pearl barley, "head" rice, small peas, baby lima beans, sliced Dutch cabbage, tomatoes, celery, parsley, green okra, a sprinkling of alphabet macaroni and a little bit of delicate leek with onion and sweet red peppers for the sake of flavor.

Here you have an ideal soup—tempting, substantial, economical. It is all pure nourishment. There is no waste to it. You have no cooking cost. You can serve it any time at three minutes notice. And its fresh, delicious, right-out-of-the-garden flavor is always welcome.

Your grocer will gladly make up any assortment of *Campbell's Soups* you want. And now—under the present price-conditions—is the best time to order your supply.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

to operate a steam hammer where the lighter parts are being forged. Her sex is also in some yards "red leading"—that is, they are applying red lead to the plates of the ship. They are heating rivets for the men who run the pneumatic riveters, and—anticlimax though the statement may seem to be—they are performing all kinds of unskilled labor.

Girls are working in the brass foundries, of which I saw one. To be sure, I insisted that I was at a musical comedy; and yet we have the foreman's word for it that these girls are helping the world's work palpably. They were dressed in blue overalls and tunics, with hair bound tightly in caplike swathes of deeper blue. On their hands were heavy leather gloves, and on their feet, shoes of wood. And they were graceful in their parts. After the men had poured the molten brass into the molds and sat down for five minutes it was the girls' cue to appear! They marched on the scene swiftly, silently, each with a hammer in her hand. With their weapons they dealt the molds two sure blows. At the second the clamps slipped off and the iron mold fell apart.

There was no trip-up in the stage business. The scene would make an excellent background for an episode of an opera, because the clanking music of the hammers was so very good for emphasis. More important, however, for the purposes of this article, is the reassurance that it ought to carry to the Pittsburgh employer, who may be driven to replace men with women.

All the girls picked up a pair of tongs and with them lifted out the still hot castings. Laying them over on the growing pile of these bars they hurried in a housewifely way to clean the molds.

With the nozzle of the compressed-air hose in one hand and a long-handled swab in the other they ran along the ridges of the mold, and when this was done, set it up in the clamps again. Then they made their exit after this excellent turn—but without applause.

Feminine Freight Handlers at Work

IN THE receiving and the dispatching departments of the Midland Railway Company's St. Pancras Station in London I saw women replacing men in the handling of freight. More than two hundred of them, in long coats and khaki trousers, work on the platforms. They roll barrels higher than themselves, wheel trucks laden with heavy crated freight, and load the cars. I have a permanent recollection of a scene just inside a car door, where a girl of twenty and of some five feet two inches in stature was braced with one plump scratched arm against the entrance, while with the other she pulled at a bulky, long, unmanageable black piece of iron. It was the lower part of a pump, the foreman told me.

She struggled there without progress and without a call for help until a man porter, over military age, saw and ran to her assistance. Needless to say, much of such help is necessary and is given in an occupation so at variance with all the capabilities that the weaker sex can bring to bear on it; and yet the employers insist that the women in England are saving the day for them.

A score of such incidents could be cited without giving anything like an adequate impression of what the sex is doing industrially for the country. Lloyd George has said: "Women have helped to win the war; without them we could not have done it." What I wish to emphasize is his large tribute to the sex not always recognized economically in England heretofore. One million two hundred and sixty thousand women are, according to the statistics published by the British Board of Trade, actually replacing men in commerce and industry throughout Great Britain to-day. Forty per cent more women are working in England than were doing so before war began. They have already made their influence felt in more than twenty industries where they are now doing men's work, and into many of which they had not entered before the war. The government has already rushed to publication pamphlets concerning the women in this number of trades. They give what experience has thus far demonstrated are the possibilities and the limitations of the sex in those industries, as well as the conditions which should govern them. In the near future other such pamphlets will appear. Those published thus far are as follows:

China and earthenware trade. Pottery [coarse ware] and brick trade. India rubber trades. Color, paint and varnish trade. Wool industry. Paper making. Cotton trade. Hosiery manufacturing and finishing trade. Woodworking trades. Leather tanning and currying trade. Soap and candle trades. Glove trade. Heavy clothing trade. Tobacco manufacture. Flour milling. Boot and shoe manufacture. Chemical industries. Sugar refinery. Silver and electro plate trades. Oil seed and feeding cake industry. Glass bottle and flint glass trades. Leather trade: Case and fancy leather. Light clothing. Brush trade. Printing, bleaching and dyeing trades [cotton].

The following figures refer to women who now replace men in a few of the most important trades for which statistics are available:

Metal-working industries	308,000	Food trades	26,000
Chemical trades	51,000	Woodworking trades	24,000
Textile trades	22,000	Transportation	64,000

But the foregoing does not mark the boundaries of the activity of women to-day. They are by no means confined to shops and factories. They are venturing into men's work on the farm as well. The British Government is training girls for agricultural careers. One of the state officials sent me down into Surrey the other day to let me see where some of this work is taking place. Somebody in that county has given over his beautiful old country place to be the headquarters of a training school. A woman inspector of agricultural institutions was detailed to take me to visit it. A little motor met us at the train and rolled us over the white roads, through the beautiful panorama of green, English, vine-trimmed country, set with thickly foliaged trees. We got out in front of the hedged lawn of the farmhouse and walked up the gravel path to the door. Ivy, holly and mistletoe in neatly weeded jumbles were growing over the lawn set with beeches and yews. Inside the front door we smelled the clean damp of bare floors scrubbed, and we beheld on each side of a wide hall the scant, neat furnishings of big parlor rooms turned from their original uses to the emergency of serving as girls' temporary sleeping quarters. No one was about when we entered, though we presently heard the light clump of girls' wooden shoes on the floor above. They were coming toward the wide central stairway, and a fresh voice traveled along with them in an accompanying song:

"He'll come back and marry me," ran the words of it.

The next instant the girl appeared and, wide-eyed, beheld us. Her song died away. She might have been Tess of the D'Urbervilles from her look of farm-fed wholesomeness and delicately colored beauty.

Miss Tucker, the director of the house, was the person we sought, and we asked for her. The girl turned and went back into a bedroom to inquire where she might be. In a moment she returned. Miss Tucker was not there, but Miss Foster "would be out in a tick." The expression was her own. This young person was from Yorkshire and she had come up to learn a business by which she might extend her sphere of activity beyond the narrow borders of her own Black Country. She was learning some of the phases of agriculture in order to take her place in the new scheme of things now forming into shape because of the war.

Miss Tucker, we heard, was at a neighboring farm, and we whisked over in the motor to find her. Sure enough, there she was—acting as hired man! It was at the great comfortable place of a well-to-do farmer, where all of the country was green with the deep, rich verdure of England. Miss Tucker was in one of the sheds milking a big raw-boned cow. She greeted us heartily, but went on with her work. When the milking was over she portioned out her supply and carried some to the eager calves. The rest she took into the kitchen and strained into high tin buckets, saving out a saucerful for the yellow cat that curved herself round the lower part of Miss Tucker's blue apron.

What a kitchen it was! There was a fireplace red with heat, and there was a range, its cracks aglow, set deeply in the wall, round which hung copper kettles. The smell of baking bread wafted over the room. A flowered cretonne screen stood before the churn. The farmer himself appeared, and on learning my mission said in a rich, heartfelt country dialect that Miss Tucker was a great help to him. He did not know what his crops and his cattle would have done without her, with his hired man being taken off to the war.

Others of the girls in the school were helping a man at the pig-killing in the barnyard. The old farmer attested that they, too, were all but as efficient as the most experienced men whom he had employed until a year ago. The hired man is one of the definite institutions replaced by women to-day. Some of them, I was told, take their positions on exactly the same terms as the man did of old. The girls live with the farmer's family and get their board as well as a wage beside. Sometimes they band together in gangs under a woman foreman. She goes to a farmer with a proposition to single his turnips or furrow his field at a certain price, and if accepted she sends women to do the work. To her they look for their recompense.

Girls in Fields and Power Houses

OVER at the second agricultural school we visited that afternoon other girls were learning to plow the fields with an implement drawn by a tractor. They looked very picturesque as, clad in trousers and tunic, they sat poised in the small saddlelike seat of the motor, whose wabbly course they guided across the fresh earth. Some of them were post-graduates in the science of farming. They had returned to the school after working for big landowners, with the purpose of learning to replace men in using the machinery of the farm.

The foreman of the school came from Tasmania, and the girls from literally all over the United Kingdom. One of them had been a nursemaid to a family colonizing in South America, and she was then engaged to return with another family, this time of farmers, to Australia, after the war. You got from the stories of these girls the sense that a big movement was going on. It was as if a steady, still, deep stream had been undammed, which could never again be bridled and its waters would wash the earth. The British Government reports that 32,000 women are replacing men in agriculture in England to-day.

Women have taken men's places not only in manufacturing and farming but in municipal services as well. American employers may be interested to know that they have been particularly successful in the operation of public utilities, such as the gas works, the street cars and the electric-light plants.

I visited one of the last-named places. A woman less than five feet tall and appropriately plump stood beside a high, black, marble wall, out of which jutted mysterious, sinister-looking levers and handles. There was an aspect of menace to it—as I think there always is to electrical apparatus which one does not understand. I realized that this girl controlled an agency of death. There was enough electricity locked up in that machinery to send a whole roomful of people to Kingdom Come. Nevertheless, she fearlessly stood on tiptoe and turned a wheel that started a generator to making electric current to furnish light for the city of London. She had been detailed to show me the plant because she understood every part of the machinery so well. But before she progressed further a man of nearly twice her height and some three times her displacement needed to get her authority before he could go on with his work. She therefore turned me over to a feminine member of her staff, who, clad in khaki trousers and coat, proceeded to show me how the machinery was managed.

"That," she said, "puts on a connection. To put it on a line, do this." I don't know what she put on a line, or how she did it—only that the machinery looked very black and menacing and oily. "Try this with the voltmeter until it gets to zero." She waited patiently, all the while watching me until I got something written down. Where had I encountered that patronizing, remote manner before—as if the speaker were coming back to this little earth and me from realms of vaster, higher knowledge? Oh, yes—in college professors I had met! Only they were masculine and old; not red-cheeked, feminine and twenty-two, with a rope of imitation pearls round their necks, showing beneath their pyjamalike costume of tobacco-colored khaki made into trousers and tunic. "When it gets to zero put the brake in. Then, to close it down, first put these on

(Continued on Page 33)

A Girl From Tasmania Guiding the Wobbly Course of a Tractor in Surrey

TO seventy thousand Hupmobile owners we announce a new Hupmobile.

On Monday morning, November 19, in 500 cities and towns, this new Hupmobile will be shown for the first time.

If you have ever driven *any* car with equal comfort, the dealer will not urge you to buy this Hupmobile.

McDougall

"The Steinway of the Kitchen"

The Auto-Front feature — patented and trade-mark registered — can be had only in the McDougall. It consists of a flexible curtain, that extends the full width of the Cabinet, drops or raises at the finger's touch, but leaves no slot or groove to catch dirt or foods. It adds one-third more working surface, while doing away entirely with swinging doors which obstruct the table-top. The McDougall leads in improvements, and excels in every efficiency test.

Have the McDougall Sent Home on Approval

You can make *no* mistake in buying the McDougall—especially after you have *used* it in your own kitchen, have *proved* how much time and work it saves, have *demonstrated* how completely it excels in design, in construction, in service, in economy and in improvements.

Your furniture dealer will *deliver* any McDougall Kitchen Cabinet *you select*—prices $14.50 to $54.00, varying with design—to *your own home.* After you have *satisfied* yourself that *you need the McDougall,* you can pay for it at the rate of $1.00 a week.

Write McDougall Company, Frankfort, Indiana, U. S. A., for Illustrated Catalog.

Before you build or remodel your home, write to McDougall Company for free plans of Model Efficiency Kitchens

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Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

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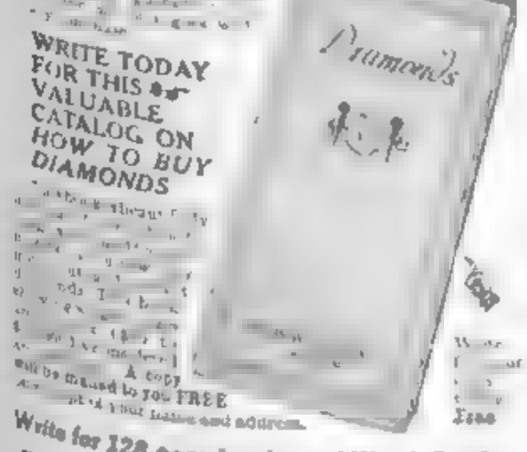


Write for 128 page Jewelry and Watch Catalog

Jason Weiler & Sons

361 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris

(Continued from Page 30)

and then you take the wheel back to position." She stooped to the spiked, black, greasy wheel and made the gesture as if turning it. The operation was complete and I knew exactly as much about how to conduct one small section of a power plant as I had known before.

How could women learn such work? I had rested complacently in the supposition that they could not, and that they were under no obligation even to try. On the word of the manager, however, they do it well. He says that they can even mend the electric wires now quite as dependably as men. They also act as outworkers, meter readers and lamplighters. To quote one of the employers: "There isn't anything they can't do, providing they have the strength." There is the kernel of it. Violet, at the age of twenty-two, can run a power plant in the city of London as well as she can run a baby carriage, if she wishes to do so and has a chance for training.

I kept thinking that afternoon in her presence of something a man at the aëroplane factory had said. He laughed at the tremendous joke of it and pointed out that "a little while back if you proposed to a man that he let a woman work on a machine to which he was going to intrust his life he would be insulted." Yet there they were in that most responsible of work today and commended by their employers for the way they performed their part in it. In Violet's presence I thought also of another incidental bit of information, which a girl at the agricultural school had given. She said that when she went to the home of the farmer where she was employed his wife had kept exclaiming to her: "Shame on you for wearing trousers!" She added that the farmers' wives in some parts of England were trying to start movements to prevent their sex from appearing in the garb of men. That statement made by the trousers-clad girl in khaki uniform was like a tapeline, measuring the distance between the woman of the present and of the past. She unconsciously demonstrated how far the sex had traveled beyond the circumscribed ideals of the foremothers of the race. The man at the aëroplane factory denoted how far they had enlarged the scope of their responsibilities. Men now sanctioned them to make machines to which they intrusted their male lives.

Bracelets and Khaki

Were they losing their femininity, as the farmers' wives and others implied that they were? I had wondered many times. Walking up Oxford Street early one morning I had seen girls preparing the street for the day. Again in khaki-colored trousers and long coats they were mounted on ladders from which they washed plate-glass windows. When they finished one building they swung their ladders over their shoulders and went on to their next task. Two of these workers rounded up at ten o'clock at a candy store where I was having a cup of chocolate. On completing their work one of them drew from her breast pocket a paper to be signed. She did it with all the businesslike assurance of the masculine bill collector.

When it was approved by the girl clerk she took it back in the same masculine silent manner and stuck it in the inside breast pocket of her coat. With the signed bill went a little tip, which was received with the same grateful acknowledgment usually accorded by the male washer for his, though her gratuity was one seldom offered to a member of his sex. It was four chocolate peppermints.

I could not think that her femininity was sacrificed—or that of the other women workers of the day. I had seen, through my weeks of investigation, many little signs of femininity—the earrings, the jeweled bracelet on the khaki-clad lady of high degree who was in the service, the imitation-pearl necklace of Violet in the electric plant, the nibbled candy on worktables, and the eating rooms equipped like the kitchen of a home, where the girls cooked their own food. I think it safe to say that with femininity unimpaired the women of England are marching on. It is a long way from the mental darkness of the past to our enlightenment of to-day—feeble though it be. The distance is far from Tasmania to Sussex and out to Australia again. Yet the women are making both of these journeys. They are transfigured women, altered in point of view and purpose from their mothers; and they are going out over all the world. They are almost the only factors in our civilization that are moving constructively to-day. They are moving upward, and they will presently, when this awful war is ended, spread over a wide geographical field, ramifying their new purposes and new activities over all the earth. What is it going to mean in the coming civilization? An interesting question for reflection, but scarcely the topic for discussion here. It belongs to the future, and the answer to it would help the Pittsburgh steel man very little. The thing we of America need to know at present is what England has discovered from the possibilities of women in industry, and what the weaker sex can do industrially toward helping us win the war.

I asked Mr. Alfred Clark, managing director of a talking-machine company in England. An American, thus employed with British workmen, who is familiar with British methods and machinery, seems to me to have a valuable point of view to give. He finished the subject off expeditiously:

"Americans use more labor-saving machinery than the English. It will not be so difficult for them. We set this place up"—he indicated with a wide sweep of his hand the vast new buildings—"with American machinery just before the war. That is why we have been more successful than some in our use of women. We have them here now making munitions in one part of the works and talking-machine records in another."

New Machinery and Big Outputs

"In England the proportion of supremely skilled men to a plant is higher than in America. There we get one skilled man and put him over about fifty unskilled workmen using highly specialized machines. Women can replace these unskilled men easily enough. Here they have more highly skilled men proportionately, and they are harder to replace without a long training.

"England is one hundred per cent better off to-day because she has had to bring in women. It has made them bring their plants up to date. The Englishman wouldn't take out his old machinery until it fell apart. It was very heavy and did not fall apart for centuries. The Ministry of Munitions has been going to the manufacturers and saying: 'How many of these can you make a week?'

"'A thousand,' the manufacturer answers.

"'All right; we'll send you some new machinery and you must make ten thousand a week.'

"'Can't get the men.'

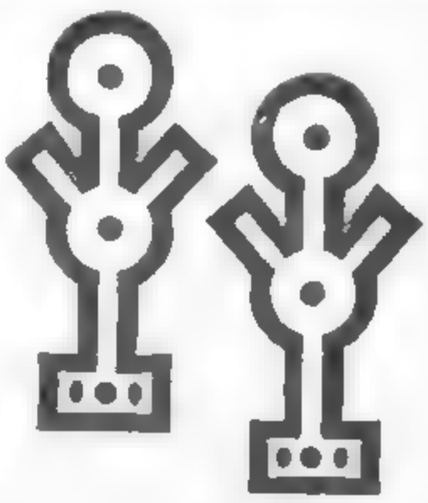
"'Use women,' the government answers. It knows that with the new improved automatic machinery they can be used to advantage; and the private employer is likewise finding this out.

"One thing for the American employer to be careful about," continued Mr. Clark, "is to get girls as nearly as possible adapted physically and by experience to the new job. We have one department in the making of records where girls did not do the work successfully because the room was too steamy and the materials too heavy. We had engaged girls promiscuously from all trades. Somebody suggested that we get laundresses. We did so, and have had no trouble since."

Most of the messages that England has sent to America regarding the employment of women are variations on this last point. One gas company was so unwise as to allow women, merely because of their eagerness, to load high wagons with heavy bags of coke. The new female employees worked hard for one day but never returned. It is said that some of them were so badly strained that they will never be strong again. The moral to this story is not to put women into work for which they are palpably unfitted; not—to borrow the words of one employer—"try to work a carriage horse in a wagon that two dray horses are meant to pull."

Miss Talbot, of the agricultural branch of the National Service Department, also sent her message. It is not to make the mistake of her government and advertise in a wholesale manner for women without knowing exactly how many are needed and when they are to be placed. England got several thousand enrolled, in response to printed requests, and then injured the feelings of the applicants by not communicating with them further. The way to do, according to Miss Talbot, is to calculate what number is needed and assemble them as soon as possible for training.

YO HO TOY TINKERS



"Toy Tinkers, Toy Tinkers, make us a toy
Chock-full of quaintness 'n stuff-full of joy."
"Little Folks, listen! That's just what we do
And we plan it and shape it and make it for you."

Why say "What sort of toy" when we *should* say "What sort of 'Tinker' toy?"

For toys named "Tinker" are quaintly different toys.

"Tinkers" are simpler toys to begin with; and you buy them all tucked up into snug little boxes easy to the pocket and handy for the mail.

Then they are so made that while they are fine for the older youngsters, even budding baby minds can follow their easy combinations, and even soft dimple-hands can put them together. And there's not a pinchy, puzzly, cutty thing about a "Tinker." And not a single destructive suggestion but only the constructive kind, as the grown folk say.

So the Toy Tinkers of Evanston like to think that in making the Tinker family of Toydom they have made happiness for many a little solemn head and for many an older one, too, who *believe* that toys can build character, just as can books.

HERE ARE THE TINKER FAMILY:

TILLY TINKER: The nursery Pavlowa who balances divinely, dances bewitchingly and scorns winding. 75c.

TINKER BLOX: Teach tots letters while they play. 50c.

TINKER TOY: Just build with Tinker Toy; the shapes "just come" 50c.

TINKER PINS: A game of pins where it's skill that wins. $1.00.

Your toyman smiles as you buy a "Tinker"—it will make you happy, too!

TOY TINKERS OF EVANSTON

In the State of Illinois

Buy Your Winter Top at Once

Enjoy the Full Season. November Deliveries Are Now Being Made. See Your Dealer, or Write, or Wire Us Giving Car and Model Number for Reservation of Top.

Sedan Anchor Top Coupé
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Overland For Models 85 B-4 & 6 and Country Club
Buick Models D 34, D 35, D 44, D 45 and New 1918 E 45
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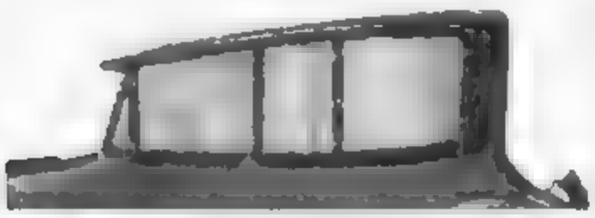


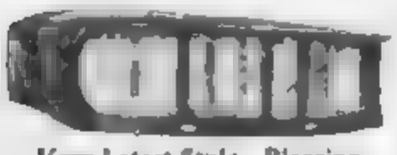
Snappy Anchor Top for Overland Country Club Model 90. Perfect fit

Beautifully Finished. Strong, Light, Durable. No Overhang. No Squeak or Rattle. Comes Ready, Complete. Anyone Can Put on Easily and Quickly.

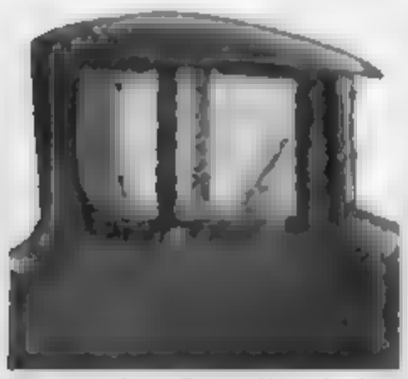
Prompt deliveries are going in every direction.

Carloads after carloads have gone to New York City.

Hundreds are making Overland, Buick and Oakland owners comfortable and proud of their cars' appearance on Chicago boulevards.



Very Latest Style. Pleasing Lines. Wonderful Value.



Classiest Jobs Every Way in Materials and Expert Workmanship.

Hundreds of individual express and freight orders are being filled direct from the factory for local dealers every week, in all localities.

No one need be disappointed this season if he orders promptly.

Anchor Glass-Enclosed Tops are the final word in clean-cut, snappy style.

$65 to $165 and Up

According to Car Model
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Fully guaranteed. Perfectly safe in ordering yours by mail or wire. Give name of car and model. $25 deposit accepted.

DEALERS: Write for Splendid Proposition

Anchor Top & Body Co.
Factory Established 30 Years
6338 South Street,
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Send me complete literature, prices, discounts, etc., on the Anchor Top—FREE.

Name of Car_____ Model

Say whether Dealer or Owner

Name

Address

Order!—If you enclose this with $25 deposit and tell us whether to ship freight or express we will ship C. O. D. for balance, at once.

Nearly all the big industries have established training quarters or schools of their own. As mentioned before, the government is conducting courses in farming. Mr. James Pepper, head of the traffic department of the Midland Railway, tells of the one they have:

"At the St. Pancras and Somers Town London goods stations of the Midland Railway Company, two of the largest of the Midland Company's goods stations, there are now several hundred female workers employed in unloading heavily loaded wagons and placing their contents on drays, or else unloading traffic from drays for dispatch from the metropolis to all parts of the country.

"Of course a development such as this on so large a scale has only been possible after much careful preparation and organization. Sources of supply had first to be ascertained and appeals made for women workers. These soon met with a hearty response, and women from all walks in life presented themselves for National Service to do their part to help the country in the hour of need, from whom it was not difficult to select a sufficient number of suitable applicants.

"As much of the work to be done was so entirely novel in character to the women it was considered desirable that before they actually started work they should receive a certain amount of schooling, and educational facilities were therefore created. Large rooms were equipped as model stations to represent St. Pancras and Somers Town respectively. The goods to be handled were represented by address cards labels—which took the place of addressed packages and were used for the purpose of checking goods with the invoice or consignment notes. In order that the teaching should be thorough, labels were purposely made to disagree with invoices or consignment notes, and, in fact, provision was made for all the many discrepancies and pitfalls which are likely to arise in actual operations. Competent teachers explained the whole of the procedure, and the schooling proved so effective that in a very short time the workers were ready to commence the more arduous task which was awaiting them."

The London General Omnibus Company has rooms with blackboards in them, where the women come, as to courses in college, to listen to lectures and take a written examination. They learn how to make change and they are taught something of the geography of London. Until gasoline became so very scarce they took what you might call a laboratory course. The laboratory consisted of a bus, on which the girls would take turns in acting as passengers and conductor. The latter was taught, among other things, to help passengers on and off and to prevent accidents by keeping them away from the steps when the vehicle was in motion.

Conflicting Opinions

All the employers in the various occupations with whom I have conversed on the subject have insisted that it is much more satisfactory to train the girls in this practical manner for the work that is new to them. They do not at all recommend the plan of taking women into the main plant until they have had some schooling outside it.

An Englishman said he had received several letters from American manufacturers asking what kind of work women were best adapted for. Here is an Englishman's reply to that question. I heard his words corroborated a score of times in my visits to plants. The man is Doctor Collis, head of the Department of Welfare Work of the Ministry of Munitions, and he said: "There isn't anything men can do that women can't. They are built lighter, but if you take women of the same height and weight as men, they will work up to exactly the same capacity. All this business of declaring women can do one thing and not another is foolish. Women can do anything—with practice. That is what they needed. The men have the advantage of them there."

Perhaps it is part of their inexperience, but at any rate employers insist that the women are by no means adepts yet at managing machinery. Mr. Dickey, managing director of a velvet factory, expressed an employer's attitude on this point: "Women plod along and gauge and measure and work, but they have not acquired sympathy for machinery. A man will hear the squeak of a machine and stop it, but a woman will let it run along with something wrong with it until a man, rasped at the feeling of permanent damage being done, runs to its rescue."

This expert and others further qualify Doctor Collis' unlimited commendation of women. They say that women are not deft in their workmanship. "There is not sufficient correlation as yet between brain and hand," said Mr. Dickey. "She is not a good craftsman; she is not sympathetic with her tools."

Automatic work is her specialty, and all the employers admit that she excels there. Doctor Collis mentioned that women were better at repetitional work than men. "Women will keep on doing the same thing forever," he observed. "A man will invent a machine to do it. Man is lazy; woman is industrious. The classic illustration of this is in munitions making, where a man sets the work in the machine tool and a woman tends it while it automatically does the particular operation for which it was designed."

Women Better Than Boys

I saw an example of this point, which also illustrates another phase of the present-day situation of women in industry. In a glass-bottle factory a boy and a girl worked side by side carrying newly blown bottles on a long, two-pronged fork from the blower to the oven, or leer. They slid them through the oven door onto the oven floor. By the time the boy had exercised a certain amount of restraint in picking up and thus disposing of four or five bottles his energies burst their bounds and he flourished his pronged fork in a circle over his head on his way to the oven. I thought I was going to be hit by the bottle. All the while the girl placed her freight with uniform care and emphasis. Down at the other end of the room, where the bottles arrived on their moving floor, one could take inventory of the results of the work of these two employees.

Five times as many of the boy's bottles were broken as of the girl's.

Whether you are for or against woman labor, one point will be recommended to you by almost all English employers: Take it in preference to the small boy. Shop managers throw up their hands in horror at the simple question of whether they found adolescent labor successful. A maker of fire extinguishers discovered a boy employee upstairs in his factory one day walking through the plant with a long stick in his hand and knocking off the glass tops of the apparatus. With every blow he repeated "I'm the Fire King." In one of the oil-cake mills in Liverpool an employer on a sunny afternoon found a part of his staff upstairs grabbing the fire extinguishers off the walls and throwing them at one another in a skirmish.

They were made to operate by exploding when thrown into a fire. On this occasion they exploded into the opposing fields—like hand grenades.

In another factory a youngster one day got tired of his work and wished his machine to stop. It would not do so until he stuck an iron bar into the gears. This halted it almost permanently. Women can be definitely depended on not to perpetrate any such destructive work.

In pleasant contrast, indeed, the manager of a leather tannery has a glowing narrative to record of his experience in employing women. He was invited to bid on sheepskin jackets for flying men. Having had at that time no experience with his new feminine employees he fixed the delivery dates much later than he would under other circumstances have done. As the work went on he found that the women not only were turning out the finished product more rapidly than he had expected, but that some operations were finished in less time than had been taken by the men, and the quality of the work was as high.

Doctor Collis seems to have sounded the appropriate slogan for this new development in the woman movement: To fit the task to her capacity, the tools to her strength. The gas works adopted his suggestion when they made their scoops and wheelbarrows exactly one-third smaller than those used before the war. As a result, it now takes three women to do what two men accomplished formerly. You can make your calculations for yourself. On the word of the gas company and other managers who have tried the experiment the work is competently done.

America Can't Wait For Shoes to Get "Broken In"

LONG before pinching, pointed shoes are broken in, your *foot* is broken in. The bones are bent, twisted, made unfit. Then come the inevitable foot miseries—flat feet, corns, bunions, callouses.

You don't want these ills troubling you at this time of crisis, do you?

Then give up those absurd shoes of yours. Let your feet know the health and comfort that have been built into Educator Shoes, by scientists who believe in "letting the feet grow as they should." Educators are made

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

You don't even have to *try on* Educators after your first pair. Educators are absolutely standardized in size. Only see that EDUCATOR is stamped on the sole. There can be no guarantee stronger than this trade-mark, for it absolutely guarantees the whole shoe—every part—the shape—the material—the workmanship.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is a booklet of surprising foot-facts by specialists. Free. Write for it.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
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Makers also of All-America and Signal Shoes for Men, and Mayfairs for Women

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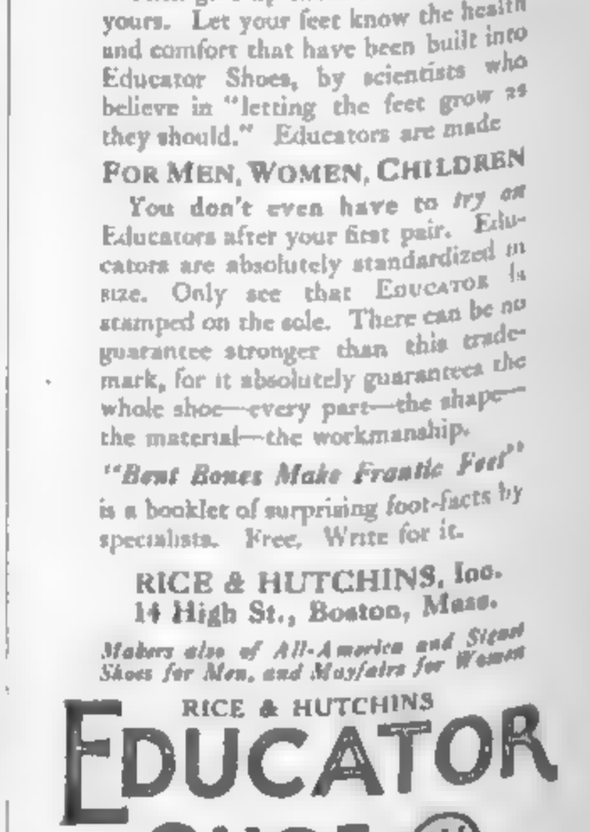

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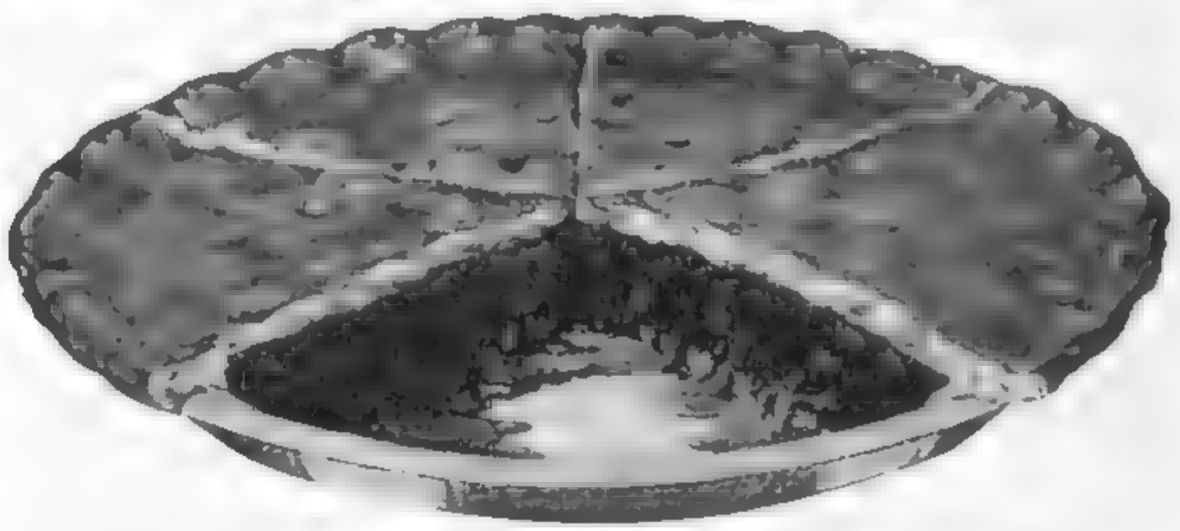
Raisins in wheat bread make it a true wheat-saving Liberty bread. Raisins save flour and give added food value. This fact is recognized and appreciated by the United States Food Administration.



All Liberty Breads are Good —with Raisins.

Oat flour, corn flour, rice flour, rye, potatoes and other materials are being used in bread to conserve wheat. These new breads are being made by bakers everywhere. All Liberty breads are good; but raisins increase their food value.

See that the Liberty bread you eat is a Raisin bread. Raisins add greatly to the food value of any bread. They are recognized generally as among the greatest of energy-producing foods.

Raisins are 76% fruit sugar, so their use conserves the sugar of commerce. The sugar of raisins is practically pre-digested and is easily assimilated.

Raisin bread is delicious without butter; raisins act like butter, in making the bread easy to masticate. Let the children try butterless raisin bread. They will prefer it to plain bread and butter.

Bakers Everywhere Make Raisin Bread. Ask your grocer to order raisin bread from the baker who supplies him. Give your family this benefit which thousands are enjoying.

California *Raisin Pie*

Made with SUN-MAID RAISINS

A True Liberty Dessert for Meatless Days

Raisin Pie is the ideal dessert today because it has great energy-producing food value. Raisin pie is easy to make; it is inexpensive and each member of the family likes it.

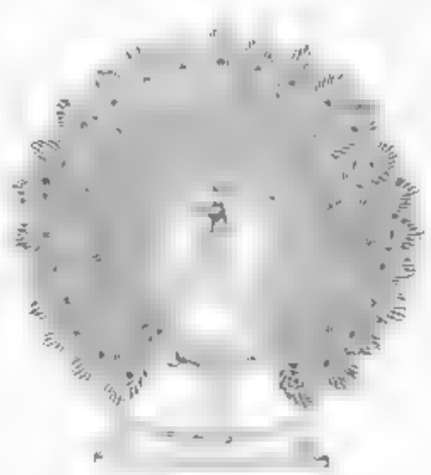
Serve raisin pie. Serve raisin bread. Don't overlook these two effective ways to help the country conserve needed foods.

Now, more than ever before, Sun-Maid Raisins are being used in many plain foods to add nutrition and make them more attractive. Try—

Raisins in Boiled Rice — *Raisins in Corn Bread* — *Raisins in Bread Pudding* — *Raisins in Oat Meal* — *Raisins stewed with Prunes*

California Associated Raisin Co.

Membership 8000 Growers
Fresno, California



Vanity
NEW YORK

Hats *for* Men

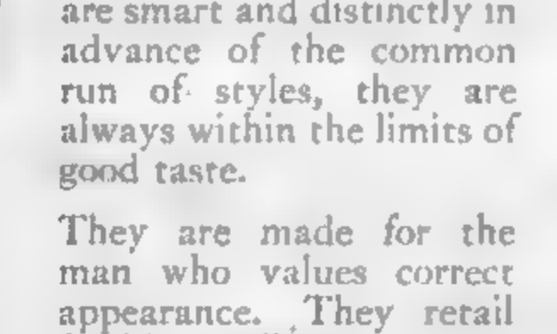
We believe this trademark is going to mean more to you as time goes on.

A great many of the most fastidious men in the important cities and towns of America are wearing VANITY HATS this Winter. For Spring we can promise a line of VANITY HATS that will include shapes and colorings never shown in the hat business heretofore.

While VANITY HATS are smart and distinctly in advance of the common run of styles, they are always within the limits of good taste.

They are made for the man who values correct appearance. They retail for Five Dollars.

As for the quality of materials and details of workmanship, you can safely leave these to the NONAME HAT MFG. CO., who have been building up goodwill in the hat trade for more than 30 years.



If you do not know which dealer in your city carries the VANITY line, write us.

NONAME HAT MFG. CO.
220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

TO DEALERS: If we are not represented in your city, we will be glad to consider your application for the exclusive agency. This is a line of which you can justly be proud.

THE SLICKER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Had a hard day, mother?" inquired her son, still in the same propitiatory tone.

"Oh, very! The last thing I did was to go to Madame Vanzant. Does your mother know about her, Theodora? Well, I must tell her the next time I see her. Really, she's the most wonderful beauty doctor in the world. She got all her recipes and creams from some old Egyptian manuscript. She peels you—eighteen treatments—and she charges six hundred dollars for the course. Of course it is expensive, and the stuff burns like fire each time she puts it on; but I never saw anything like it!"

Theodora gave a wan little smile of response. Mrs. Reed looked at her sharply.

"What's the matter with you to-day, Theodora? You don't seem like yourself. I'm afraid you are tiring yourself out with all these bazaars. Really, it's been a dreadful season—just one charity after another. What you need is a breath of fresh air. And, by the way, Mattie Kipp tells me you are not going to The Rangers to-morrow. Why is that?"

"Oh, I don't feel in the humor for house parties," retorted the girl, with a touch of petulance. "I'm tired of the crowd up there, anyway."

"I'm with you, Theo," put in Malcolm heartily. "Same old crowd, same old drives, same old flirtations! I'm that tired of seeing old Major Wittleton making eyes at the Widow Brown—how long have they been at that, mother? Tom Kitchens said a good thing the other day; he said that affair had had as many performances as Uncle Tom's Cabin. Upon my soul, there isn't a good thing at The Rangers any more except the bromides; and there's nothing down there to make bromides worth while."

Theodora's upper lip, that would never quite close, quivered; Theodora's soft, wondering eyes looked from Malcolm to his mother and back again. There was something Theodora could not understand.

Perhaps Malcolm felt it—the change from terrified certainty to terrified bewilderment; for suddenly his manner changed.

"There, there, little girl," he said tenderly, and again he touched her hand just for a moment; "don't you worry! You know"—and he turned to his mother—"Theo has been acting all afternoon as if she saw me already dead on the battlefield. Can't you comfort her a little while I go out to the phone?"

He rose abruptly, and as he went off he gave Theodora a long look—half deprecating, half justifying. As soon as he was gone Mrs. Reed turned to her and said:

"Why, Theo, is this what has been the matter with you? Have you been worried about Malcolm? You poor child!" All in Theodora that was strung to sound high emergency quivered under the glib compassion. Unconsciously she braced herself to listen. "It won't be necessary for Malcolm to go—not for a minute!"

"Won't be necessary!" repeated the girl. "What do you mean?"

"Well, just as soon as there was any talk of war, Mr. Reed inquired about it; and it seems there will be all sorts of civil positions ——"

"Civil positions?" echoed the girl in bewilderment.

"Yes, of course. There will be new departments to carry on the work of the war, and the Government will need men—lawyers and clerks and stenographers. Isn't it lucky that Malcolm is a lawyer? Mr. Reed says now there won't be any trouble getting him in."

"Are you sure?" cried Theodora. "Can it really be true?"

Mrs. Reed gave her a little pat with nails that showed just the correct amount of gloss.

"Of course it's true. Now don't worry! There won't be any trouble at all. Just as soon as war is declared Malcolm will have his application in, and he will get war-work in Washington."

And then slowly in Theodora's eyes there dawned an undreamed-of happiness. The terrible pressure she had felt for weeks lifted and released life came back in wave after wave of lovely color. Who could blame her that at this instant joy outran all other emotions! Her love had been saved to her and she asked nothing beyond.

Heedless dizzy joy it lasted all through that evening and all the next day. It bore her like wings over the shipwreck beneath her; and it was not until the next afternoon that a single question dimmed the glory of the miracle. The question came through a special-delivery letter from Rutledge Forbes.

"*Dear Theo:*"—it ran—"All last night, as I traveled down home, I could not get the thought of you out of my mind. Your little face has always been so eager with wonder that I could not bear to think of it as so dreadfully certain. Heavens, that look on the faces of thousands of women all through America! Don't you think the vision of what that would mean was enough to make a man hesitate before he wanted war?

"And now I can't help you, Theo—I'd give my life if I could! But I want you to know that if the Government takes me, and I go over there to France, I shall be thinking of you. 'I'm helping to defend her!' Saying that over to myself will make me get over being afraid, just as it used to when I was a miserable scarey little kid. The memory of you will be a flag—a beautiful flag which sums up all that we American men are going to fight for. Through you I shall be able to see all the little girls all over the country.

"Mother sends her love, and so does dad. Dad is getting to be rather rickety; but they're both wonders about having me enlist. Neither of them could bear it if I didn't go. And meantime they don't do any solemn requiem stuff—everything is just as cheery matter-of-fact as if I were going off for another year at college.

"Your friend always,

"RUTLEDGE."

Theodora read this letter in her bedroom of the suite in that Park Avenue apartment house where she and her mother had been spending the winter. With dazed eyes she read to the end; and then all of a sudden she put her hands before her face and began to cry. For a long time she stood there, with her slender shoulders shaking. Then gradually the tears, which were just the relief of tight, quivering nerves, died down and Theodora faced the truth.

She will never forget those following moments of clear, devastating vision. The whole world lay before her—a world gray with pain. And as she looked she knew she was a stranger to it. Now it was not as when last evening, talking with Rutledge, she had felt a vast healing companionship with the women of her country. Now she, Theodora Wells, had no need of healing. For her there was no place among these heroic forms of battling men and waiting women. Her lover had escaped the pains of sacrifice. And a loneliness more appalling than anything she had ever known held her stiff and numb.

For a time no definite word robbed her mood of its wide solemnity. Only after some moments did one phrase detach itself from the memory of Rutledge's letter: "I'm helping to defend her!" That was what war meant to him. That was what it would mean to every other decent young man. It was for the women and children of their race—for the laws that made them safe—that all these were going to fight. "I'm helping to defend her!"—the written words, pressing in upon every covert of selfish ease, trampling through every glade of youth and love and gladness, soon became a thing from which she must run away.

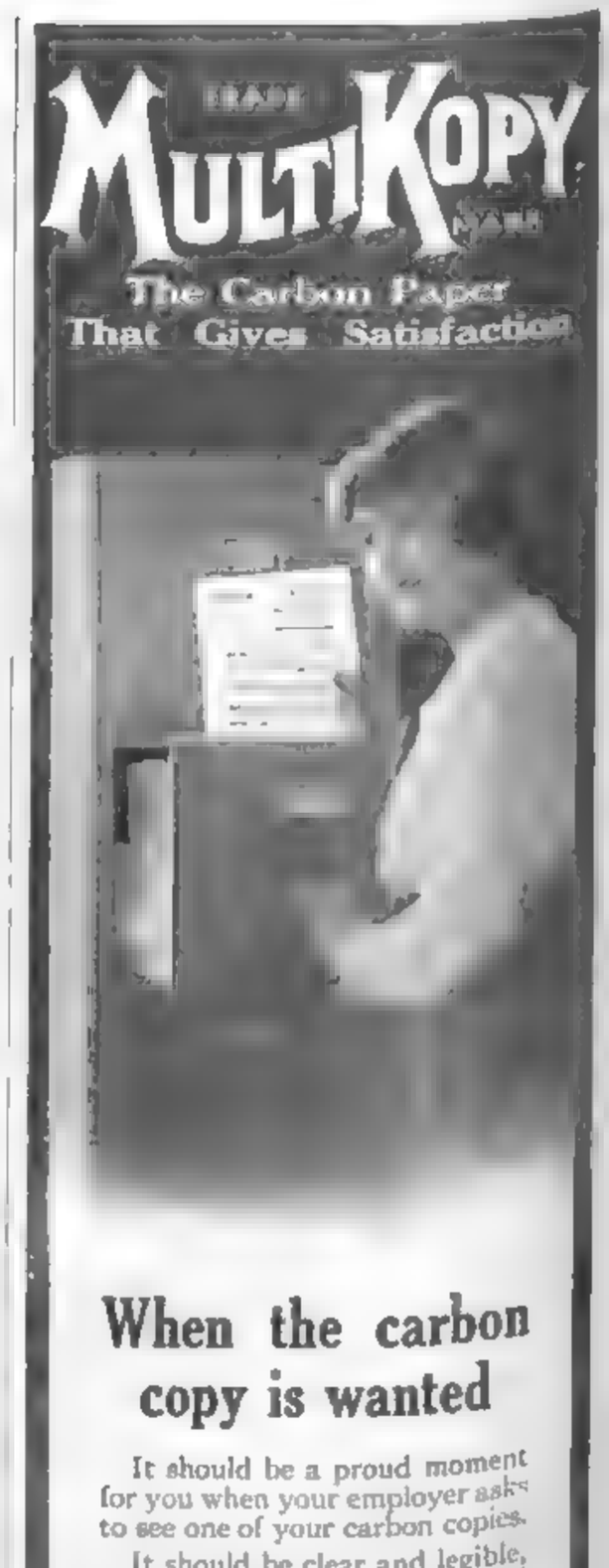
Yes, yes; she must not, dare not think. That was her one idea as, with a frantic little movement to the other side of the room, she picked up a telephone receiver.

"Yes; it is," the soft voice trembled over the phone. "And, Malcolm, I've just called you up about Mrs. Kipp. Do you suppose it is too late? . . . I know, dear; but somehow I've changed my mind. I really think I need a little excitement. . . . What is that? . . . I'm so sorry; but I can't hear—there's a hurdy-gurdy down here. . . . Yes. Good-by!"

Then, with a terrified look, Theodora ran to the windows and banged them down. The hand organ on Sixty-Fourth Street was playing the Marseillaise.

Theodora had made up her mind to go to The Rangers in order to escape. Frankly, almost fiercely, she admitted to herself that she wanted to hear people talk reducing, and the Barrie plays, and Hot Springs, and who had flirted with whom at Palm Beach. She must make herself believe

(Continued on Page 39)



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It should be a proud moment for you when your employer asks to see one of your carbon copies.

It should be clear and legible, free from unsightly smudges, and reflect exactly the perfection of your original letter.

Perfect carbon copies depend upon the quality of the carbon paper you use.

Your own ability, your infinite care, and your skill are responsible for the original letters your employer signs.

But the perfection of the carbon copies depends entirely upon the carbon paper.

Not only must the carbon paper be capable of producing a clear, legible copy, but it must be exactly suited to your individual need if it is to reproduce the perfection of your original letters.

MultiKopy Carbon Paper is made to enable you to give your employer this kind of service—service which inevitably results in advancement for you.

MultiKopy Carbon Paper is always *uniform*. If you buy a certain kind of MultiKopy today you can buy exactly the same weight and grade a year from today and it will give exactly the same satisfactory results.

Let us send you some samples of MultiKopy

We will be glad to send you sample sheets of MultiKopy Carbon Paper so that you can see for yourself how you can improve the quality of your work through its use.

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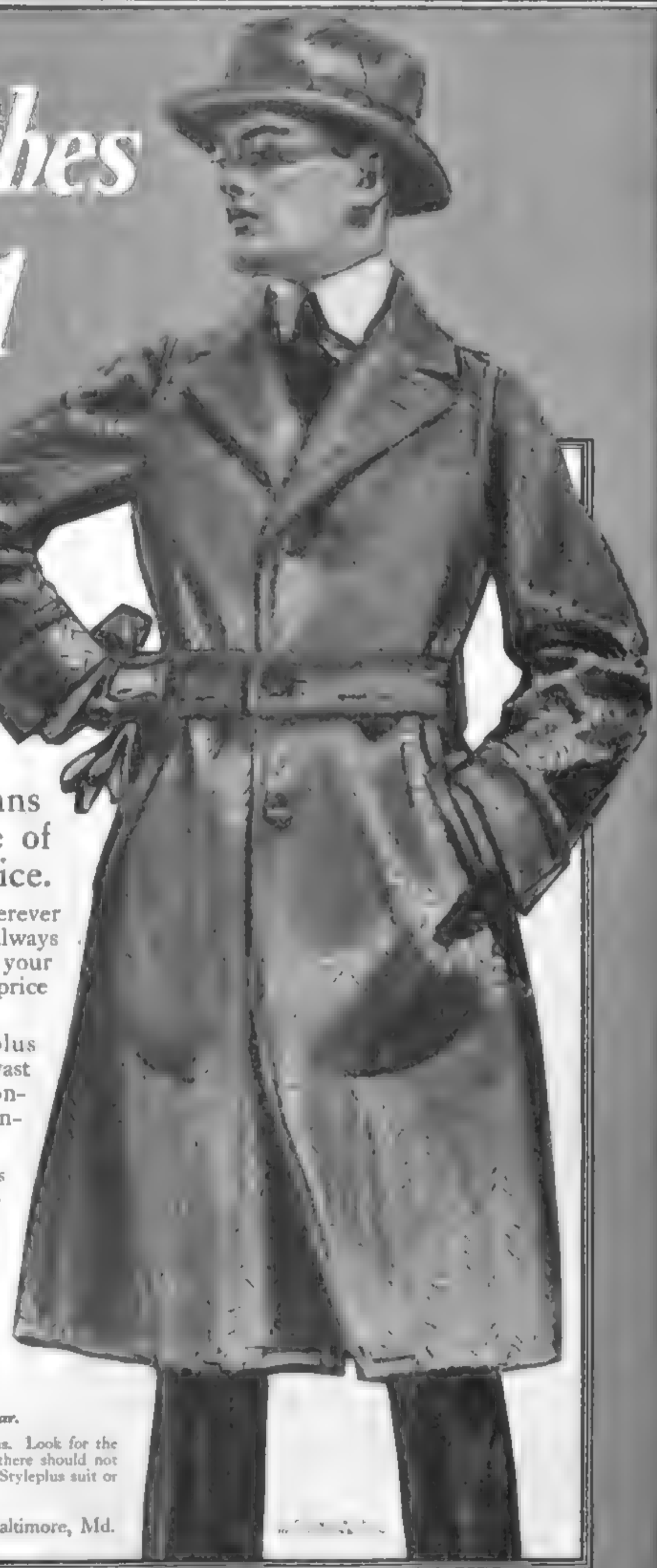
Styleplus Clothes $17 and $21



The big national Styleplus Idea

Styleplus are the only clothes in America nationally sold at a known price for each grade.

To the purchasing public this means *certainty*—an absolute guarantee of the right quality at the right price.

Whatever the price you pay for Styleplus wherever you pay it—from Maine to California—you can always be sure that you are getting the utmost value for your money and that you are paying exactly the same price as everybody else for the same Styleplus grade.

We concentrate and specialize on Styleplus Clothes. We do one thing and do it well. Our vast volume reduces our costs—giving you proportionately greater value, finer style, better workmanship, longer wear.

During three years of the Great War these unique methods enabled us to maintain our high Styleplus standard at $17. Now *this* nation is at war. The fabric market has risen violently. To meet these conditions we have added a $21 grade—offering at moderate price an even wider range of fabrics and models than ever before.

Styleplus Clothes $17 (black label) always excel at that price.
Styleplus Clothes $21 (green label) always excel at that price.

Each grade is the greatest value possible at the price.
Prove it to yourself—at the Styleplus Store.

Style plus all-wool fabrics + perfect fit + expert workmanship + guaranteed wear.

One of the leading stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, ask your favorite dealer to order a Styleplus suit or overcoat for you. Write us for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., INC. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Styleplus Clothes $17

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Tires To Carry The World's Traffic

Ships, ships, and more ships—hundreds of them—will be launched during the coming year to carry our heavy and growing maritime commerce.

Just as every ship yard in our country is strained to its utmost capacity to meet the shipping need of the hour

—so are the factories of the United States Tire Company worked to their capacity to meet the ever growing demand of motorists for United States Tires.

* * * *

The users of United States Tires last year continue to use the selfsame make of tires this year.

That is one reason for the demand.

They know United States Tires by actual use, and would hardly do otherwise.

But because other motorists who did not use United States Tires last year, compared service and cost notes with those who did, thousands of new users of United States Tires have sprung into being this year.

That is another reason for the demand for United States Tires.

* * * *

And this demand has piled up sales increases of United States Tires in a steady growth to the point which proves beyond all doubt that United States Tires are giving supreme service and mileage.

* * * *

Is this so with the tires you are using?

United States Tires Are Good Tires

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'
Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles, and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

BATES

SAFETY FIRST Model
Glazed Kangaroo (Blucher)
Style 1925

SHOES

POSSIBLY you can get as much comfort from some other shoes as you can from Bates Shoes. Possibly you can find others that wear practically as well.

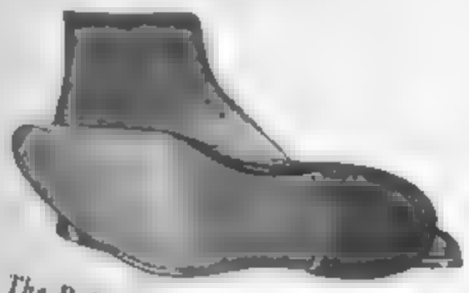
But in the Bates Shoe there is one outstanding quality. That quality is style. Through the past thirty-one years style has been so closely bound up with the name Bates in men's shoes that certain Fifth Avenue shops, and the Fifth Avenue sort of shops of other cities, choose Bates Shoes to maintain their reputation for knowing and selling the smartest footwear.

And if you want all these qualities —combined in one shoe—style, good fitting and wear—you can rest assured that you will find all three in the highest development in a Bates Shoe.

Prices $6 to $8

BATEX

IN *certain models Bates Shoes may be had with the new Batex Sole.*



The Batex Sole wears long, is flexible, noiseless and damp-proof. It is a fibrous product of the laboratory, with springy resiliency. It won't slip on wet pavements, or burn or draw. With all its endurance and comfort it costs no more than leather.

Shall we send you *"Shoe Life"*?

It is a new Bates publication telling how to make your shoes last longer and look better. Now that shoes are costing more, applying this valuable information will be a real economy because by giving added service to your shoes it reduces what you spend.

A. J. BATES CO.
WEBSTER MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from Page 36)

that nothing had happened; must deaden thought if she would keep loyalty alive.

Yet she soon found the shadow of that white dome in Washington had crossed even the usual Saturday crowd which the four o'clock train takes to various house parties on the Hudson. No sooner had she and Malcolm taken seats than Major Wittleton rose to greet them.

"Well, well, my boy," said the old beau, slapping the young man's shoulder; "this is the day when every old man in America envies you your youth."

Malcolm reddened a little, and before he answered he gave Theodora that look—half deprecating, half justifying—with which he had left her to his mother two days before.

"I hope that I shall be useful, sir," he replied.

"Useful—uh-huh!" The major had one of those pompous, throaty voices. "I don't think there is much doubt of that. If ever a fellow looked as if he ought to be there, it is you, my boy!"

And then, from his seat across the way, the old gentleman launched into his favorite stories of Bull Run and Gettysburg:

"And we watched them come over the hill there at the bloody Peach Orchard—the finest, most gallant lot of chaps you ever saw—charging down to certain death! And, 'pon my soul, there wasn't a man of us there who stood waiting to mow them down that didn't envy 'em that way of dying, and who didn't hate the hills for being so blue and ourselves for having to do it."

Theodora hardly heard the words. All she got was the fine eagerness of the old face, lighted by those days over fifty years ago. The sense of dangers faced, of duty bravely done—this was the spark that had never quite died through all the ashes of frivolity and dalliance.

After tea that day Malcolm took her arm and led her out to the grounds.

"Say, Theodora," he blurted out as they passed into the favorite avenue of oak trees, "I want to ask you something."

She turned to meet him, and his eye passed hungrily over the soft rose of her cheek, the lifted upper lip, the gray eyes with their flicker of sunlight gold on the lashes.

"Yes, Malcolm?" She knew what he was going to say and she searched wildly for her answer.

"Well, tell me this"—he stopped in the path and confronted her—"Do you think I'm shirking my duty by not going?"

For just one moment she met his eyes; and then, her lip trembling, she turned away to where, at the foot of the slope, the Hudson wound its way to the cliffs of West Point.

"You see, it's this way, Theodora: People are going to talk—but I don't care about them. There are a whole lot of chaps in this country who will go just because they're afraid of public opinion. They're the ones who are the real cowards. And I'm not that kind. I've thought this all out carefully."

He looked at her pleadingly; but her eyes still turned away from him, there to the cliffs of West Point.

"Why, Theo," he cried; "you can't think it's because I'm afraid! No; I know it can't be that. Why, I've wanted to be over there ever since this war was on; but there's mother—actually, Theodora, I believe it would kill her to have me go."

Even through the wild wish to believe him, there came to the girl a scornful thought of Mrs. T. Mortimer Reed sipping her tea beneath the portrait of old General Van Houten Kipp; and she heard again her parting drawl to Mattie Kipp: "I suppose all this will mean that we shall take to dinner dresses now instead of evening gowns, just like they're doing in Paris!" And she had a swift impulse to say: "A mother who would want you to stay is hardly the kind to make you stay."

But she stood there dumb; and again Malcolm's voice broke through the agony of silence:

"And you—Theodora—when I saw how you looked yesterday I was never so glad in all my life as I was not to be going. Oh, Theodora—believe in me, dear!"

At last, then, Theodora turned her face toward him, away from the cliffs of West Point. What she saw touched every hidden well of tenderness. The terrified love in his eyes; the wretched unsureness in him who had always been so radiantly sure; above all, the dogged, pathetic wish to convince himself that he was right—all these made him more dear to her than he had been in the days of unconfused splendor. And when she put out her trembling hands to him her touch had the comfort of a mother's.

Malcolm gulped. In another moment he had her in his arms, and she forgot everything else in the magic of being there once more.

When they parted, before going into the house, Malcolm held fast to her hands.

"Remember, Theodora—if you want me to go—say the word. There's no price in this world I wouldn't pay for you."

The girl shook her head.

"No, Malcolm dear," she had said very gently. "Not that way."

For one instant his offer to do his duty to his country simply as the bribe by which he might keep her, appalled her, revolted her. Then in a flash came a sad little glow. At least he loved her. There was the spark that could always kindle him. And if she watched and waited and loved that spark, then perhaps it would grow into the bigger thing.

Through his living sense of what was due to her he might come to see what was due to his country.

But as the days went by this hope faded. Malcolm's look became less deprecating and more justifying. Slowly and terribly the belief that he was doing the right thing hardened in him. And slowly, terribly, Theodora's happiness became reckless—a very far step from the heedless joy she had felt on that far-away afternoon when she had first heard he was not to go. She saw Malcolm every day—laughed with him, danced with him; tried to make herself believe that the tenderness of his eyes, the magic of his touch, were enough. But all the time she felt the sense of overtaking footsteps behind her.

Meantime the nation prepared itself for war. And meantime the application of Malcolm Patterson Reed had gone to one of those staid porticoed buildings where, day after day, rows of clerks read the mail from Seattle and Cheyenne and Duluth and St. Augustine.

The day on which Malcolm received his appointment as captain in a Washington bureau took Rutledge Forbes to the officers' training camp.

Theodora had not seen her old friend since that afternoon in April. What was more, she had not written to him. Time and again she had tried to answer his note from Sharpsville, but never had she been able to finish the first sentence. The knowledge of how Rutledge Forbes would look when he knew that she did not need the help he had wanted to give her—here was something she could not face. Theodora shrank from it as we do from hearing our spectral haunting grief put into words.

It was sometime in June when Theodora, who had gone for a visit to one of the big country houses near Wilmington, came in from a horseback ride to find another letter from Rutledge. At sight of the familiar handwriting the girl's heart sickened. How could she bear to read that letter! It was with a quick, desperate bravery that she tore open the envelope.

"Theodora," it jumped in, "did you ever see a very small ant dragging along a piece of cracker twice its size? If you did, you will have some idea how D. Rutledge Forbes looks as he staggers under his fifty-pound knapsack. It's funny; and the only thing that keeps me up at all is the picture of how funny it must be. Alberich, the dwarf, trying to be Lord Siegfried—that's the effect.

"I don't suppose you realize how hard it is to take hundreds of swivel-chair figures and deftly turn them into marching, fighting organisms. No matter! My own sympathies are not engaged with that. I'm thinking altogether of the organisms. Fancy, Theo—we get up at five-thirty every morning: have breakfast at six, and are out on our hike by seven-thirty. After lunch we start out on another hike; and then in the evening we drag our poor enfeebled members to such enlivening bits of literature as Infantry Drill Regulations and Manual of Guard Duty.

"In between are semaphore drills; and there is, of course, a lot of bayonet practice. That is the most grisly of all. I must say that the running and sticking and stabbing, the falling on one's face and then jumping up and running and stabbing again, were a little hard on me at first; and I give you my word that I lay awake for nights with my own neurasthenic thoughts. Oh, I'm

(Continued on Page 41)

men!

Now comes Mayo Underwear knit with 10 ribs to the inch instead of 8. And 10-rib knitting makes Mayo the only medium-priced underwear that's "actually knit in the dollar way"—the 10-rib way.

10 Rib

10-rib knitting brings to Mayo Underwear greater comfort. Get into a suit of Mayo Underwear. Then note that pleasant "give" to every slightest bend or twist. That's 10-rib elasticity.

warmth!

The same 10-rib knitting gives Mayo Underwear a cozy warmth that's mighty friendly to your body. For it's plain common sense to see that a closer-knit fabric is bound to be a warmer fabric.

Don't let Jack Frost *get* you. Instead, get 10-rib Mayo Underwear and *get* him.

Mayo
Made from Mayo Yarns

WINTER UNDERWEAR for MEN and BOYS

The only medium-priced underwear that's "actually knit in the dollar way."

Men's winter Shirts and Drawers
Men's winter Union Suits
Boys' winter Union Suits

All dealers either have or can quickly get for you 10-rib Mayo Underwear

THE MAYO MILLS, Mayodan, N. C.

The One Greatest Thing You Can Buy in a Phonograph!

You're going to buy a phonograph. All right—*which?*

Well, what do you want in a phonograph, anyway? *Pleasure*, first. TONE—always! But mainly the pleasure you get out of it.

Right? All right—then the Pathephone is *your phonograph*.

Even if it were no better in tone than all the others—the elimination of the changing of needles would be enough.

If its tone were merely as good as all the others—the fact that the record *does not wear out* would be enough.

But it's plain as daylight that a *ball* of sapphire, jewel-polished under the microscope and *fitting* perfectly into the half-circle of the sound-groove along which it smoothly, beautifully *glides*, is bound to produce a TONE of purer quality than any you have ever known before.

It is all the difference between *metal* and

life!

And it depends entirely on *which* you want whether you buy a Pathephone or not!

Hear the Pathephone. *That* will decide!

See the Pathé dealer nearest to you or write us.

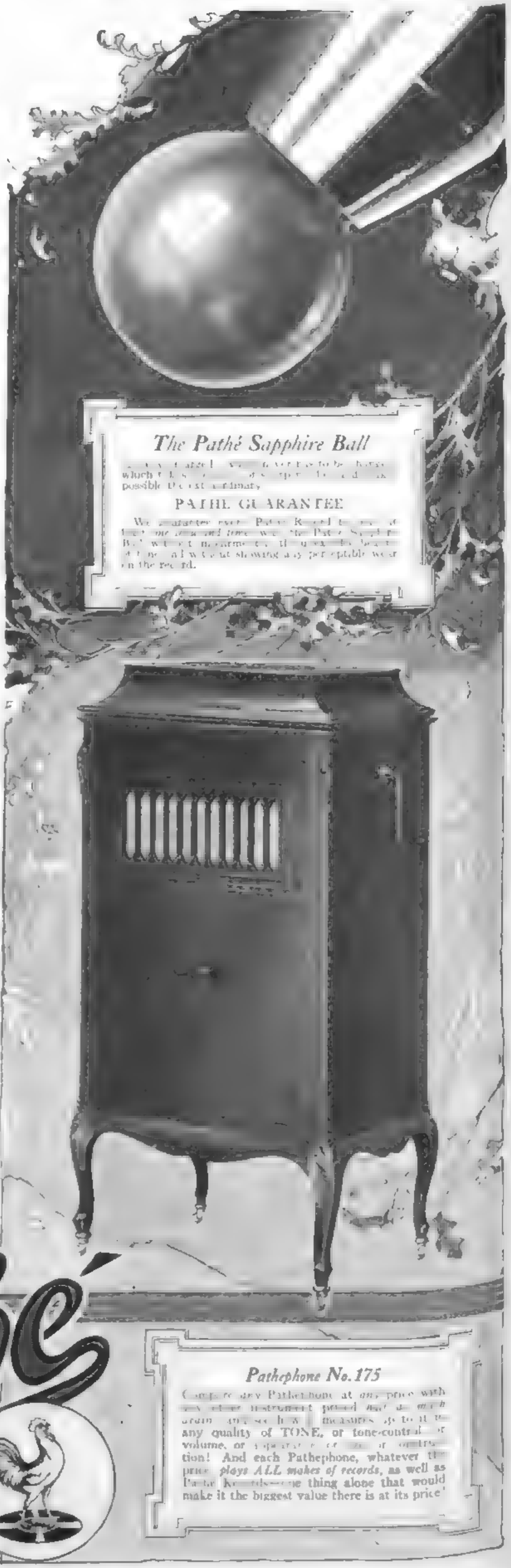
Merchants:

"The Other 20%"—you haven't seen that book, but you want it. It was come off the press two or three days before you read this advertisement. Free.

You have asked yourself all sorts of questions first and last about the phonograph and record business—whether it's a line you could handle, and things like that. This book answers them all. It will give you an entirely new line on the phonograph business and will likely enable you to decide with your eyes open whether *you* can make liberal, immediate, safe, steady money out of your share of the phonograph and record business. Don't try to decide it without seeing page 2 of that book—"The Other 20%." Send for it.

And there are certain things in the book that no merchant already in the business can afford to miss. If you ARE handling phonographs and records—you NEED that book!

PATHÉ FRERES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 20 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y
Pathé Frères Phonograph Co. of Canada, Ltd., 6 Clifford Street, Toronto



Pathé

(Continued from Page 39)

only a soft-shell warrior, Theo! But I keep at it, and I have the comfort of knowing that lots of other fellows—big, strong, husky brutes—were a little affected by the bayonets.

"There is a fine lot of chaps here and they go at the work like anything. For instance, right over my bunk—we sleep in Pullman-berth kind of arrangements—is Reginald Swope, the son of the awfully rich Washington Swope. Reggie, I know, never said anything more martial than 'Brooks, is my bath ready?' But you just ought to see what a sport he is! He acts now as if his name was Bill.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this stuff about camp, for it must be old news to you. Where is Malcolm? I suppose he is at Plattsburg. Write and tell me all about yourself. You don't know how much a letter from you would mean!

"Your friend, RUTLEDGE."

Theodora read the letter through with varying emotions—humiliation, shame, and last of all an unreasonable gust of resentment. Why must he write to her like this? Why must he assume that Malcolm was in some camp? Why must he always be disturbing her acceptances with these forced, unwelcome comparisons? Standing there, touched by the chintz curtains which blew inward on the soft June breeze, and enveloped by the honeysuckle and roses which stood in vases on desk and mantel and dressing table, her little face grew hard over the letter in her hand. When, a few moments afterward, a little group of boys and girls began singing the camp song:

"Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile!"

the hardness changed to defiance.

She had made up her mind to go to Malcolm the next day—to yield perhaps to his constant entreaties that she marry him immediately. But next day, when she was ready to start for Washington, a telegram came from her mother in Maine. She was very ill and Theodora must come at once.

The anxiety about her mother was one of those torturing forces that drive everything else out of the way. For days life was centered in one quiet dark room. Yet in those days Theodora did not forget Malcolm. There was not an hour when her heart did not fly to him; and in this going out of her whole nature he seemed, for the first time since that afternoon in April, free of the shadows. She saw him as he was before the challenge of life touched him—clean and straight, and sure of himself. And with all her heart she longed for him to be there.

Yet he was no longer the center of her grief. He was the one whom she called upon to share her grief. It was when the anxiety passed that something happened to Theodora.

Perhaps, after all, it did not happen suddenly. Did it not, indeed, start that day in the hotel tea room when he had let his mother tell her of his recreancy? Was it not marked by certain indelible signposts—Rutledge's letter from Sharpsville; Major Wittleton's remarks in the train going up to The Rangers; the hour under the oak trees, when he had offered to go simply as the price he must pay for her; Rutledge's other letter, from the training camp? And was not the clinging of her heart, here in this far-away coast village of Maine, merely the last rhapsodic cry of a love that felt itself surely dying?

Be that as it may, the consciousness of change came to Theodora in one sickening flash. She had taken his letter out to a favorite place, where the sea boiled about its rocks. She had held it for a moment unopened—just as she always did—because it was so sweet to imagine what she was going to read. And when at last she put the finished pages beside her her face was blank. She had opened the chest and there was no treasure.

Yet the letter was just the same as all the others she had been receiving that summer. Why, just now, was it given her to see with such hideous distinctness?

"Why, he's thinking about having to be cooped up in Washington!" she said to herself in a paralyzed whisper.

Then in an instant she realized what she had said; and "No, no, no!" her heart cried out in terror. Whatever else happened, whatever else went—that must not go! She could not face the bareness of life without her love for him. That morning her letter to him was more tender than any she had yet written.

In the days that followed she kept waiting for the old glamour to come back. Stubbornly, as she sat there where the sea boiled in its caldron of rocks, she brought back his image, tried to see the brimming smile and the eyes that were always full of love and tenderness. But when it did come—that image—it drew no answering fire. Something had gone from Theodora, and neither time nor the counseling sea, nor perhaps even the presence of Malcolm himself, could bring it back.

To the hope of this last Theodora clung desperately in those long September days while she waited for her mother to get well.

"When I see him it will be all right," she said to herself again and again, as a child afraid in the dark repeats some little prayer.

It was not until early October that she did see him once more. Leaves were then brown and red about the statues of great soldiers in the various little squares; and among these sculptured memories of America's glorious past walked hundreds of young men in khaki. They dotted the streets. They grouped in the lobbies of all the hotels. They gave, if possible, an even statelier impress to the mask of broad street and pillared building and leafy park.

Some of these young men were fiery spirits, chafing at their detention in routine work while the big guns called to them from over there. Others—the comparatively few—were buying horses, typewriting, addressing envelopes, doing legal jobs, occupying themselves contentedly with work that might have been done just as efficiently by women and old men. Many of the civil-service men were not exempt from active service. Only a handful could feel, like Malcolm Patterson Reed, that their uniforms were absolutely warproof.

When Theodora came down from her room in the hotel that autumn afternoon her heart was beating wildly. Now when she saw him again would the terrible dullness of his image brighten once more? Would he charm her, whirl her out of herself by that magnetic presence, that happy vitality, that brimming smile? Her life trembled in the balance of that test.

She found him the moment she entered the crowded lobby. He was in his uniform and never had he looked so splendid. His mother was standing beside him, and as Theodora advanced she heard her say to one of the women with her: "Oh, Mrs. Montagu, I think you do not know my son, Captain Reed!"

The complacent way in which she pronounced the title—was it reflected in the face of Malcolm himself as he bowed to the stranger?

Theodora had not time to decide this, for in a moment he had seen her and had rushed to where she stood.

"Theodora!" he cried radiantly, and both of her hands were in his.

The soft, wondering eyes looked up at him piteously and in a moment the little hands in his began to tremble.

"Oh, my dear!" he cried; and the tender protection that was always in his face when he looked at her seemed to come out and rest on her like a visible thing.

"Do I have to speak to them?" the girl whispered with a little nod.

"No, no; we'll slip off. Mother will understand."

He took her arm, and as he led her to a far-away corner in the great Georgian writing room she could feel his thought of her in every pressure.

She could feel it—yes; but no longer did it move her. The sight of him there in the lobby had not thrilled her. And when her hands had trembled in his it was only because she knew then that the magic had gone forever.

She listened to him, there in the far corner of the great writing room. She heard him tell over and over again how he had wanted her that summer; how he had lived only for this moment. She looked at the strong hands, with the heavy-jointed fingers; at the way his smooth yellow hair ribbed back over his forehead; at the slight unevenness of the white teeth. She took in those unfamiliar details—the glossy brown boots; the unwrinkled khaki coat; the crossed quill and sword on his high collar. But, all the time, sight and hearing were detached. She looked at him and listened to him as if he were a stranger. And now, for the first time, she saw him as he really was.

That happy vitality of his—what was it but the exuberance of a well-fed, well-clothed, well-sheltered young animal? That

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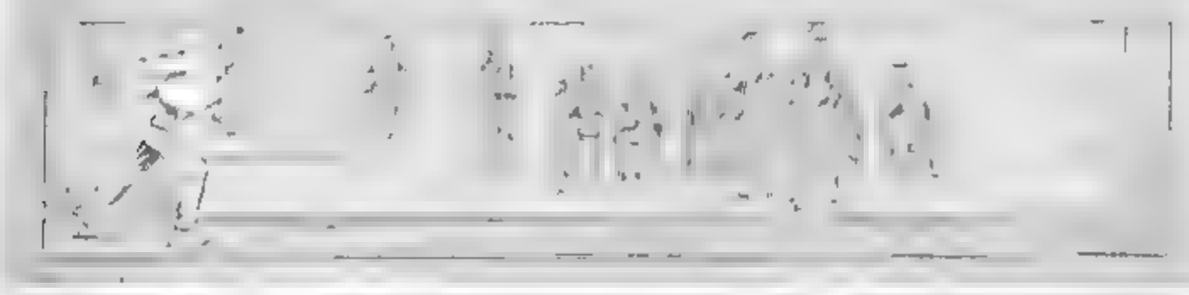

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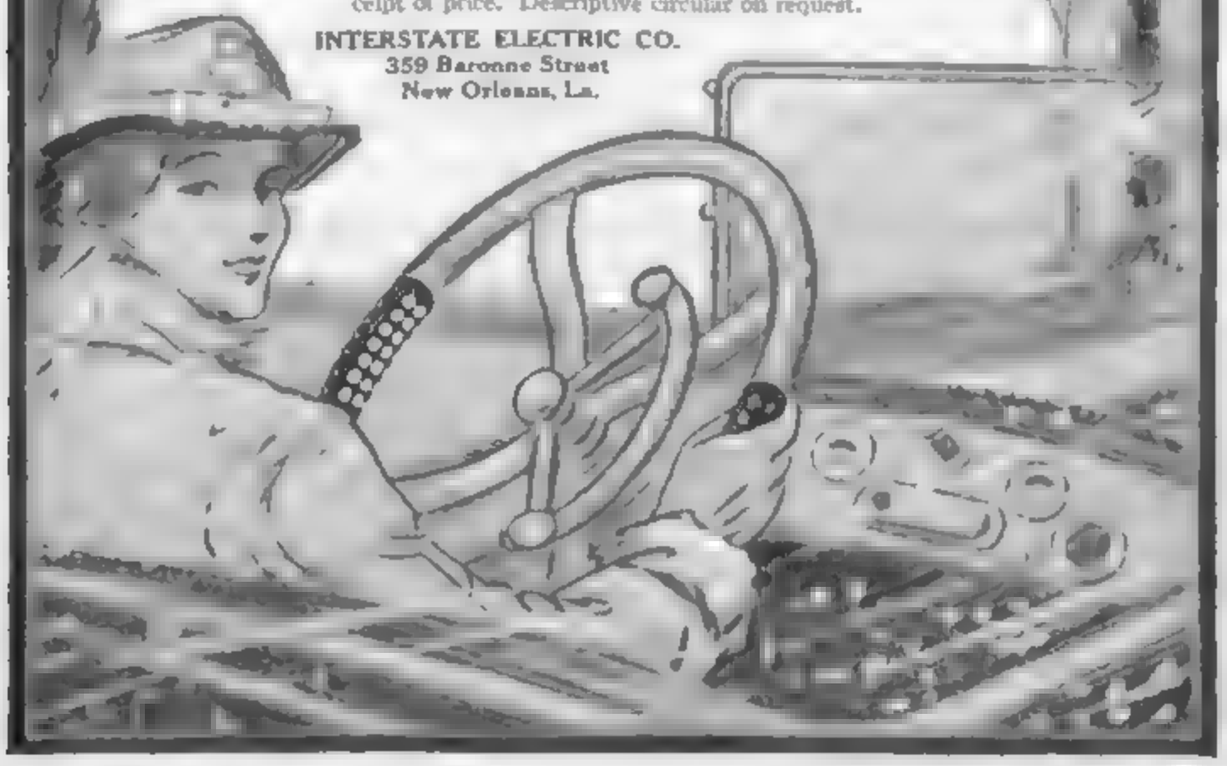

dynamic manner, which sent waiters scuttling to do his bidding—what was that but the arrogant knowledge that he would always pay for the thing that he wanted? As for his protection—and Theodora winced—that meant saving her from drafts; from men who accidentally pushed her against a door; from all the silly unthreatening contacts of life. When he had been given his chance to protect her from a great danger he had left it to other young men—to Rutledge Forbes and his kind. Safe, with twenty men behind him, Captain Reed refused to strike one blow for her safety.

The racing thoughts—this brain so active in a body dead to all that had once moved her—it was all too horrible! She tried to keep herself from thinking. And for a time she did sit there, locked in on every side. Then all of a sudden she became conscious of something that he was saying.

"What do you suppose I heard the other day?" he was saying, with a swing of the glossy leather boot crossed over his knee. "It's about Simmons. Can you believe what that fellow did, Theodora? He went up to Plattsburg in the first training camp—just because, of course, he wanted to be an officer if he had to go. He was making an awfully good record. Then suddenly the draft comes along and he draws an awfully low number—so low that he knows there's no possibility of his getting caught. Then what do you think he does? Refuses to get up in the morning; refuses to report; falls way down on his studies, and gets chucked out of camp! Could you believe that such a rotter went about on two hind legs?"

Incredulous, amazed—the girl looked at him. Yes; he felt all the scorn that was in his voice. He actually believed that he, Captain Reed, was in a position to look down on a man who had failed in his duty to his country. What had happened to him since that afternoon when he let his mother tell her that he was not to go? Surely that day he had been ashamed of himself! And surely afterward he had felt the sting of old Major Wittleton's prompt assumptions! Could it be—— For one instant a faint little hope flickered upward from the ashes of the dead enchantment.

"Do you—is there any chance of your getting over?" asked Theodora.

"Oh, no; I'm needed right where I am. I can do a lot more good right here than I could over there."

With those words Malcolm Patterson Reed disappeared forever from his kingdom. She could love him when he was doubtful. She could pity him when he was ashamed. But the moment that he was proud of himself—that moment he became merely a ghost.

"I think, Malcolm, I shall have to be going upstairs now," said Theodora.

"Oh, my dear, I'm sorry—I've tired you all out, haven't I?" And for the last time Malcolm's eyes offered her their full cup of love and solicitude.

She went with him out to the broad long passageway, thronged with people come in for tea. She watched him go down under the brilliant arch of still flags. She saw that his step seemed to get a new vigor from the strains of the Marseillaise, which came up from the tea room. She was sure he met with undaunted eye the passing figure of a French officer, whose coat showed the Cross of the Legion of Honor and whose one sleeve hung limp. And then, from the chatter about her here in Peacock Alley, voices began to detach themselves.

"Who is the young Siegfried there?" The voice was masculine and English.

And then from a young American voice came the reply:

"That's Malcolm Patterson Reed—worth ten million in his own name. He's the King of the Slickers."

"Slickers? What's that?"

"He's got a job in a Washington bureau." The last two words were whispered.

"Oh, I see! We call them the Cuthberts at home."

"Well, not exactly that. A slicker is a slacker in a uniform—one of those fellows who kid themselves into thinking that they're heroes the moment they get on a uniform. It's a great word. It means getting credit for being a patriot when you're nothing but a slacker."

The girl turned her head sharply, and she could hear the Englishman whisper something. And then, in a louder tone than he had used before, the young American replied to his warning:

"I don't care if she did. Fancy a girl who would be willing to marry a slicker!"

With burning cheeks the girl turned about to the two young men in khaki; and the look on her face—so approving, so valiant—must have amazed them. Then, almost in a run, Theodora found the elevator.

When she met her mother she said very simply:

"I think I should like to go to Sharpsville to-night."

The older woman looked at her keenly.

"And leave Malcolm?" she asked.

"Forever!" She uttered the word quietly, standing there looking out of the open window.

Then, as she stood there, the word of the young American officer came back to her—Slicker! She felt it as a blow; but it was a blow for which she was glad.

"Oh, mother!" she cried suddenly. "How do you suppose I ever cared for him!"

"Nonsense, honey; you never did care for him!" The Southern voice folded down into its softest modulation: "You just loved what you thought he was."

"But how could I think I did so long—so long after ——"

Her mother looked at her solemnly.

"Because, Theodora, it's just the hardest thing we women have to face—letting the half gods go. We can't believe that the gods will arrive. But they're there, honey—they're always there!"

That night, before they took the train, Theodora wrote to Rutledge Forbes—just a little note saying that she was going down to Sharpsville and asking whether he could not come down over Sunday. The thought of her old friend was in her mind as that night, from the train window, she watched the racing fields and hills. Never had America seemed such a living personal thing. The lights of small towns beading the far line of darkness; the golden tall windows of factories; the shocks of corn on which by and by the moonlight fell like water; the Potomac of Washington and Grant and Lee—here, clear as a voice, spoke the cozy homes, the industry, the farms, the noble tradition. It was for these that Rutledge Forbes, who hated war, had taken up the hard task—for these and the women, and the freedom that they meant. And as she thought of the delicate student boy, to whom every form of human suffering was almost unbearable, a light of awed understanding came to her eyes.

The story of Malcolm Patterson Reed, the slicker—of Malcolm Patterson Reed, the man who gained his life to lose it forever—ended that day in the Georgian writing room of the Washington hotel. The story of Rutledge Forbes, the hero, began that far-off afternoon on Fifth Avenue when he first told Theodora that he was going to enlist. But it was not until the Saturday afternoon of that week which brought Theodora to Sharpsville that the girl saw fully the wide distances of spirit which rolled between the two.

She was standing there with Rutledge, home on leave for the week-end, in the little Square where, over fifty years before, the men in gray had marched to their duty. This Square, set in between the somber hills toward which John Brown had looked when on his calm ride to death, was now thronged with people. They had come to see the last eight of the drafted men go off to the station, from which the afternoon train would carry them to their camps. And, as they watched the boys form in line behind the town band, their cries were as cheery as those you heard on Saturday afternoons at the town baseball field.

"Good-by, Harry! Let the Kaiser have it! And don't forget the crown prince and Von Hindenburg!"

"Hello, Tom! Take off your hat and let us have a last look at your carrot top. But be sure to cover it up before you go over the top."

For ten minutes the cheery cries lasted. Then suddenly the band struck up Dixie and the eight boys began their slow march down the shady street. Each one turned his eyes for a last look at the familiar scene and faces. Each one gave a little grin, more solemn than any word. And, as the eight figures marched away from all they had ever known, stillness fell upon the watchers. It was not until the procession had passed out of sight that the stillness turned to weeping.

To Theodora, watching those eight renunciate figures until her eyes were blinded by tears, this moment will always be supreme. She had seen in the spring thousands of troops marching through the

(Concluded on Page 45)

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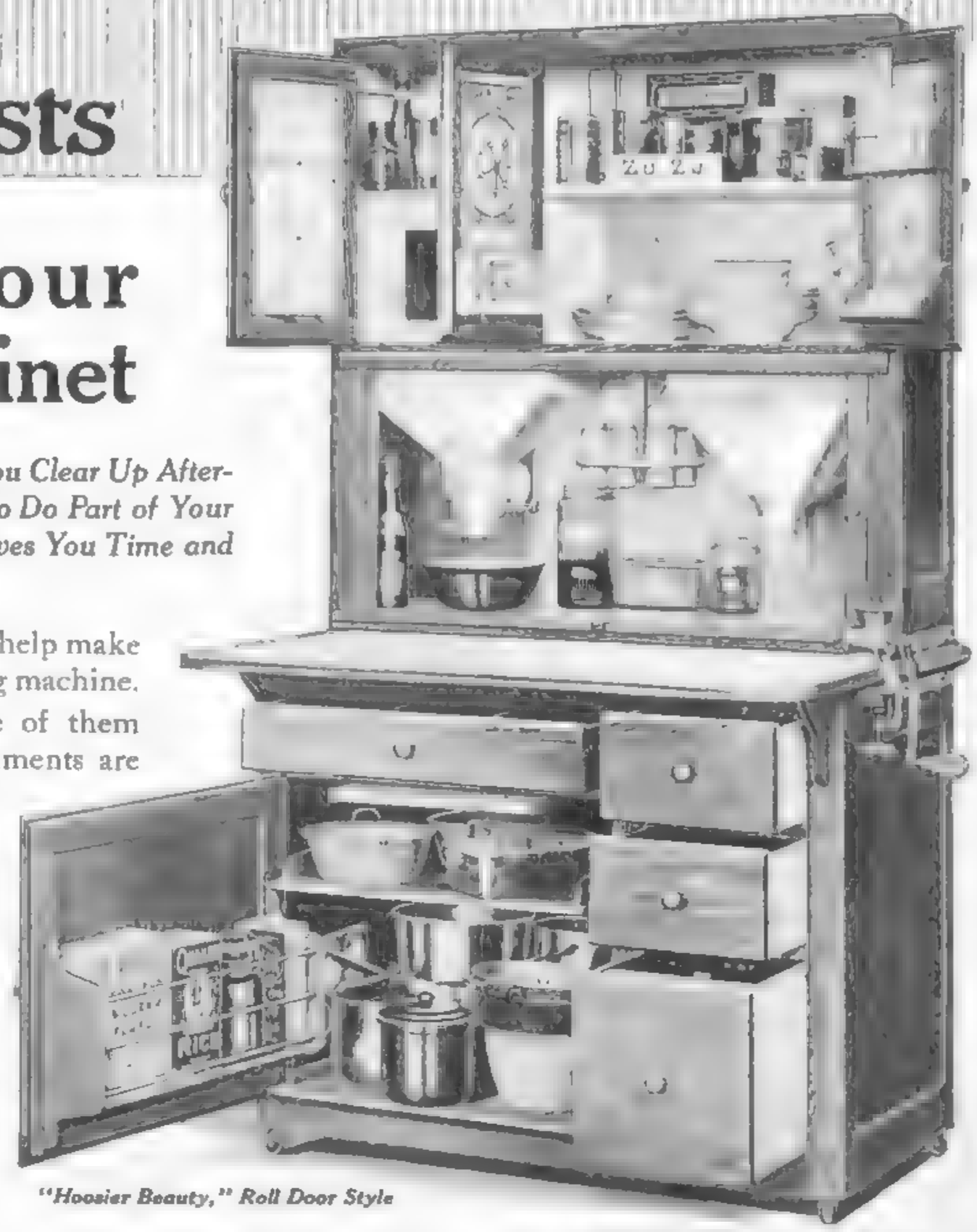

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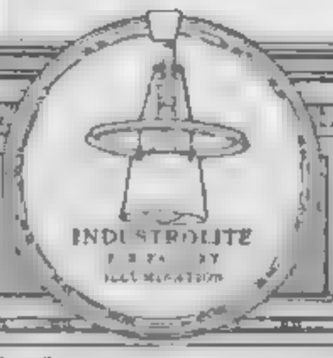

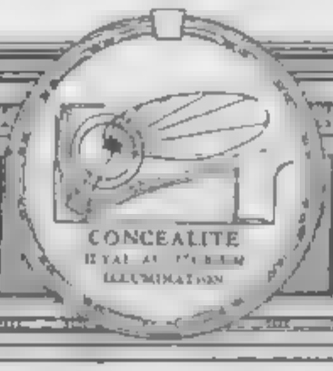

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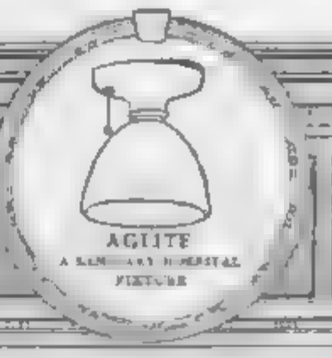

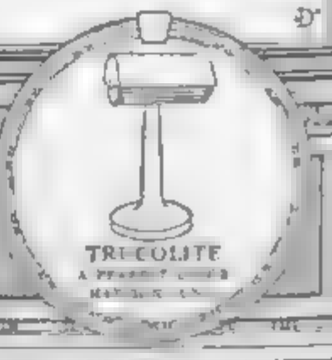

(Concluded from Page 42)

streets of New York. They had been terrible, with abstract glory. They had stilled her beyond any tears. But here, in the familiar street, with its consecrated handful of boys, she was listening to the heartbeats of America.

They came to her one by one—poignant notes of individual sacrifice and glory. There, right in front of her, was Mrs. Betherton, the town dressmaker, worn by years of the hard work that had supported her and the boy who was now on his way from the streets of Sharpsville. She was crying a little, but it could not take away the look of greatness in her eyes as she said to Judge Hawes:

"Yes; he hated to go off and leave me like this. But I wouldn't let him put in any exemption claim because of that. 'I've worked before,' I said; 'and I can work again. Don't you worry about me! I'll scrape along.'"

There, back of her, was Old Mammy Parka, who had watched the boys in gray march out from those quiet streets more than fifty years before, and who rocked backward and forward now as she cried:

"I ain't nevah goin' to see him no moah—mah own dead Lucy Matilda's boy—mah own Grovah Cleveland Washington Jones."

And Old Colonel Martin was saying fiercely to the town druggist: "Leave 'em come, sir! Leave 'em come! The man who doesn't cry this day is a coward!"

Against this background of deep emotion there hovered for one moment the ghost of Malcolm Patterson Reed. And then suddenly Theodora turned to him who was a part of the whole scene about her.

"Oh, Rutledge," she cried, her eyes blurred with tears, "I understand now; and I want to belong to—this!"

And Rutledge Forbes' thin face flushed with the hope of some far-off happiness that he had long believed was denied him.

THE SURE THING

(Continued from Page 22)

financially the biggest wholesale lumber dealer in Monmouth, and Mr. Cettrick, a little nervous man whom the Monmouth Mirror was wont to refer to as "our local capitalist."

Roger started to apologize and retreat, saying that any other evening would do just as well for him. But his employer welcomed him with a hearty handshake and a fat Turkish cigar, and asked whether he wouldn't repeat his Sure Thing proposition to Mr Cettrick and Mr. Robinson. Roger did so feverishly but exhaustively.

"But to Take Three Thousand Dollars From a Widow Was Worst of All!" Said Mrs. Lila Bonring

When the little meeting broke up hours later, Mr. Cettrick announced his intention of at once wiring a business associate of his in New Mexico, a Mr. Arnold, asking him to look over the Sure Thing property. If Mr. Arnold's judgment was that it was a bona-fide proposition Roger could count on Mr. Cettrick for a little block of stock. Mr. Robinson and Mr. Rawlings enthusiastically hailed their friend's line of action and said they would await Mr. Arnold's reply.

Roger clutched his big black book under one arm that night as he made a short cut to the telegraph station. From there he wired the Sure Thing Mining Company—collect—to keep on the secret lookout for a Mr. Arnold and see that he went away with a good impression of the mine.

Seven or eight days later Mr. Rawlings pattered up to Roger's high desk and pleasantly announced that Mr. Cettrick had received a not unfavorable reply from his friend in New Mexico, and said they should be glad to see him at his—Mr. Rawlings'—house at eight o'clock that evening.

At ten o'clock P. M., as Roger left the big white home with its great columns and green-smelling lawn, he carried in his pocket application blanks for a total of fifty thousand shares of Sure Thing Mining stock, together with three checks in different handwriting—one for twenty-five hundred dollars, signed by James K. Cettrick, representing the initial payment of ten cents a share on twenty-five thousand shares; one for fifteen hundred dollars, signed by Oswald Rawlings, and one for a thousand dollars with the signature of Bennett Robinson. The checks were made payable to the Sure Thing Mining Company. Roger had given receipts with his name as state representative.

"I want to tell you," his employer had proudly stated, "that you can trust this young man. There has never been brought to my attention one mistake from his books."

The next evening Roger secured a check from Mrs. Lila Bonring for three thousand dollars, representing fifteen thousand shares of Sure Thing stock at the confidential cash price of twenty cents a share. He also received his brother's check for a hundred dollars as first payment on a thousand shares. Before he went to bed that night he figured up his ten per cent commission. It totaled eight hundred and ten dollars. In one week, working evenings, he had earned more than by working at bookkeeping every day for an entire year.

"See! I told you, Roj!" commented Dan. "Now after you've followed your big brother's advice, behold your wedding bells ring quite merrily."

"Not yet!" said Roger. "No sure thing yet."

"What do you mean?" demanded his brother.

But Roger only shook his head. In another month the second payment on Sure Thing stock came due, and he collected checks aggregating twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars, which meant two hundred and fifty-five dollars commission for himself. Two more months passed and the payments were complete. Roger had collected a total of fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, which meant fifteen hundred and seventy-five dollars commission.

"Now perhaps you can get married?" wondered Dan suspiciously.

"Nope!" said Roger. "No sure thing yet."

About this time the Monmouth stockholders of the Sure Thing Mining Company began to assume, as naturally behooved them, a close interest in their New Mexico investment. Every evening Jean and her mother inquired anxiously for news, especially the day's quotation of lead and silver. Nearly every morning Mr. Rawlings called Roger into his office to ask whether as yet they had found the vein on the thousand-foot level.

At least once a week Mr. Cettrick and Mr. Robinson telephoned him for the latest figures on the development in the main tunnel.

Then, one wet morning, the Philadelphia papers started a commotion in several Monmouth households by noting on their financial pages that the Santa Angela Mining Corporation, whose stock had been sold extensively in Philadelphia, had proved a fraud and that Federal officers were looking for the officials of the company, who had meantime departed for parts unknown.

"Without mentioning any names, four people ought to be thankful now they didn't invest in the Santa Angela," muttered Roger. But when he brought up the subject at Jean's that evening he noticed that neither Jean nor her mother seemed

None of This For Your Wife If You Install

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Your wife can go to her shopping and social duties in comfort if you install a WASCO Heating System in your garage.

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Burns only 5 gallons of oil a day. Operated by Electricity. Fully automatic. Has no fan. Insurance Underwriters' Approved. Many other exclusive features.

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and more information about this safe, economical Heating System. The catalog also contains many letters of endorsement from users in all parts of the country.

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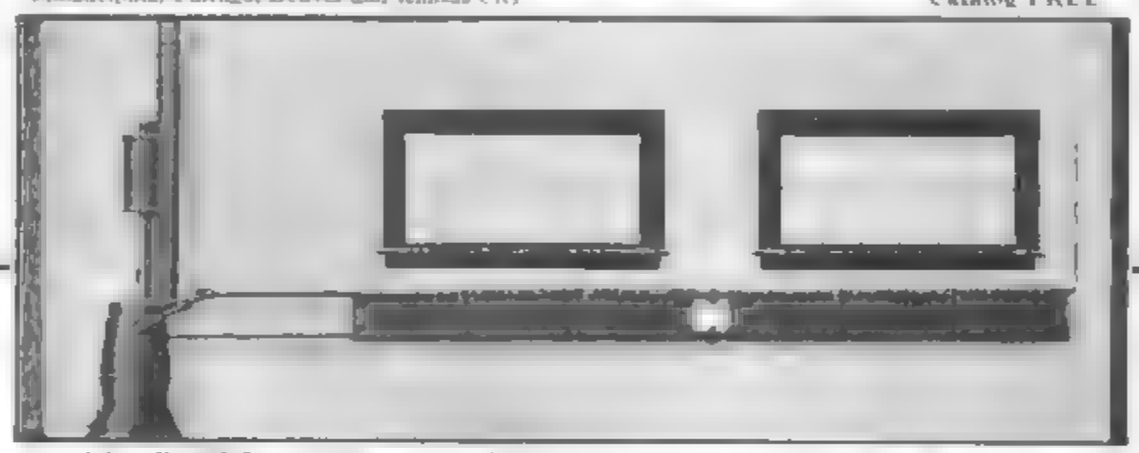
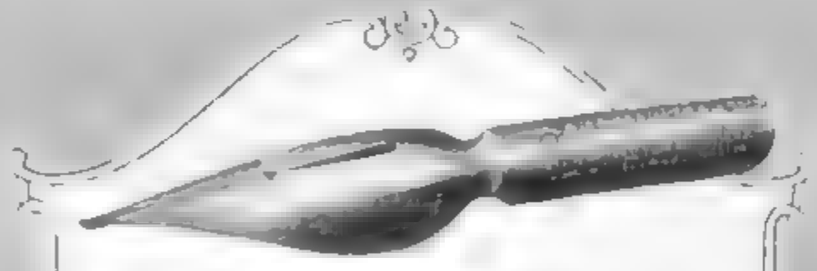


A 2-car WASCO System (2 radiators) $84. This heater and one radiator make a 1-car WASCO System, $67



WHEN the Merrimac and the Monitor were new types of battleships, in 1863, Esterbrook Pens had been in popular use in America for five years.

Today it requires over two hundred million Esterbrook Pens to meet the demand for the most popular writing instrument in the world.

Every Esterbrook Pen is separately inspected to insure maintenance of the Esterbrook high standard of pen excellence.

ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO.
72-100 Delaware Ave., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Send 10 cents for one dozen Esterbrook most popular pens.

Esterbrook Pens

[$7.50 to $12]

Can you afford to pay less?

For over 30 years Crossett Shoes have stood for unusually good leather—strong of body, fine in grain. That is what has given them their superior wearing qualities.

Today such leather can be used only in shoes costing $7.50 to $12. Yes, we *could* make "shoes" to sell at a dollar or two less. But you would not find real economy in wearing them.

Men pay more attention to values than they used to. They find that shoe dollars go further in a high-type shoe like Crossetts.

The shoe below is a fine example of Crossett style and comfort. See it at your dealers. A Crossett dealer in almost every town.

NEW! Crossett Walking Boots for Women—designed and made by Crossett.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT INC.,
Makers North Abington, Mass.

Crossett Shoe

"Makes Life's Walk Easy"

Put an End to Drudgery

by cleaning the toilet bowl with *Sani-Flush*. What was once the most disagreeable task becomes an easy matter. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl every few days.

Sani-Flush

does the rest. It removes stains, making the bowl snowy white, odorless and sanitary. Even the hidden trap so difficult to clean is thoroughly cleansed. You are forever relieved of scrubbing and dipping. *Sani-Flush* is for toilet bowls only. It will not injure bowl or connections.

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is a sanitary necessity wherever there is a toilet. It is patented—nothing else like it. Sold by grocers, druggists, plumbers, hardware and general stores.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

radiantly delighted—rather quiet and uneasy, he decided. He also found that Mr. Rawlings passed him in the office with only a brief, worried word of greeting, and that Mr. Cettrick, on Front Street, did not see him at all. The fourth day his employer nervously inquired whether he would come up to the house that evening.

When Roger stepped through the Rawlings' library door, which was mahogany on the outside and oak on the inside, he found a company awaiting him in the soft yellow glow from the flat-footed lamp on the birch desk. It was a grim little group. Mr. Cettrick was very upright in a formal chair with a straight back. Mr. Robinson was nervously moving round on one of the window seats. Mrs. Lila Bonring, quite stiff and sedate, occupied the easy-chair in front of the desk, and Mr. Rawlings was balancing backward and forward on his cushioned swivel chair.

"Good evening!" greeted Roger.

"Ahem! Good evening!" coughed Mr. Rawlings. No one else spoke, though Mr. Cettrick nodded savagely. "Come in! Come in," added Mr. Rawlings, notwithstanding Roger was already well into the room. "Close the door, please. Roger, we—er—are very much disappointed in you."

"I don't understand," stammered Roger.

"It seems—ahem!" went on Mr. Rawlings sternly, "that Mr. Cettrick here, upon hearing of the collapse of the Santa Angela Mining Corporation, became slightly worried—as all of us did." He stopped to cough throatily. "Whereupon Mr. Cettrick sent a—er—telegram to his friend in New Mexico to see how the Sure Thing Mining Company was coming on. This morning he had a lengthy night letter from Mr. Arnold—ahem!—to the effect that the Sure Thing Mining Company had not been in operation since two months ago, when their vein was struck, at which time it was discovered that the ore was not in sufficient quantities to pay to ship. So the mine was abandoned." He gazed at Roger sternly. "Er—why were we not informed of this?"

"I'm awfully sorry!" apologized Roger abjectly.

With hard eyes and set jaws the little group sat unmoved.

"Through your influence I lost thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars," accused Mr. Rawlings.

"You stuck me for a cool twenty-five hundred," threw Mr. Robinson from his perch on the window seat.

"Sixty-two hundred and fifty you took from me," clicked James K. Cettrick, thin-lipped, on his straight-backed chair.

Mrs. Lila Bonring brought out her black-bordered handkerchief.

"But to take three thousand dollars from a widow was worst of all!" she said.

"You are a fraud and a cheat, young man!" declared Bennett Robinson, pacing up and down in front of the window. "You came to us with golden stories and induced us to put our good money into a worthless hole in the ground."

A flush had crept up into Roger's cheeks.

"If I hadn't come along with this you would have invested in the Santa Angela Mining Corporation, wouldn't you?" he demanded. "What is the difference, losing it in this or in something else?"

"You have become cold-blooded, Roger," mourned Mr. Rawlings, shaking his head.

"You're a hardened young criminal!" gritted James K. Cettrick.

"I never dreamed a friend of my own daughter would take the money my poor husband left me!" sobbed Mrs. Bonring.

Mr. Robinson blew his nose. Mr. Rawlings wiped his glasses. Mr. Cettrick glared savagely. Then Roger reached to the inside pocket of his coat and brought out a long yellow wallet. He turned back the limp flap and produced five small checks, such as are torn from a pocket check book. Four of the checks he handed about the room; the fifth, payable to Daniel Bankson, for two hundred and fifty dollars and some cents, he returned to his wallet.

"I've been expecting something like this," he announced, "though up till to-day I didn't think it would come so soon, or that I would meet four of you together."

"W-what's this, Roger?" uttered Mr. Rawlings, as if scarcely daring to breathe.

"It so happens," said Roger, "that none of you is or ever has been a stockholder in the Sure Thing Mining Company. Instead of sending your checks in to the company I took the liberty of investing them in my idea of a Sure Thing Company—a deposit at three per cent interest in the Farmers' National Bank. I think you will find that these checks are in full for the total amounts given me, plus the interest at three per cent. I reckoned it up before coming here this evening."

There was a long painful silence, in which three men and a woman looked dazedly at the checks in their hands. From the mantel above the fireplace a smiling silver clock clicked on cheerily. A famous president looked down from his photograph on the bookcase and never winked. From the street in front of the house came the sound of a passing machine. Roger turned to go.

"Wait a minute, young man!" said J. K. Cettrick, quite heavily for such a little man. He folded up his check and placed it in a fat worn wallet. "For several years I've been thinking I could use an agreeable, well-mannered young safety valve who'd help manage my various interests and investments. I've decided I could give such a person a decent salary and a bonus on annual profits. If you care to consider leaving my friend, Mr. Rawlings, here, we might stroll up street to my house and see if we can get together on some proposition."

Silently, as if in perfect accord, they started together for the door.

"Roger," called Mrs. Bonring timidly, "Jean said she would stay up looking for you this evening. If you can come down to the house after you finish with Mr. Cettrick I'll have some fresh Maryland jumbles."

Enduring Peace

THE papal secretary of state is quite right in making the abolition of conscription a condition of enduring peace; but quite wrong in regarding that as the only necessary condition.

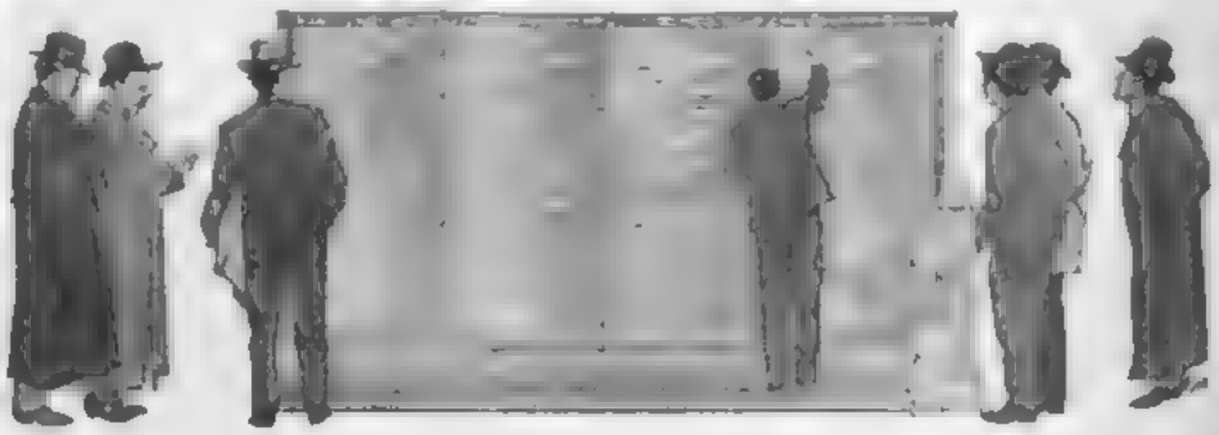
A world really devoted to and organized for enduring peace obviously would have no more use for conscription than a man devoted to prohibition would have for saloons; and if the institution of conscription survives this war the war presumably will have been finally in vain.

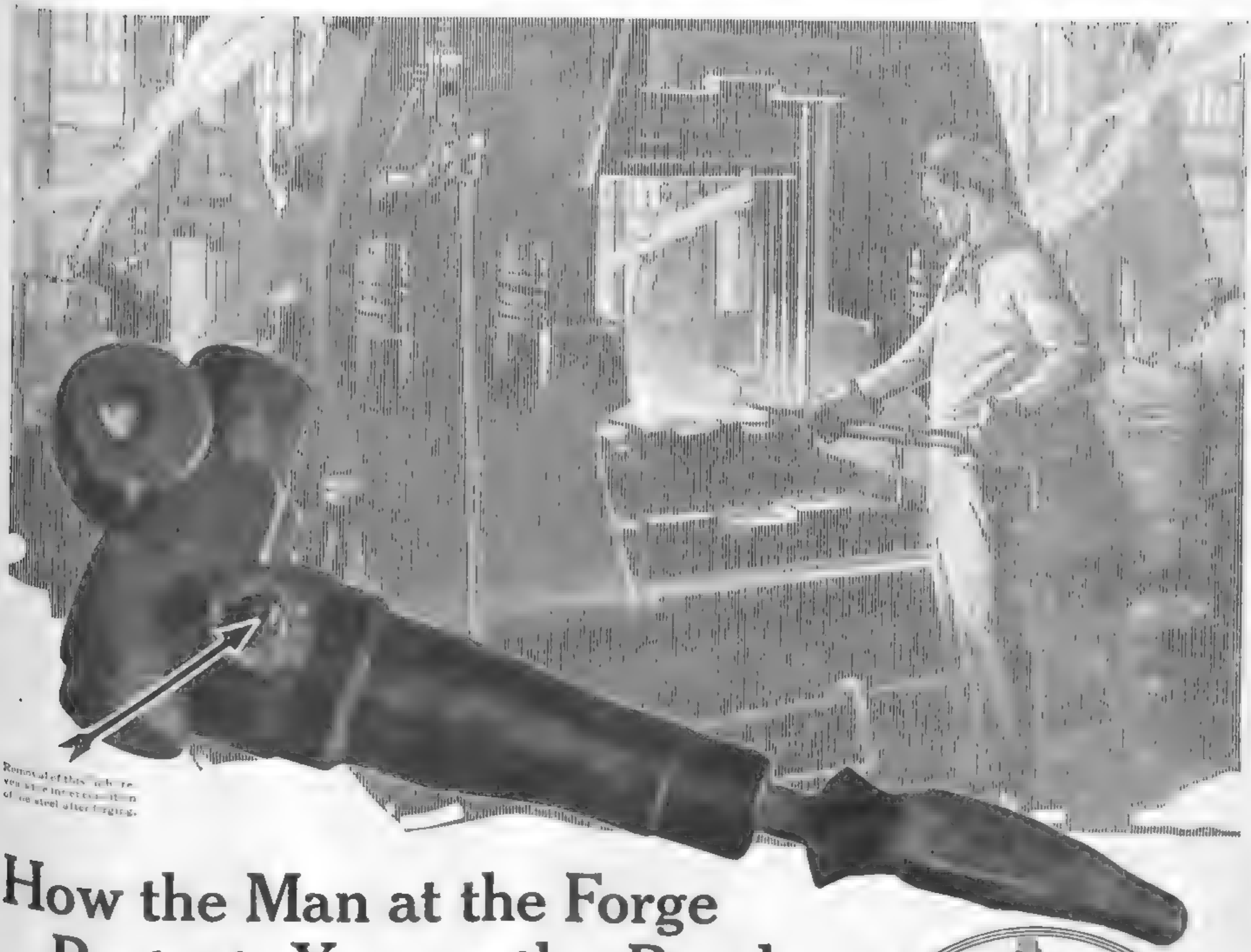
But the basis of enduring peace must be found in the attitude and bent of governments; and mere abolition of conscription might not change that at all.

Napoleon tried it on Prussia. The supple ingenuity and unflagging perseverance with which Prussia evaded the limitations placed upon her armaments, and built a powerful fighting machine in spite of them, have long been much admired by orthodox Prussian historians.

A strong nation under the control of a militaristic dynasty and caste will constantly seek by every possible device and subterfuge to increase its military power. In spite of all paper limitations, it will never cease from striving to be better armed than its neighbors; and the result finally will be just the old competitive arming of nation against nation.

Governments must abandon not only the idea of conquest but the idea of enforcing their arbitrary will by arms as unreservedly as civilized governments have abandoned the idea of compelling observance of a state religion. Otherwise it matters little whether, in the matter of armaments, they start at zero or at one hundred.





Removal of this rough surface reveals the internal condition of the steel after forging.

How the Man at the Forge Protects You on the Road

Human life and safety are the first considerations in the building of a motor-car

And the crucial point in the whole structure is the steering knuckle on whose spindle the front wheel revolves.

It must turn with every movement of the steering wheel. It must withstand incessant jolting, jarring and vibration.

The internal structure of the steel of which that spindle is made is vitally important, **for upon its strength and toughness depend your safety and the safety of those who ride with you.**

The chemist has checked the analysis of the raw material—we know it has the right ingredients, and in the right proportion.

But his analysis cannot reveal the effect of the drop hammer on the mechanical condition of the metal.

If it is over-heated before it reaches the forge, no process of heat-treatment can repair the damage. Yet how can we tell?

It is impossible to look into the inside of that spindle, as in an X-ray photograph, and see its internal condition

But the man at the forge supplies us with another way of getting the information that we *must have* for your protection

The die in which the hot metal is hammered into shape is so designed that a projection is left on the forging, where the spindle joins the upright portion of the knuckle. After the forging is made this little projection or nib is removed by the inspector and the surface of the fracture reveals at once the mechanical structure of the steel. The work of the inspector is again checked by the laboratory, for the little piece that has been removed is sent there for analysis.

No imperfection can get by. The slightest indication of weakness in internal structure sentences that forging instantly to the scrap heap.

Thus in countless little ways back in the factory many individuals in a great organization are constantly watching the little things that mean protection to you out on the road.

The Timken-Detroit Primer, A-15, "On Axles," will tell you how important they are and how their reputation for reliability and long service has been built into them in the Timken plant. Sent free, postpaid, on application to

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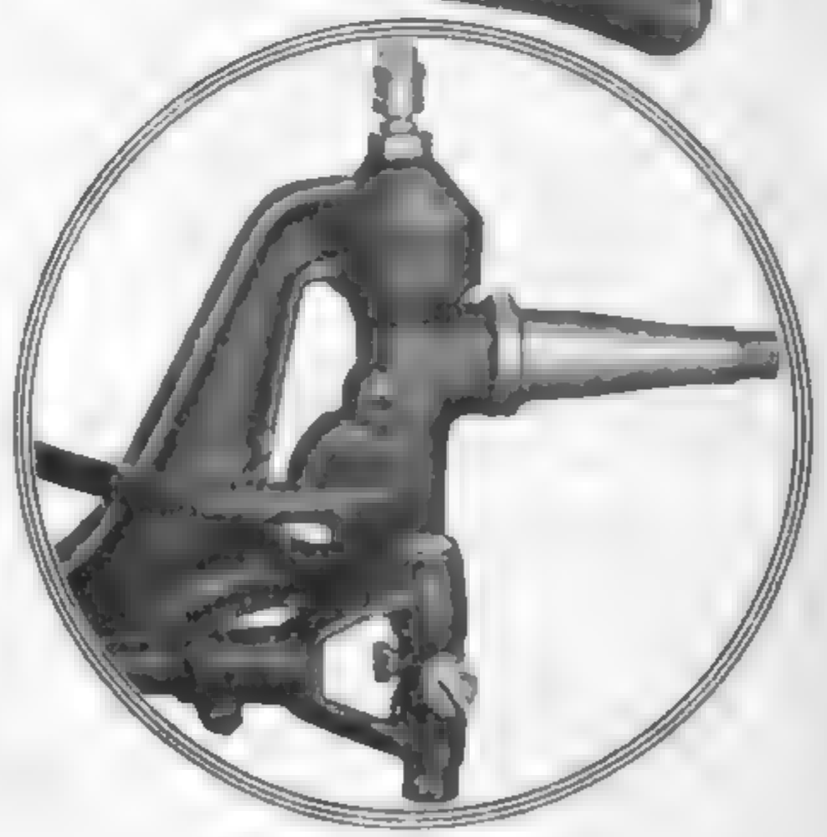


This shows position of the steering knuckle in a motor car front axle.

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

Firestone

Super CORD TIRES

IT IS to the advantage of Firestone Tires to compare them with any mode of transportation, no matter how typical or specialized.

GREATER MILEAGE—Firestone Super Cord Tires are yielding from eight to fifteen thousand miles in service.

FUEL SAVING—They give from two to five miles more to each gallon of gasoline.

SMOOTHER RIDING—The super size means more air; this, with Firestone Cord construction and the quality of materials used, means greater resiliency—comfort supreme.

LONGER LIFE—Your selection of Firestone Super Cord Tires is your assurance of longer life for your car and fewer road troubles. Their flexibility practically eliminates stone bruise.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

SIX MONTHS AFTER

(Continued from Page 19)

With the exception of the first inconsequential five per cent of drafted men, this entire mass of troops rode the greater part of their journeys in special trains—thirteen thousand five hundred passenger cars, including fifteen hundred Pullman cars, two thousand baggage cars and forty-five hundred freight cars of one sort or another. And, both because these were army specials and because they were composed of extremely variegated equipment, an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour was adopted where all equipment was of passenger-train standard, and twenty miles an hour where freight cars were used. In cases of extreme necessity engineers might make a maximum of five miles an hour additional; but no more. It was felt that it was better to be safe and sure in troop movement than very sorry. And so the movement of nearly three-quarters of a million men was accomplished absolutely without accident; which, to my mind, in itself represents a genuine accomplishment.

To move the National Army was a vastly more difficult matter than carrying the old National Guard or the Regular Army, because of the vast number of originating points of the companies of drafted men. The Provost Marshal General had designated 4351 cities and towns all the way across the land, and even up into Alaska, as points of concentration for the newest of all our armies. The preparation of schedules for special cars or special trains from each of these towns was a huge task, accomplished only by the detailing of an expert railroad passenger man at the office of the Adjutant General in each state capital. These men made the detailed schedules and found the cars for the special movements; other men, for the most part passenger solicitors, rode the trains and, so far as they were able, saw to the comfort of the men. There were others who rode those trains—the railroad secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association. The work of the main stem of the Y. M. C. A. is pretty well understood already. But the railroad branch was hardly to permit itself to be outdone by the parent organization. And in order that the conscripts might have a little more interest and attention and comfort than the overburdened government authorities could arrange, it sent its secretaries out upon more than five hundred trains.

Military Routing

Because of the distribution of the sixteen cantonments of the National Army across the country there were few cases where the haul was of any great length. The longest, as I recall it, was the special train that brought the citizen soldiers of Yuma, Arizona, to Fort Riley, Kansas. This trip of fifteen hundred miles consumed almost exactly forty-eight hours.

On the other hand, long hauls were common for the National Guard. Late in September I passed a regiment of Oregon soldiers at a siding in South Carolina bound for Camp Greene, at Charlotte, in the neighboring state. This regiment had been routed by the Southern Pacific all the way from Portland, through San Francisco, Los Angeles and El Paso, to New Orleans, and from there north and east through Birmingham and Atlanta. At first glance this would seem to be a long roundabout route—the more logical one across being from Portland to Pocatello, Green River, Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis. But there was a reason—and a logical one too. It was like the time-honored catch question the War College at Washington puts out to army officers who are trying to master the intricacies of military transportation.

That well-seasoned question asks the officer to name the best route for moving troops from Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, to Fort Ethan Allen, at Burlington, Vermont. The army student reaches for a copy of the railroad official guide and in a few minutes lays out a schedule by the shortest route—through Niagara Falls, Oswego and Norwood, New York—and loses. The best route in that and every other case is the most practicable one, with a view to grades and double trackage. And it is always best to keep the route upon one railroad, even if a considerable additional mileage is traversed. The Government, like the private citizen, pays only for the shortest mileage between points. And by keeping upon one railroad it has a better hand upon responsibility, as well as the assurance of adequate motive power and other service for the entire distance.

With the full quotas at each of the cantonments, the problem of the railroads that serve them settles down to a steady pull of freight. The transportation problems of the camps by no means cease with the haul of construction materials or the men who form its human equipment. It has been estimated that thirty-five pounds of supplies will be needed each day for each horse and man, or from nine hundred to one thousand tons a day for the average cantonment.

On a basis of twenty tons to a car, this means at least forty-five carloads each day; in addition to which ten carloads of coal are needed for the heating, lighting and cooking purposes of this type of army city, which is not in the least self-supporting but which depends entirely upon the outside world for its sustenance.

The cantonment—the military problem, if you please—represents but a single phase of the need of efficient railroad service in the national crisis. The question of the building of ships is almost equally important. The day has long passed when even a wooden vessel could be built upon the shores from raw materials close at hand. Lumber and steel and coal, and all the other things that go to make a modern vessel, come from afar and in great quantities. And so pressing is the problem that the United States Shipping Board also has created a railroad bureau, in charge of D. L. Ewing, of Kansas City. Mr. Ewing, who was picked by the American Railway Association for his job, will find it similar to that of Mr. Denney at the cantonment headquarters. He has to find the cars for shipyard materials, and then to keep them moving.

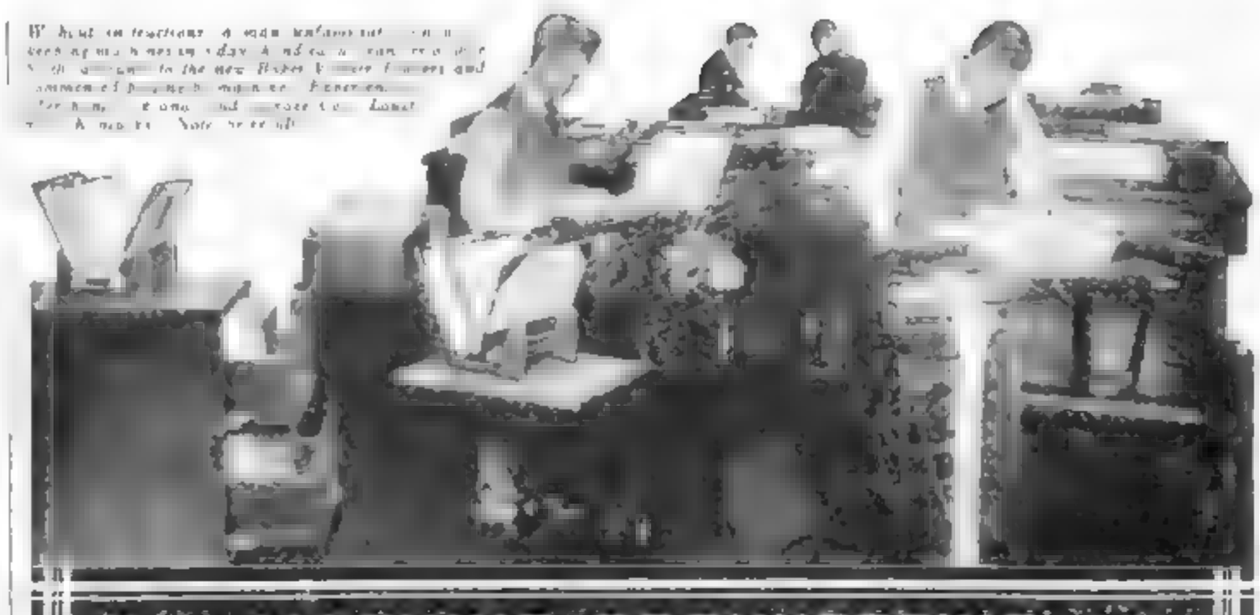
Economy In Cars

Still other governmental functions at Washington are moving toward the establishment of transportation bureaus, all of them under control of the American Railway Association, and so correlated with the centralized authority of a national railroad system. This all requires effort and planning, and a real degree of system. And it all may be translated into a movement of freight unprecedented in the history of this country.

A moment ago and I was showing you figures compiled on the first day of last May which showed how our railroads, within the past two years, had added to their freight traffic a volume equal to that of the five greatest European nations combined. And now—after six months—the increase in traffic not merely holds but grows apace. Figures recently compiled show that all the railroads of the land handled 11.3 per cent more freight in the first six months of 1917 than in a similar period last year, forty-two per cent more than in the same months of 1915, and an equal percentage over 1914. And these percentages, added to the great normal tonnage of this land, make the totals equal to the entire annual freight traffic of the European nations we have cited.

To accomplish them, with the percentage of new cars and locomotives—built under great difficulties and at prices beyond the ordinary dreams of even the most optimistic equipment houses, barely overtopping the percentage of rolling stock worn out and scrapped under the terrific burden—has meant coöperation, the reduction of the great plan of a national conception of railroad operation to fine and exact detail. It has been a story of the saving of cars; of appeals not only to the patriotism and good sense of the shippers but to the loyalty and patriotism of the railroaders too. A freight car needlessly delayed in loading or in unloading, a freight car delayed in transit and shunted to a side track at the rear of a yard, means one less freight car in rapid transport service from point to point; a freight car loaded indifferently or short of a high-average maximum capacity means a container that is not doing its full war duty.

Individually these lapses are relatively unimportant. Collectively—applied to a million box cars and a million other freight carriers of one sort or another—they quickly mount to a huge total. And it has been



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"One clerk now posts and balances 8 ledgers. With pen-and-ink methods it required three clerks. The work is also neater and more accurate"

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Save $8.00 Now on "World's Easiest Easy Chair"

Sink into the roomy depths of a Royal, and you'll say that never before have you **known** such complete **physical** and **mental** relaxation.

You can sit up straight as in any chair—but by an easy finger pressure on the famous "Push Button" the chair back automatically reclines to any comfortable angle, where it **locks** until you again "Push the Button."

Solid Home Comfort

With your feet and lower limbs comfortably [illegible] up on the Leg Rest you can read, rest or doze with every inch of your body supported, with every nerve and muscle **relaxed!** As comfortable as a bed!

Leg Rest out of sight when not in use. Con[illegible] the best [illegible] upholstery [illegible] soft Push Button, simple, [illegible] proof. No other chair can have these patented [illegible]

Coupon Helps You Save $8.00

Any Royal dealer accepts the Coupon below as $1.00 [illegible]. In addition these two specials have already been reduced $[illegible] for introductory purposes. Total saving of $8.00 to [illegible]

Send For Free Book, "Conscious Rest"

showing many handsome Royals and valuable data on "Conscious Rest." Name of Royal dealer nearest you sent with [illegible]. Look for the name "Royal" on the Push Button. None genuine without it

Royal Easy Chair Co.

1107 Chicago Street Sturgis, Mich.

No. 1 Special

[illegible] $1.00 extra Denver and [illegible]

Good for $1.00 at Your Dealer's

This [illegible] Coupon [illegible] Dealer [illegible] Date [illegible]

Note to Dealer [illegible]

Royal Easy Chair Co., 1107, Sturgis, [illegible]

"Boy Saves 3 Days For Bookkeeper"

"This company uses your 'DIREX-ALL' for heading up customers' names and addresses on monthly statements. We have the office boy head up a statement for every customer on the books. These statements then go to the bookkeeper who uses as many as are required for the active accounts for that month, and turns back the remainder to the boy.

"As our statements are made up in triplicate the total number of addresses headed up for an average month would be about 4,500 and the cost of this routine labor on the part of the bookkeeper, representing about two or three days' work each month, is entirely saved."

(Signed) THE BARRETT CO., Philadelphia
John D. Reeves, Cashier

There's a type of DIREX-ALL for your business, to do your addressing, listing, billing - all sorts of periodic or repeated imprinting from standing or slow-changing files of names or data.

All DIREX-ALL machines do clear, beautiful ribbon-print work, with cost-cutting speed and *inevitable accuracy*

Free Book, "Doing the Dirty Work Better" may open your eyes to a new efficiency. Write for it

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A Dollar an Hour

What Are You Doing?

Calkins, Kohl, Starr and a score of our other valued young men have gone to war. Before Uncle Sam borrowed them, we were paying them, on an average, $300.00 a month. Are you doing as well?

You Can!

The fact that they have gone gives you a remarkable opportunity. The demand for the three nationally popular Curtis periodicals, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, is greater than ever before. Thousands of orders are coming directly to us simply because our staff of local salesmen is not big enough to handle all the business.

We Need You *to represent us locally in your spare time—and we will pay you liberally in salary and commission for the new and renewal subscriptions you can easily and quickly secure.*

The holiday rush is bearing down upon us. Holiday bills will soon be bearing down upon you. We can help each other. Let's get together.

JUST CLIP AND MAIL THE COUPON—TODAY

Edwin Kohl
$500 a month

Curtis Publishing Company
947 Independence Square, Philadelphia

Gentlemen: Please tell me how much you'll pay me for my spare time.

*Name*___

Address

City *State*

Raymond Starr
$100 a week

only by the intensive coöperative work against them that the railroads have been able to move their greatly increased freight burden, and with so little delay.

You may, if you so please, read the story in a still different way—in the figures of car shortages made public each month by the American Railway Association. Car shortage, literally interpreted, means the excess of orders for cars from shippers over the cars actually supplied. This car shortage—directly representing a lack of railroad freight service—on May first last was 148,627 cars. On August first it was 37,062 cars, and on September first that same figure had been lowered fourteen per cent. It then stood at 31,591. This may be the best showing for some time to come; for in the autumn begins the heavy traffic of the year, growing heavier each month until the spring is at hand.

Operating a railroad in winter, under the best of conditions, is no sinecure, particularly in the North and East, where the wartime traffic attains its heaviest volume. And the conditions now are anything but the best. Men and equipment alike are showing the strain. Many trains run habitually late and the record of engine failures is appalling. A man making an overland journey in an automobile found that his route for many miles carried him close beside a trunk-line railroad whose operating record is ordinarily high. But in the course of following its main line he saw five freight wrecks. I have reason to believe that that condition is typical. The hard, grinding winter is a tremendous test for both men and engines.

Those car-shortage figures should be impressive. They represent intensive and highly coöperative effort by chambers of commerce and other organizations, working with and for both the railroaders and the shippers, to meet the situation with both patience and forbearance. It has called for both; for if you are a shipper you probably have seen where the railroads gained some of their cars for war service—their seventy-five thousand cars for cantonment service alone. It has been done at the expense of the local freight and the less-than-carload service; and this despite the fact that the railroads have tried many ingenious plans to reduce car shortage and yet give a fair sort of service to their package-freight patrons.

Increased Shipping Efficiency

A number of roads have followed the lead of the Pennsylvania in instituting shipping days, whereby on certain designated days, twice or three times a week, solid sealed box cars of package freight are sent through, without change or transfer, from certain designated and advertised receiving stations in the larger cities to the more important centers. By this method the Pennsylvania, in September, made a daily average saving of 94 cars out of Philadelphia alone.

Another railroad, which has many suburban lines leading out of New York and which prides itself on the efficiency of its freight service, has tried to solve the problem for near-by points by gathering up package freight for them at its terminals and dumping it into the handiest box cars available for the haul to its transfer station out on the Jersey meadows. There the stuff is held until it can make a car loaded to maximum weight, no matter whether the delay is twenty-four hours or three or four days. Time is sacrificed to efficiency.

One effect of this slowing down in the non-war-merchandise service has been to throw an immense burden upon the express service, which is having its own troubles in holding its labor against the war demands upon it. Moreover, many of the express and baggage cars with which it ordinarily operates have been commandeered by the army for the troop trains. Yet, notwithstanding these two great handicaps, which have the immediate effect of greatly congesting terminals, one express company, which under normal conditions operates two local cars between New York and Philadelphia, found in September that it was necessary to use nine cars nightly to handle the purely local traffic between those cities. And this is only a typical instance; there are many such.

No wonder, then, that express terminals are choked with business, and that, for the first time in the history of that particular branch of transportation, it found itself obliged to use the resort of the harassed railroader who finds business coming in more rapidly than he can handle it and declare embargoes, both partial and complete. It did more:

It asked that mercantile houses use, as far as possible, motor trucks—particularly between near-by cities—in order that express facilities might be reserved for the long-distance traffic, which can travel in no other fashion.

Enough, for the moment, of the dark side of the picture. Any shipper can add to it—and quickly too.

Let us consider this real achievement of the railroads of the land—and consider it as a genuine achievement; for, after all, only a small proportion of the cars gained for the great extra war movement of freight has been gained at the expense of merchandise freight. A great many more of them have been secured by better methods of loading—a thing at which we have already hinted. The railroads, acting at all times under the suggestion and guidance of Mr. Willard, Mr. Harrison and their associates at Washington, have carried forward an intensive educational campaign looking to making each car bear more nearly the load that is painted in white figures upon its sides as its actual capacity.

How Better Loading Helps

Take the case of sugar: The commercial selling unit of that particular commodity has always been four hundred bags; therefore the custom has arisen of making that the usual box-car loading, though a modern car can easily carry one thousand bags. And in canned goods, layers of cases weighing some thirty-seven thousand four hundred pounds have been, until recently, a typical load for a forty-foot box car. But that same car, with "one hundred thousand pounds" marked as its capacity upon its red sides, is capable of carrying fifteen hundred cases of canned corn or tomatoes, or eight layers from top to bottom. And that is the way it is being loaded to-day.

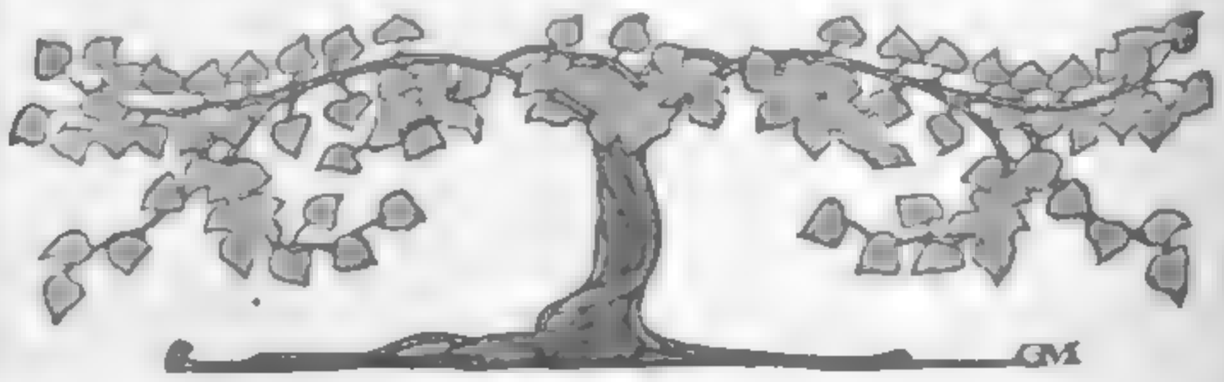
And this is but a single instance. An examination made recently of loaded potato cars out of Florida and Georgia showed that they were averaging 200 barrels this year as against but 125 last. A yardmaster checking coal gondolas on the Western Maryland found only seven cars out of 540 loaded below their marked capacity; and the average lading of all of them was over 111 per cent.

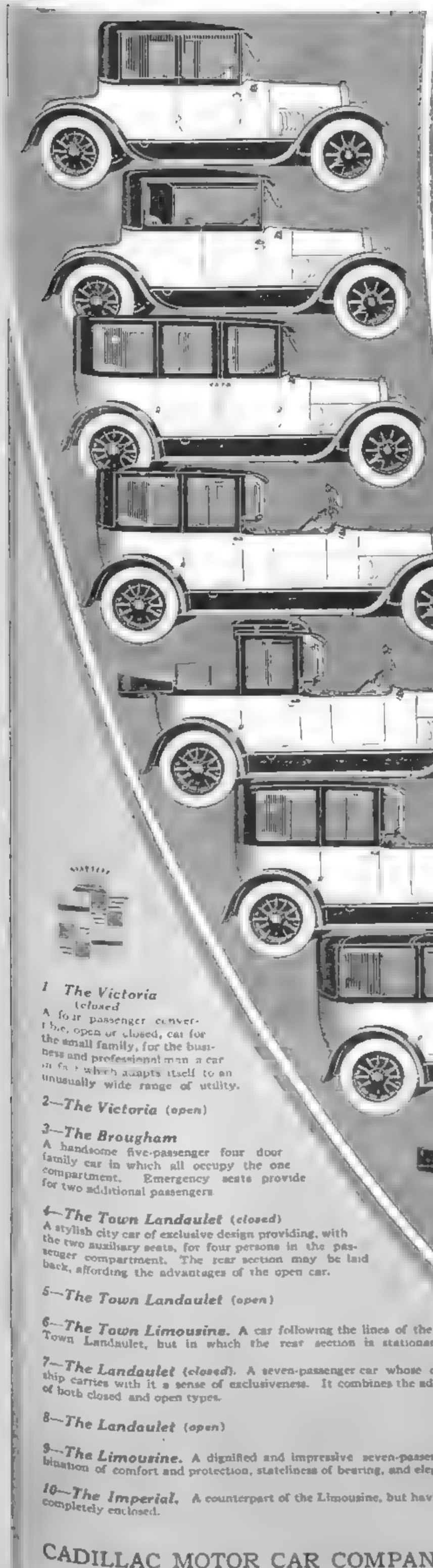
With such care being repeated across the land; with shippers and their organizations, as well as the state and Federal regulatory bodies, all coöperating to achieve this efficiency result, one ceases to wonder at the gain in cars. Despite the difficulties we have already seen, the railroads are building about one hundred and fifty thousand new freight cars of one sort or another.

These, however, have been unusually slow in delivery. It is certain that the cantonments and camps could never have been finished on time, men and material moved into them promptly as well as to the embarkation points, shipbuilding carried forward, foodstuffs moved, and the fabrication of munitions continued at top speed, without this efficiency, secured so largely through the good sense and good will of commercial America—many times at a considerable sacrifice.

Cars cannot move without locomotives. The conditions that have accompanied the manufacture of engines are exactly the

(Continued on Page 53)





Cadillac Enclosed Cars

Motoring comfort finds its highest expression in Cadillac Enclosed Cars.

Their superlative beauty, quiet dignity, and rare good taste, single them out for especial admiration in whatever company.

They announce unmistakably the substantial character of their ownership.

Their appeal rests not merely in one or a few outstanding features, but rather in the blending of many attractions into the harmonious whole.

Artistic appearance and compelling environments, however, are but the introduction to the unusual charm to be enjoyed.

The comfort is enhanced and intensified by the velvety riding qualities created by the Cadillac eight-cylinder engine, in a chassis where scientific design and standards of workmanship have been brought to the highest plane of development.

The art of the designer, the craftsmanship of the coach builder, the genius of the engineer, the skill of the workman—these talents have been combined in producing a line of enclosed motor carriages in which it would be difficult for you to picture to yourself any feature which could contribute more thoroughly to your comfort and to your enjoyment.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

1 The Victoria (closed)
A four passenger convertible, open or closed, car for the small family, for the business and professional man, a car or car which adapts itself to an unusually wide range of utility.

2—The Victoria (open)

3—The Brougham
A handsome five-passenger four door family car in which all occupy the one compartment. Emergency seats provide for two additional passengers.

4—The Town Landaulet (closed)
A stylish city car of exclusive design providing, with the two auxiliary seats, for four persons in the passenger compartment. The rear section may be laid back, affording the advantages of the open car.

5—The Town Landaulet (open)

6—The Town Limousine. A car following the lines of the Town Landaulet, but in which the rear section is stationary.

7—The Landaulet (closed). A seven-passenger car whose ownership carries with it a sense of exclusiveness. It combines the advantages of both closed and open types.

8—The Landaulet (open)

9—The Limousine. A dignified and impressive seven-passenger car: a rare combination of comfort and protection, stateliness of bearing, and elegance throughout.

10—The Imperial. A counterpart of the Limousine, but having the chauffeur's compartment completely enclosed.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

COOPER'S BENNINGTON

Spring Needle Underwear

for

Real Men

Men with the brain to plan and the brawn to do and the nerve to buck the line—

Men with a wallop—men who sail the seven seas, blaze the trails of civilization, cut holes through mountains, build skyscrapers, tunnel rivers, take trenches—

Men who take the world as they find it and mold it to suit themselves—

Strip them of their outer garments and you'll find —Cooper's-Bennington— the underwear with

COOPER'S ORIGINAL Spring Needle BENNINGTON

Assured Value

This trade-mark is the sign of our responsibility to the dealer who sells and the consumer who wears Cooper's-Bennington Underwear.

"The Stretch That Springs Back"

For there's a kinship between the sturdy yarn and solid stitch of Cooper's Spring Needle Fabric and the strength of strong men.

And men who have a "come-back" of their own like the true elasticity of Cooper's-Bennington.

Clean men like clean workmanship. Honest men want honest values.

And they know Cooper's-Bennington for what it is—the garment with an extra mile of yarn that gives an extra year of wear. Made in every weight of fabric—every length of sleeve and leg.

And the merchants who sell it, like the men who buy it, are too big to offer inferior values.

BLACK CAT TEXTILES COMPANY

Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wisconsin
and Bennington, Vermont

Makers Also of Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery for All the Family

(Continued from Page 50)

same as those that have hedged about the car builders. To the problems of high prices for labor and for raw materials has been added the fact that priority orders have gone into all the equipment shops for cars and locomotives for our allies—first for the United States Government railroad in France and then for the lines in Russia. Daniel Willard, who, though born of the railroad and forever living his life within its atmosphere, stands to-day a little aloof from it and more in an international relationship, has said that the quick building and shipping of engines and cars oversea will mean the saving of the lives of hundreds and thousands of our boys over there.

As I write, a great locomotive shop in Philadelphia has finished the first of a huge order of locomotives for our new railroad in France—twenty days from the start to the moment when the big gray Yankee freighter first dug her heels into the rails and sprang forward under her own steam. And with the locomotives have begun to come the cars—also battleship gray. They are fine engines—fine cars too. There is not a railroader in this whole land who is not immensely proud of them; but they have meant a tremendous extra burden upon our railroad facilities.

"The problem is indeed a very great one," says Fairfax Harrison, the keen-witted chairman of the Railroads War Board, as the special committee on National Defense of the American Railway Association has come to be called. "For we can see now that the war is to be fought chiefly by the railroads of America. The issue, in the long run, is to be determined as much by the railroaders from the United States who have stuck to the job here in their own land as by those who have gone over to Europe. In my mind there is no question that, if our railroads can continue to maintain through the entire period of the war the service they have kept up thus far in its progress, they will have accomplished a very large part in the winning of the conflict. Every effort must be exerted toward helping them to maintain such a service.

"In considering the needs of our allies for locomotives and cars, it must not be forgotten that our own railroads must be maintained at a maximum of efficiency for this nation and its own war problems. The best interest of our allies demands that the efficiency of the American railroads shall be maintained. Take the single important question of steel plates—used in both locomotive and car construction and repair: A road in the Northeast to-day has a number of engines tied up in its shops for lack of steel plates for their repair. And an appreciable amount of freight service cannot, in consequence, be rendered."

The Shortage of Steel Plates

"The output of steel plates for the current year is estimated at 1,850,000 tons. Of this, 1,600,000 tons will be taken by the Government for its own uses in naval and merchant-ship construction and in building cars and locomotives for our hard-pressed allies. At least two hundred and seventy-five thousand tons of plates are needed by the railroads to take care of the absolutely necessary repairs for engines and cars to-day being worn out in the greatest volume of inland traffic that this country has ever known. It takes no account of the requirements for additional cars and locomotives; two hundred and fifty thousand tons additional are needed to complete the cars now on order. Over and above this are the genuine needs of the general public. And yet only a little computation shows that the Government cannot have the 1,600,000 tons of plates that it needs and still give the railroads the absolutely necessary quota for their much-needed repairs and replacements."

Cars cannot move without locomotives; and locomotives, as we have just seen, cannot be created out of thin air. Last spring we showed how locomotives, like cars, might be saved for war uses by greater economy and efficiency in their ordinary use. A locomotive withdrawn from the haul of an after-theater suburban train might mean the bringing of enough extra war supplies to save the skins of a regiment of men fighting in France. It was suggested that many passenger trains could be eliminated, particularly in competitive territory, and their engines and crews used for the movement of war traffic and the flood tide of commercial traffic which has arisen since the outbreak of the struggle in Europe.

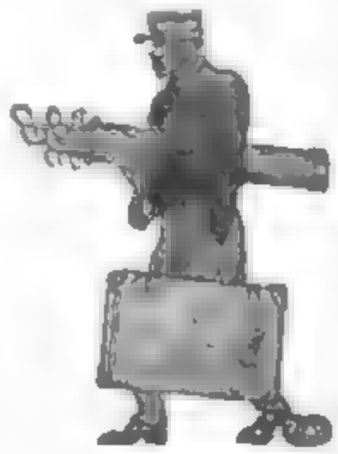
The suggestion was seized upon by the railroads; by some of them with avidity. They saw an opportunity to remove passenger trains that long ago had outlived their usefulness, but whose withdrawal in ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances would have been greeted by a storm of protest. That, in itself, spoke volumes for the part which the privately operated automobile and the jitney have come to play in transport between the cities and towns of the more closely built parts of the land. Most of these local trains, in all probability, will never be restored.

Competitive Service Reduced

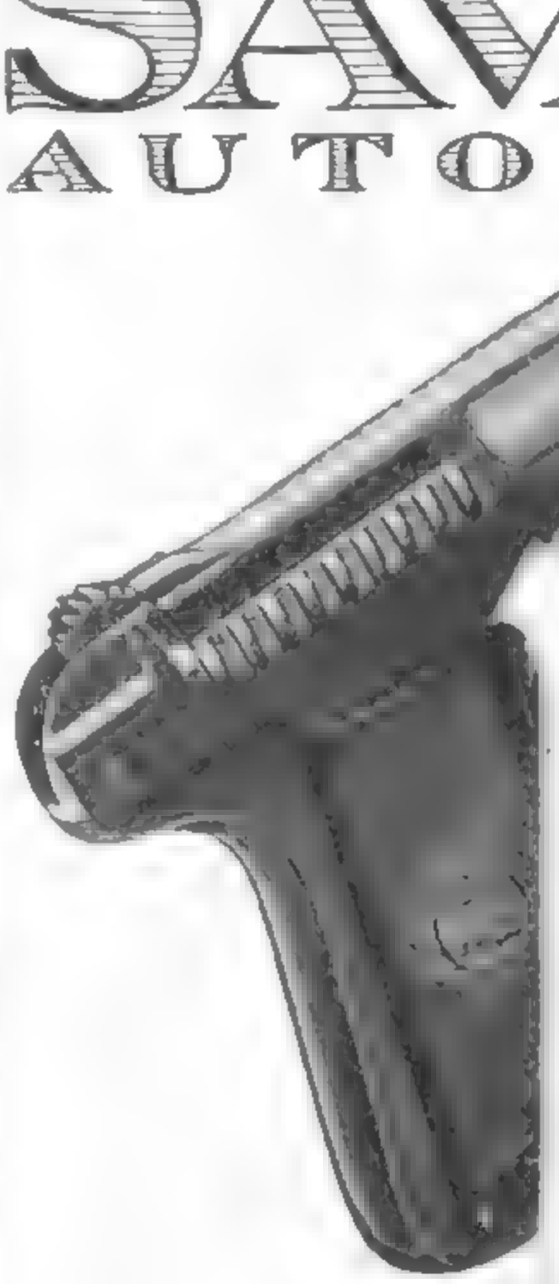
The schemes for the removal of trains in the more competitive railroad territory were elaborate and provided for the largest economies in men and fuel and locomotives. Beyond question the greatest waste in the entire railroad field to-day is the elaborate duplicate train service that is maintained between some of the larger cities of the central portions of the land. There are six railroads between Chicago and the Twin Cities, and each of them tries to duplicate the others' service, not only as to the number and equipment of trains but even to the leaving and arrival hours. Similar situations exist between Chicago and St. Louis, St. Louis and Kansas City, Kansas City and Chicago, and various other points as well.

Schemes were prepared to have the railroads operating between these cities pool their interests and revise their schedules, so that practically the same schedules would be open to the travelers bound between them, but with a tremendous saving of passenger-train mileage. Thus, to the Burlington, the Northwestern and the Soo lines might be delegated the day service; while the night traffic between Chicago and St. Paul would be given to the Milwaukee, the Rock Island and the Great Western. But no sooner was such a suggestion made than it was vetoed by the roads most immediately concerned. It was all very well for the folks down at Washington to preach coöperation and a pooling of all the railroads into a single great continental system; but what road was going into any arrangement whereby it would be compelled to take the lean of the passenger traffic while its more fortunate competitor got the fat? Our altruism and patriotism have not yet reached a point where that is possible.

Moreover, the increase in passenger business of our railroads within the past few months has kept pace with the freight increase. Passenger earnings in June last were some six million five hundred thousand dollars higher than in any other June in the entire history of our railroads. These increases have been almost entirely in through traffic; yet it is an interesting fact that, though most of the roads agreed this year to advertise no excursion traffic, some of them broke their previous holiday records on the Fourth of July, and again on Labor Day. But the big passenger revenues have come in the commercial business—the great number of men who are



SAVAGE
AUTOMATIC



"Aims as easy as pointing your finger"

QUICK!

Quick into action, instantly fitting the hand in its most natural pointing position, the Savage Automatic lends a confidence that meets *any emergency* more than half way.

You'll always find a Savage product where the service is the hardest.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

1432 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

Makers of high power and small caliber sporting rifles.

ATWATER KENT

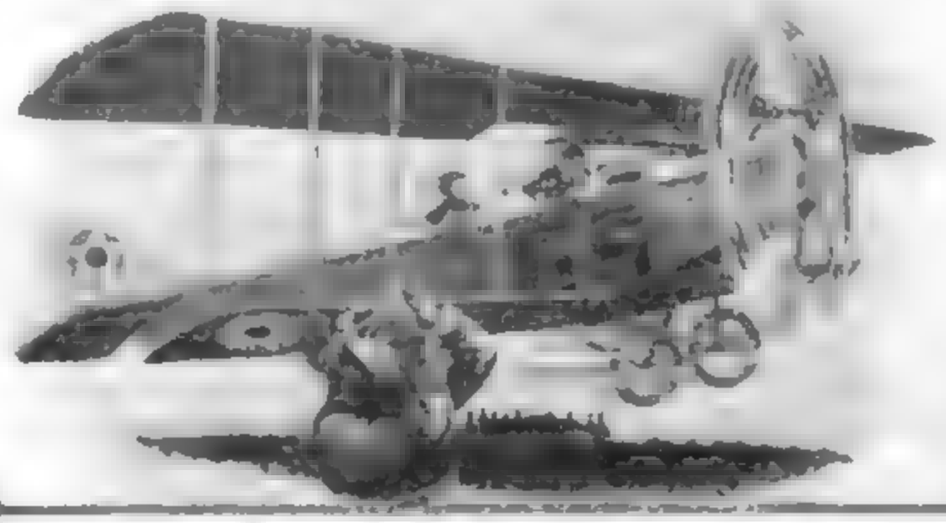
SCIENTIFIC IGNITION

THE more exacting the requirement the greater the recognition accorded Atwater Kent Scientific Ignition. It is the logical selection of discriminating manufacturers in the Automotive industry, where simplicity of construction and unfailing performance are the greatest considerations.

Is your car Atwater Kent equipped? There is a system to suit every car made—electrically equipped or not.

ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS *Philadelphia*

SEE YOUR DEALER OR WRITE TO
4937 STENTON AVENUE



HEINZ

Fig Pudding

THERE is a new dessert among the 57 Varieties—Heinz Fig Pudding. It is a treat. Figs, of course, with spices and flavorings, cooked to bring out a taste that will make your mouth water. We cannot tell you how good it is. You must try it. Heat it in the can, serve it with a sauce the recipe for which is given on the can. In Fig Pudding Heinz has been particularly fortunate in securing that delicious taste which is the secret of success in a dessert.

One of the 57

HEINZ

HEINZ MINCE MEAT

Great big raisins such as are sold only at the most exclusive fruit stores; black, fruity currants; rich suet such as is found on only the choicest cuts; spices that are fairly redolent of the sun-kissed stretches of Arabia; apples whose cheeks have been slowly reddened on the breeze-swept orchards of the lake country, are all blended with a skill that knows just the right proportions to produce the most appetizing combination to make—Heinz Mince Meat.

HEINZ Plum Pudding

appropriate, delicious, wholesome, and festive. A most delicious dessert for a holiday or any other day.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

going back and forth between the larger commercial and manufacturing cities of the land on errands of peace and of war.

This form of passenger traffic has reached its highest volume between Washington and Chicago, New York and Boston. A road between New York and Washington which only recently has begun to acquire a reputation as a passenger carrier formerly ran but a single sleeping car in each direction between those cities and found that car but half filled much of the time. Now it has six standard sleepers in service upon that night train in each direction, and an all-compartment car to boot; and they all are filled—even to the uncomfortable uppers.

The dollar-a-year Government employee, who has his other office in the narrow Manhattan street called Wall, insists upon comfort as he ferries back and forth between the nation's political capital and its financial one. Comfort he translates into a private compartment. And he gets it gets it even though it takes nine years' salary for his special railroad transportation and six more years to pay the Pullman Company for its share of the tariff.

It was hinted that the fast twenty-hour trains on the two chief roads between New York and Chicago, each with tremendous coal consumption, might be taken off as a war measure; it was suggested as a compromise that they should be alternated between the two roads which operate them. But the line whose train regularly and consistently receives by far the larger traffic of the two objected vigorously to such a plan; even to a further compromise whereby the coöperative war schedule would be adjusted in accordance with the comparative earning powers of the two rival flyers. And, as a matter of fact, these trains have been as crowded as any of their democratic and less expensive brethren.

Wonderful Team Work

So it is that the train saving has been almost entirely in unimportant trains and almost universally in noncompetitive territory. That it has been a real saving, however, is attested by the gain in results. Even in the hotly competitive territory of the middle portion of the land, three roads moving coal up to Chicago—the Illinois Central, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, and the Chicago & Alton—handled, in the five months ending September first, sixty-six per cent more carloads of coal than they did in the same five months of 1916—and 1916, up to the beginning of September, was a record-breaking coal year for every one of them.

Up in New England, the Boston & Maine, despite the many troubles that have beset it in the past few years, hauled 950,000 tons of coal in May last, compared with 625,000 in May, 1916, and 500,000 in May of the year preceding. And this showing is made more impressive by the fact that, owing to wartime conditions, many of the barges which formerly carried New England fuel along the coast from tidewater Virginia ports have now been withdrawn, and the all-rail haul of the road—putting the greatest strain upon its resources—in the twelvemonth from May, 1916, to May, 1917, had jumped from a thirty-day total of 350,000 tons to 750,000.

The Boston & Maine, as a road in a territory generally noncompetitive, has never been forced into an expensive or elaborate passenger service. In the present emergency it was able to consolidate and reduce much of that service with a minimum of discomfort to its patrons and a maximum of efficiency. J. H. Hustis, its president and receiver, estimated that the passage of a single passenger train over the Fitchburg Division of the road, between Boston and the Hudson River, caused, on an average, day sidetracking and delay to thirty-nine trains for a total period of forty-five hours and forty-five minutes.

When the train was eliminated the road had not only gained that appreciable saving in the movement of its trains and the use of its freight cars, but it had saved fuel and locomotives and men. And this performance for a single train upon a two-hundred-mile stretch of road shows what can be accomplished, when the need actually arises, by a strong hand in the extravagant competitive territory of the mid-West.

Yet despite these things; despite the unwillingness of the roads in the competitive territories of the land to cut down on the most expensive forms of their operation; despite the drafts of men and equipment to the transportation routes of our allies oversea; despite the flood heights of both freight and passenger traffic, the military movements of men and horses and munitions and foodstuffs, the railroads are still on the job.

The rod has bent—and it has bent greatly—but it has not broken. It does not now look as if it would break. Some of the most optimistic of the big railroaders in the crisp rejuvenating Indian summer days ventured the assertion that there will be no appreciable car shortage or congestion this fall, and that the railroads, if their engines and cars can only hold out a little longer, will go into the coming winter far better prepared than in the two winters which preceded it.

Credit it, if you will, to coöperation. Mark that down for coördination. After six months the plan for the nationalization of the railroads—the direct pooling of their interests, which in ordinary times of peace would send all the railroaders to jail for fracturing the blessed old Sherman Law—has shown that it has real merit.

For a number of years before the war they had been drifting toward better un... The policy of consolidation, either in name or in fact, had steadily gained ground. Consolidation properly carried forth almost invariably meant better railroading, from the point of view of the patron as well as the security holder. Consolidation had brought the railroad units in half a century from a thousand little straggling individual lines into hardly more than a dozen great systems. And six months after the coming of the war it has done more toward bringing these twelve systems into unity of thought and purpose and action than twenty years of peace might have done.

The advocate of the government ownership of railroads may derive such comfort as he pleases out of all this. He may find assurance in the recent prediction of Mr. Ripley, president of the Santa Fé, that we are upon the threshold of government control of our carriers; or he may knit his brows over the statement of Mr. Markham, president of the Illinois Central, that such a thing is now quite out of the question. But he must admit that government control at any time could hardly accomplish more than private control has accomplished in 1917—the raising up of a tired and worn and sick national business into an agent active and alert in the forefront of the crisis, and promptly and efficiently doing its part for the saving of the democracy of the world.

I have not hesitated to criticize the railroads. I shall not hesitate to criticize them again. But I do believe that the thing they have accomplished this year is almost without parallel in the great commercial annals of the United States.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 37)

Mrs. Otis Skinner

This splendid organization has been in existence but six months, and in that short time the amount of work accomplished is merely further proof of the value of stage training, not only for *acting*, but *action* for organized and immediate service.

Headquarters are in New York. My work is to see that actresses on tour are not limited to yarn and knitting needles, but are able in every city of importance to work with some local Red Cross auxiliary—or to have a branch workroom of our own where we may do our bit for the actors in that great tragedy "Somewhere Out There."

To be a member of the S. W. W. R. one must have close affiliation with the theater. The actress, the author, the wife of the dramatic critic, the manager or the box-office man, the women ushers or the charwomen—all are welcome. This is my job.

John Wingate Weeks

find his name written all over the war legislation of the last session.

Senator Weeks was a surveyor—once, a sort of sea-going surveyor, down in the Everglades of Florida. But he's nothing but a United States Senator now, morning, noon and night, and he likes his job.

And right here is a friendly tip to the cartoonists: Stop cartooning Senator Weeks about four feet high! He's six feet one, socks or no socks, and strong as an ox, and—well, it's a friendly tip, that's all.

REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

Remy believes that your satisfaction depends largely on the calibre and experience of the men it employs.

If the quality of Remy ability is high, the quality of Remy products is bound also to be high.

For 18 years Remy has faithfully followed the principle of building a stable business by building a stable organization.

It has gradually gathered the men, kept them, and trained them to work together.

Their collective experience—their specialized knowledge—are worth even more to you than the great Remy plants, the costly laboratories, and the modern machinery.

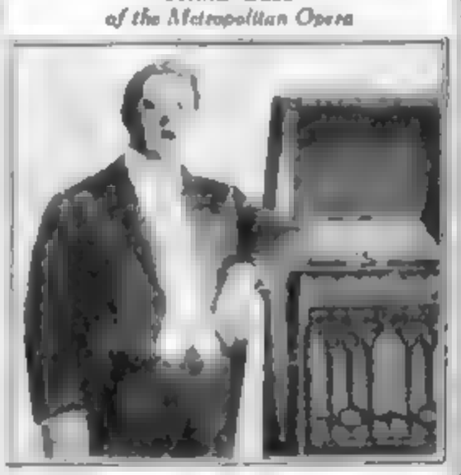
These men put their progressive experience, their knowledge, their Remy training, into Remy products, so that they shall give the greatest degree of satisfactory performance.

They are working to make Remy stand so high that people will instinctively think of Remy when they think of starting, lighting, or ignition.

Margaret Matzenauer
of the Metropolitan Opera

Marie Rappold
of the Metropolitan Opera

Anna Case
of the Metropolitan Opera



Arthur Middleton
of the Metropolitan Opera

Thomas Chalmers
of the Metropolitan Opera

Wouldn't you like to have these Metropolitan Stars as your Christmas Guests?

WOULDN'T it be a pleasure to be able to sit down amidst the comfortable surroundings of your own home and listen to Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Chalmers, and the other great singers of the world? That would be a privilege, wouldn't it?

We said *would* be a privilege. But thanks to the genius of Thomas A. Edison it is a privilege which is now within your grasp. So far as the enjoyment of their voices is concerned you *can* actually have this distinguished group as Yuletide guests. You *can* sit in your own home and revel in the beauty of their magnificent voices.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

reproduces the human voice with such fidelity and accuracy that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices—or instrumental performances.

You will, very naturally, feel skeptical about so strong a claim. But before hundreds of audiences we have conducted our famous "tone tests" in which the instrument was pitted against the artist and invariably the verdict was the same; *no difference could be detected.* In a "tone test," the artist sings in his natural voice; then suddenly ceases, leaving the instrument to continue the song alone. Thirty different great artists have made these tests.

More than one million people have attended the tests and not one of them has been able to tell, except by watching the singer's lips, when the living voice left off and when the New Edison began. With the lights lowered not one could tell when the change took place. 500 unprejudiced newspaper critics who witnessed the recitals unite in this assertion. In this new instrument Mr. Edison has actually succeeded in *re-creating* the human voice.

We have never heard of any sound-producing device whose manufacturer dared to risk so relentless a trial. Until the New Edison was perfected such an achievement was undreamed of.

The actual photographs reproduced on this page depict five Metropolitan Opera Stars singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. No listener could detect the slightest shade of difference between the living voices and their Re-Creation.

A ROYAL GIFT
It Means a Richer Life

As a Christmas gift what can surpass this wonderful instrument? It is like a permanent pass to all the operas, all the concerts, all the music of the whole world. It does actually add something real and vital to life.

Have you ever considered the New Edison as a family gift? Nowadays many families are eliminating the smaller individual presents to one another and are pooling their holiday funds for the acquisition of "the phonograph with a soul," the instrument of music's Re-Creation.

We believe that you'd find our literature of interest. It's different from the usual catalog style. Drop us a line and we'll send you copies of our musical magazine, "Along Broadway." of the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and of the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

Or call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant in your vicinity and receive a demonstration. He advertises in your local papers.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

SELLING THE STREET

By Everett Rhodes Castle

I HAD just returned from the weekly luncheon of the Advertising Club, where I had sipped ice water, scattered cigar ashes over the linen, and otherwise deported myself as an interested listener, while Mr. Hugo Buzz, of the Buzz Stores, Incorporated, discoursed on Mercantile Display—Its Possibilities.

Scattered through the talk—which the Publicity Committee of the club forecast as a snappy businesslike chat for small retailers—were such phrases as "the psychology of modern attraction"; "the increasing tendency toward the utilization of this gigantic power"; "displays frequently costing two thousand dollars"—and others. They were as thick as the gray hairs of a movie father.

At the conclusion Mr. Buzz politely bowed his thanks amid a generous round of applause. On the way from the assembly room I linked arms with a small retailer from the outskirts of the city and asked him what he thought of it all.

"Fine! Great!" he exclaimed. "Only"—here his tone became almost apologetic—"I couldn't quite connect it all up with my little store."

"In other words," I said, "you ——"

"In other words," my friend broke in, "when they talk about the wonderful results to be obtained from windows I don't dispute their claim; but when they start to talk about increasing tendencies and two-thousand-dollar displays it goes right over my head. Why, I couldn't spend that much money in window displays in ten years!"

This, then, is the excuse for this article. I took up the brief of Mr. Small Merchant and stopped in to see Ike Block, the head of the display department of the Mammoth Store. I knew that much had been said, and more written, about this department of modern merchandising; but I felt, with my retailer friend, that from his standpoint a great deal remained to be talked about. I also felt that Ike was the man to say it. Besides running a small country store for several years, and possessing a speech well sprinkled with "ain'ts" and "I seens," he possessed the soul of a real artist—as to color, line and calico.

I found him busy playing with a tiny stage in his private office on the ninth floor of the Mammoth Building. The rest of his department covered several thousand feet of floor space to the rear. There will be more about the little stage later; right then I had Mr. Hugo Buzz's discourse in mind.

"Ike," I said, "what do you know about 'the increasing tendency toward the utilization of this gigantic power'?"

Ike stopped playing with the little pieces of cardboard on the stage.

"Tell me when I'm supposed to laugh," he said, lighting a short stub of a blackened pipe.

"We will pass on, then," I said, ignoring his pleasantry, "and take up the psychology of modern display."

"Let's sing it!" he suggested.

"All right, then," I said. "What is the function of a store window?"

Ike Takes Hold

Instantly Ike's face sobered; a look came into his eyes that made you understand why his salary at the Mammoth Store was nearly equal to that paid the mayor.

"To sell the street," he said shortly.

"Do they?"

It was then he surprised me—and incidentally about ninety per cent of the small retailers throughout this land.

"About eight per cent of them do," he said.

"The remaining ninety per cent?"

"The remaining ninety-two per cent," corrected Ike, "are neglecting the greatest silent salesman they have."

And Ike went on to prove it after his own forceful, convincing fashion.

That he was right—so far as the smaller merchant was concerned—was proved several months later, when a nationally known tire concern selected him to act in an advisory capacity to its dealer division; ditto a nationally advertised manufacturer of electric lamps.

The story of Ike and what he has done goes back over a period of fifteen years and starts with what Ike calls the Bird-Cage Era.

When Ike started to work at the Mammoth he was seventeen and his weekly pay envelope contained three dollars. He punched the bundle boys' time clock. He was lean and lank and needed every cent he could make.

One afternoon, toward the close of the day's business, Ike, from his perch above and behind the counter, heard the head window trimmer complain to the superintendent that his assistant had been kicked by a playful horse, and that he needed a good strong boy to help him that night.

Now the overtime rate for boys at that time was twenty-five cents a night, and it loomed large to Ike. Besides, he was going to have a chance to help in those two big windows he had watched so often.

"I'll help you, mister," he volunteered.

At that time it was the custom to run over the different departments much after the following fashion. Please remember, in connection with this short sketch, that everything mentioned is for one window—twenty-one feet wide, eight feet high and twelve feet deep.

Old-Fashioned Methods

The merchant or manager of the store is talking with the window trimmer. He says:

"George, the curtain department has some new things that might go well; stick them in."

"All right," says George.

"And," continues his boss, "dress goods ought to be good right now."

"Yeh," says George; "they ought."

"And a couple of good corset models—eh?"

"They always go good," George agrees.

"And something for the rugs; they haven't been doing enough business lately to pay the overhead. . . . Better help them out too."

"A rug and some linoleum—how's that?"

"Fine!" says the boss as he walks briskly away.

Halfway down the aisle, however, he finds that something has been forgotten.

"George! Oh, George," he calls. "I forgot about that shipment of blue-enameled teakettles. Better stick some of them in."

With this task disposed of for at least one week, the boss walks lightly down the aisle, steps behind the glove counter, emerges with his hat, and starts out to lunch.

On his way to the Chamber of Commerce lunchroom he stops to look at the window display of B——'s store, farther up the street. B—— evidently has had a heavy shipment of bird cages, for any number of them line his front window.

"Oh," says the boss to himself, "we can't afford to have B—— corner the bird-cage business. No, sir!"

After lunch he hurries back to the store and finds George putting the finishing touches to the window.

"Say, George," he says, "B—— has got a big display of bird cages; better get a couple into this window. Let 'em know we have them too—eh?"

George runs his hand through his hair, notes the background hung with curtains; the middle ground decorated with vivid dress goods and two new corset models; the foreground amply filled with kettles; the entire display over two rugs and a strip of kitchen linoleum. But George is a smart one!

Into the store he goes; and ten minutes later, with the aid of a nail, a hammer and some twine, he has three bird cages suspended from the ceiling.

And both the boss and George agreed that it was some window and ought to pull like a house afire.

But if the boss had overheard a clerk attending to a customer's wants after the following fashion he would have discharged him instantly—or faster.

The customer has requested the clerk to show her some fillet net curtains.

"Curtains? Oh, yes; certainly. This way, madam. Now here is an assortment of fine net curtains, in white and écru tints, I am sure you will like. They are ——"

"But ——"

"But don't forget, madam, that though these curtains are splendid values at $3.85 a pair, the new spring dress goods at your left, marked at $1.65 a yard, are unusual values that will ——"

"I only need ——"

"—— only be equaled by those good-looking new corsets you see in the aisle beyond, marked at five dollars. They are ——"

"Oh ——"

"—— as low at five dollars as the rugs we are offering on the fourth floor—that is, nearly as low. Now while I am at it I should also like ——"

"Please ——"

"—— to tell you about a special purchase of blue-enameled teakettles that the housewares department is offering at seventy-nine cents. And, madam ——"

"Once more I want to tell y——"

"—— please don't forget that a new cage for Birdie should come from this store, because ——"

But the bird cage is the straw that breaks the back of this customer's patience. Confused, she rushes from the store. Does the boss come over and say: "You're certainly pulling trade like a house afire?" He does not! You know what he says.

And so it was with the early stages of selling the street. The boss and the window trimmer believed that because the store had seventy-odd departments it was up to them to get as many into the window as possible. How those early merchants would have utilized the fourth dimension!

Cheesecloth was another important item that no window trimmer with any art about him neglected. The more cheesecloth that went into a window the more artistic and compelling it was. And how they loved to puff it! Big puffs, and more puffs—that was the way to dress the window. And those very same executives made the sparks fly when a salesman wore a red-and-white checked vest, or a salesgirl punched the time clock adorned in a Nile-green waist!

After six months under these conditions Ike was given an opportunity to try out a few of the ideas that had come to him as he held the tack hammer for his superior, or stood on the outside and listened to the comments of passers-by. Ike's superior left to engage in business for himself in a small town near by.

On Trial for a Week

"You have one week to show me that you can hold down the job," the manager told him.

"Do I arrange the windows as I see fit?" Ike inquired.

"Well, y-yes—that is, after talking the different departments over with me."

The next morning Ike hurried to the executive office for instructions.

"Mooney has a large shirt sale at fifty-five cents," he was told. "That always pulls well ——" Ike was nearly to the door. "Of course you had better add half a dozen suitcases, and some white wear, and maybe a few ——"

"But this shirt sale is always a big thing, isn't it? Don't you think, Mr. T——, we ought to give it a little more space than ——"

"This is a department store," Mr. T—— reminded him severely.

Ike loves to tell about this part of the story. The window was to go in that night; but Ike, instead of going to the little chop house round the corner, hurried home.

"You don't care if I get fired, do you, mother?"

Naturally his mother was anxious for particulars.

"I'm going to do something different; something I believe is so good that I'll probably get fired before anybody realizes it. But if they do—I'll get somebody to let me try it."

With his mother's consent Ike went back to the store to work. He found two dozen shirts, half a dozen suitcases and a collection of muslin underwear prepared for the window. Then he went to work.

The next morning Mr. T——, arriving as was his custom half an hour after the opening of the store, saw a crowd—the largest he had ever seen clustered about the front window of his store. Edging his way through the crowd Mr. T——, over the shoulder of a colored cab driver, saw the window.

Missing were the suitcases; gone were the dainty frilly petticoats; and in their stead were shirts!—shirts!—and still more shirts! They filled the window: shirts with red stripes; shirts with blue stripes; shirts with every color of stripe imaginable. Turning away from that window, Mr. T—— felt like everyone else who gazed upon it—like the fat boy who covered his coat with the contents of a large bottle of pungent perfume and then proudly announced: "When you smell a smell—that's me!"

On his way through the store he directed a floor manager to have Ike report to him immediately upon his arrival. And he was frowning too. But Ike, tired with the strain of working late into the morning, did not arrive until nearly noon—not until Mooney had rushed to the executive office and begged for more help.

Ike Wins Out

"We never had an early morning business like this before!" he exclaimed. "Every man who passes this store is coming in for shirts."

Possibly it was Mooney's remark; possibly it was the merry sound of jingling coin. At any rate, when Ike arrived Mr. T—— said:

"Greatest window we ever had! Go to it! You're the boss of the windows after this."

That was more than fifteen years ago and the Mammoth Store contained the same amount of floor space as the present waist department. Ike has never left the Mammoth except to do consulting work. The Mammoth and Ike have progressed hand in hand, as it were, until to-day the Mammoth Store stretches along over one hundred feet in the busiest section of the busiest street in D——. And each foot of that hundred is worth seven thousand five hundred dollars, or a total of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This does not include side space, which would bring the total well over the million-dollar mark. Over one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars is spent in newspaper advertising; over seven million dollars goes into its tinkling cash registers each year.

And in spite of these figures—figures that are big-league in every respect—Ike insists that he is running his department just the same way that the Head Store of Plunkville, Iowa, and Jake Brown's Cash Grocery Store, of Lima, Ohio, should run theirs! In other words, the Mammoth salesman though he is all dressed up in a hundred-thousand-dollar front, is capable of bringing in no greater percentage of returns than Jake Brown's modest six-hundred-dollar one. The secret lies in the fact that almost every Jake Brown doesn't realize what a little gold mine he has in his front window—a gold mine that will yield bullion nickels and crisp bank notes without going near any mint.

Jake has read of the larger stores that spend thousands upon thousands of dollars in window decoration. He has learned too much of the psychology of ads and not enough about Ike Block. I am not mad for Ike's grammar, but I go for his methods. He has gone counter to many ideas that prevail about selling the street. He is the only man in my merchandising experience who has been able to demonstrate the window scientifically in a city of well over half a million of people, on an appropriation of only ten per cent of the advertising budget—twenty thousand dollars.

Take up some of his ideas one by one. First, the wax lady—the beautiful rose-cheeked lady whose wonderful complexion is a thing of beauty and a care forever, then the fairy one with the shape of a movie queen, the ladies that cost six dollars and a half from the neck down and from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars from the neck up—the red, brown,

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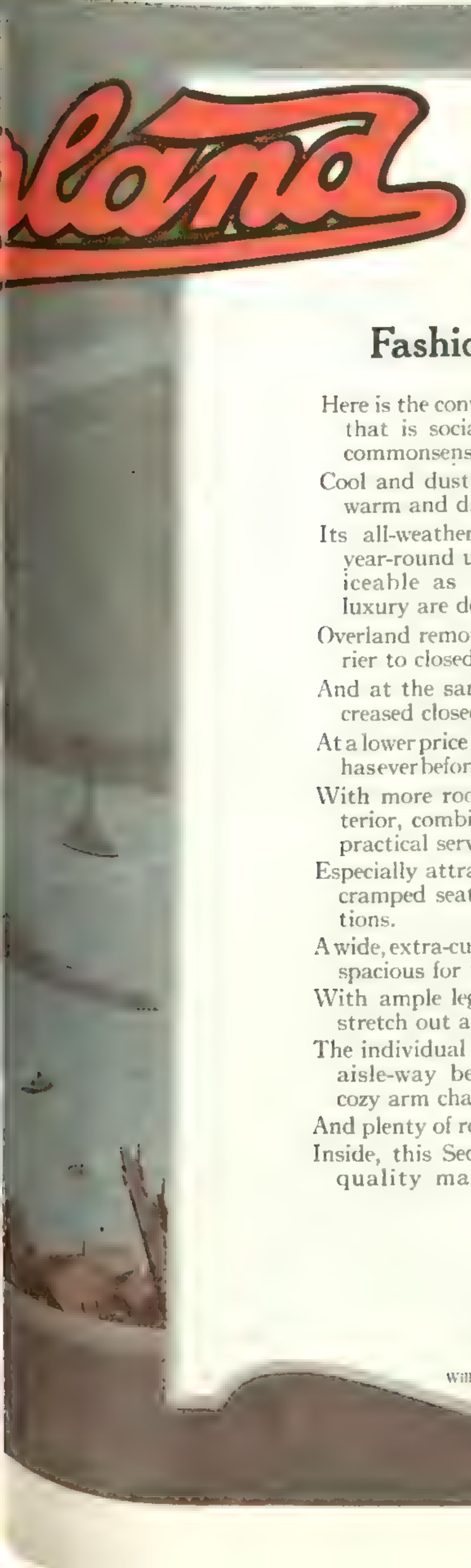
TRADE MARK REG



Overland

Announcing the New Light Four Sedan Fashionable, Practical, Economical

Here is the convertible closed car that is socially correct—and commonsense at low cost!

Cool and dustless in summer—warm and dry in winter.

Its all-weather protection and year-round utility are as serviceable as its beauty and luxury are desirable.

Overland removes the price barrier to closed car comforts.

And at the same time gives increased closed car advantages.

At a lower price than such quality has ever before been obtainable.

With more room, and finer interior, combined with greater practical service features.

Especially attractive are its uncramped seating accommodations.

A wide, extra-cushioned rear seat, spacious for three passengers.

With ample leg room to sit or stretch out at ease.

The individual front seats, with aisle-way between, are like cozy arm chairs.

And plenty of room in front too.

Inside, this Sedan reflects high quality materials, expert craftsmanship and refined taste.

Every inch is covered—sides and ceiling with gray cloth, black striped. And a soft gray carpet over all the floor.

The top is permanent.

The windows are adjustable—and can be locked at any height. When lowered they open the car to every friendly breeze.

The rear window is permanent—dust cannot be sucked in.

The doors are staggered—front on left by driver—rear on right by rear seat.

Nothing is omitted, there are electric dome light; parcel pockets; safety door locks; French-pleat seat coverings; silk curtains; foot rail; windshield wiper, etc.

Brewster Green body—black top; 4 inch tires; cantilever rear springs; 106 inch wheelbase; Auto-Lite starting and lighting.

When such exceptional value is offered at so low a cost you understand the pressing demand. Do not delay and be disappointed—get your order in at once.

Model 90

Light Four Sedan

$1240

f. o. b. Toledo, tax free, subject to change without notice

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

Look, Men, Here Are the *Real Goods*

You folks who've been paying big prices for underwear—just take a look at the big features on Hanes. Hanes gives a heaping armful of extra value, fit and comfort. Everything that a sensible man would want in underwear. It is just the right price and the underwear everyone should wear.

And you men who dread the days of winter underwear—just slip into a snuggy warm suit of Hanes. Then you're fixed fine for the cold days—no trouble, no itching, no ripping, no flaring—just lots of comfort and warmth.

Everybody read about those big features chockfull of "extras" over there in the illustration. You never saw anything like it and for such popular prices.

Greatest Winter Underwear

HANES
ELASTIC KNIT UNDERWEAR

Sold at Popular Prices

is made of fine, long-fibre cotton, silky-smooth and fleecy warm. Naturally elastic and comfortable, but made a whole lot more so.

And the fit? Say, man, tailor-made underwear couldn't feel any better than Hanes Winter Weight Underwear. Made as strong as cast-iron and as comfortable as a feather bed. Pre-shrinking makes it hold the shape and size.

We can do it—*Because* we live right where the finest cotton grows—*Because* we spin our own yarns—*Because* we've cut out frills and stuck to value—*Because* we're not haggling for abnormal profits, *and Because* we take a personal pride in giving the biggest real underwear value in the world.

A New, Bang-up Boys' Union Suit

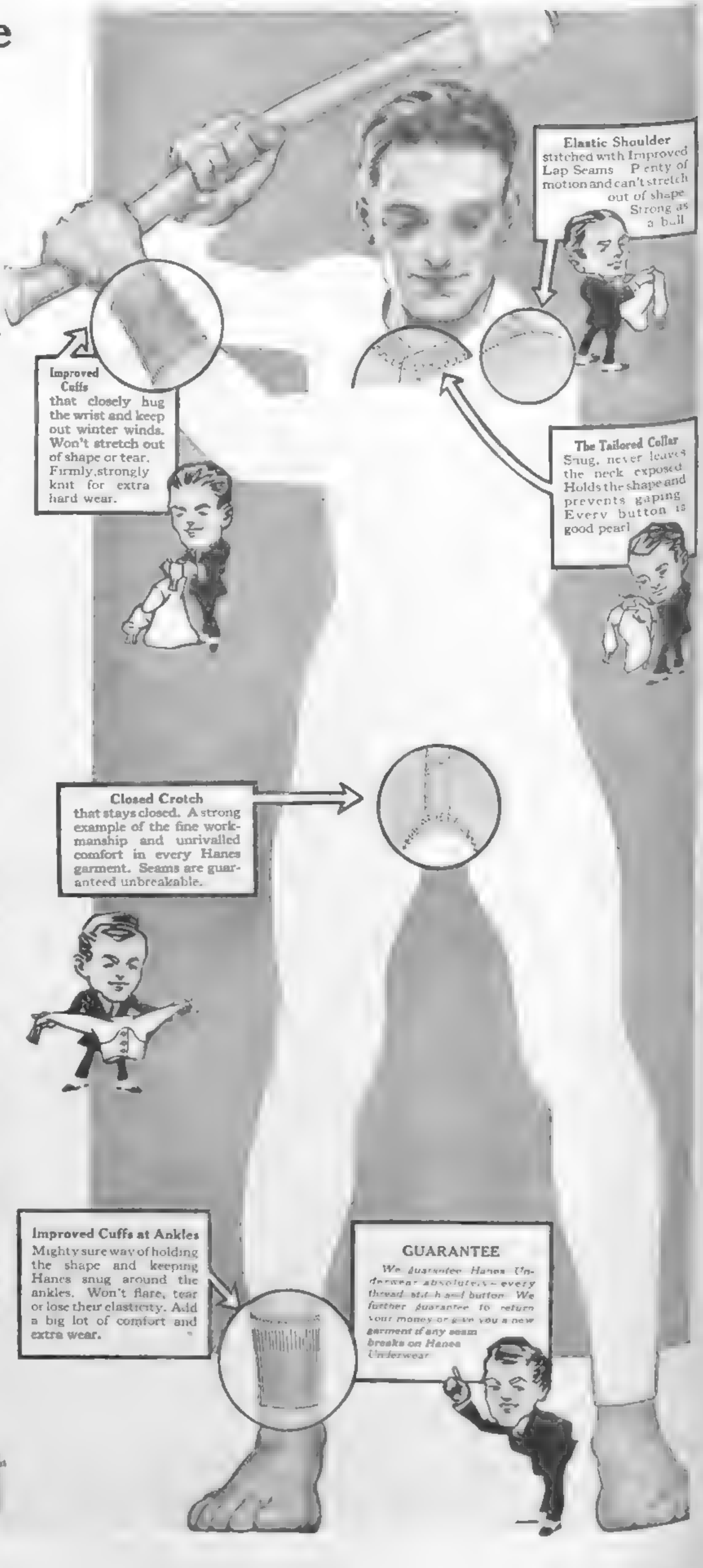
We've just gotten out the boys' union suit that you and every parent have wanted. A high-quality, long-wearing, economical union suit that simply can't be duplicated for value. You'll like it because you can see the extra value. Your boys will like it because it's warm, comfortable and cozy.

Ask to see Hanes Underwear.
If your dealer hasn't it, write us.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Warning to the Trade—Any garment offered as Hanes is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label.

This Label on Every Garment
HANES
Buy None Without It


Elastic Shoulder
stitched with Improved Lap Seams Plenty of motion and can't stretch out of shape Strong as a bull
Improved Cuffs
that closely hug the wrist and keep out winter winds. Won't stretch out of shape or tear. Firmly, strongly knit for extra hard wear.
The Tailored Collar
Snug, never leaves the neck exposed Holds the shape and prevents gaping Every button is good pearl
Closed Crotch
that stays closed. A strong example of the fine workmanship and unrivalled comfort in every Hanes garment. Seams are guaranteed unbreakable.
Improved Cuffs at Ankles
Mighty sure way of holding the shape and keeping Hanes snug around the ankles. Won't flare, tear or lose their elasticity. Add a big lot of comfort and extra wear.
GUARANTEE
We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread stitch and button We further guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks on Hanes Underwear

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black, gray or blond ladies that every small-town merchant would like to have a large family of—except for the trait they have in common with other beautiful ladies.

There are other disadvantages besides the initial cost, from the small merchant's point of view. Because wax is a major component, the minute Old Sol is allowed to focus through the plate-glass window complexions will run like the jack rabbit whose guit has been described as a whiz and a vanish. Yes! Faster and redder!

The second difficulty for the smaller merchant to overcome is the care necessary to keep the ladies at their best. In the larger stores that use wax figures, and there are many of them, each head is kept in an airproof, dustproof box with the lady's complexion marked on the lid. A brush of fine camel's hair is the only soap and water permitted.

Suppose a merchant has a family—a young girl, a middle-aged gray-haired lady, a young matron—and buys a consignment of young women's suits at a very low price. He decides to hold a sale; and, of course, a display is necessary. But he can't put a flapper's suit on the middle-aged gray-haired lady—and the matron is just a little too heavy featured. Result: only one figure in his window.

It will interest this merchant, and about every small ready-to-wear dealer in this country, to know that the Mammoth Store has not used a wax figure in its window displays in ten years!

Substitutes for Wax Figures

Even during the spring and fall style shows, when women's fashions fill every window, the Mammoth has worried along without a single red-cheeked queen. What is the result? Ike has nine of them hung in a velvet case in his office. They are the first-prize medals, given by the Retail Board of the local Chamber of Commerce, for the most original, most attractive and most artistic window displays during nine years. To quote Ike, he has "copped" every time. On five of these occasions he used display stands for suits, coats and dresses that did not cost the house one solitary penny! How did he do it? A small merchant visiting D—— during one style-show week, seeking ideas for his own establishment in a small town near the Ohio River, asked Ike that question.

"You have everything in your basement that is necessary for a good display," Ike told him.

"Go on, Sherlock!" laughed the downstate merchant.

"You have three or four old corset figures that were sent out to you by the manufacturer ——"

"But," broke in the merchant triumphantly, "they are all old models; in some cases I have taken the corset from the model and sold it."

"Sure! But the forms are still there, aren't they?"

"Yes; but ——"

"All you have to do is just what I did—take a small keyhole saw and cut the form just at the waist. Have your forms stands?"

"Two of them," answered the merchant.

"You can make stands for the rest out of the wood from old packing cases," Ike pointed out; "then, with a little skillful draping, you have all that I have."

Ike doesn't condemn the rosy-cheeked saleslady; he merely points out the fact that the cloak-and-suit department of the Mammoth Store has always had more than its share of this part of the business in D——.

Just how skillful and artistic draping may be done is illustrated by this story of a very rich woman who lived in the wealthy suburb of D——.

One morning this woman, who was very well known in the suit-and-dress department, came into the store and asked to see a certain dress that was being shown in the window.

"But we have no display of dresses in any of our windows, Mrs. Van Ripper," the head saleswoman said.

"Surely you are joking!" Mrs. Van Ripper replied. "I saw them not five minutes ago; and one in particular is exquisite."

"Well, of course, if there is a dress in the window we shall be only too glad ——"

"Come downstairs with me and let me show it to you," commanded the woman.

In front of the store the woman pointed out the window.

"There—there in the center of the window!" she exclaimed.

The saleswoman wanted to laugh, but remembered in time that people didn't laugh at Mrs. Van Ripper. It wasn't being done.

"Why, that—that is a silk display," she told the astounded lady, "and that dress you see in the center is merely silk draped about a lay figure."

"But the lines ——" the lady protested.

"Arranged by the window trimmer."

"That beautiful strip of lace, so artistically placed across the shoulders?"

"Merely laid on, and the bolt cunningly concealed beneath the folds of the silk," she was told.

But Mrs. Van Ripper was not to be denied. An hour later a fashion artist was busy sketching the figure from all possible angles for the benefit of Mrs. Van Ripper's dressmaker. Naturally she bought the silk and the lace. It might be noted in passing that the lace retailed at $19.75 a yard, and two yards were necessary.

Selling accessories is another art of the window that many small merchants fail to appreciate. Take one of Ike's waist windows, for instance. In the foreground are three waists—one an imported model of georgette crêpe in a deep shell pink; another a beaded model of delicate moss green; and the last is white, curiously sewed with deep-blue sequins.

Under the model of pink georgette, artistically placed, is a very good-looking pocketbook of seal leather; the pocketbook is open and discloses a lining of pink silk of exactly the same shade as the waist. On the left of the model in moss green is a parasol; the covering is of a lighter shade of green, but the handle, of imitation jade, matches the color of the waist so closely that the two seem to blend into one harmonious whole. Spread out against the background of white is a gorgeous mandarin fan, wonderfully sewed with tiny metal beads that match the sequins of the waist. It is Ike's feeling in the matter that all the different elements must merge into one pleasing whole; still, the effect of a window of waists is not lost.

But the one big point in selling the street is the need of constantly changing the salesmen. How often does the average small merchant change his windows? Here is an experience the writer had while spending several weeks at a Southern golf course last March:

Permanent Displays

Three miles from the hotel was a small town that boasted a dry-goods and notions store. Because I find it very hard to pass a small store without stopping to talk with the proprietor, his pleasant "Good Morning!" as I passed made me stop immediately. After ten minutes' talk concerning the retail business in general, I remarked:

"Your show windows certainly get dusty down here."

"Hell! Yes," agreed the proprietor; "but you ought to have seen that there window last fall when it was just put in."

Now this may grossly libel the average small merchant; but I would be willing to wager what little reputation I possess for prophecy—mercantile prophecy, if you please—on the statement that one window a week would seem like altogether too much work to Mr. Average Merchant.

And Ike changes his hundred-odd feet three times a week! There is a perfectly good tip for any merchant who wants to see business pick up its crutches and start to clamor for a jazz band.

Here is another tip that Ike is willing to pass on to the small man: Dress your windows in the morning—not at night, after the wearying toil of ten or twelve hours of retail business.

"If you're tired you're goin' to have a tired window," Ike says.

And instead of following the time-hallowed custom of trimming the windows after the Mammoth doors close for the day, he and his assistants—seven of them—ride down with the milkman and finish up just before the doors open. Other things that have come to Ike during the fifteen years he has been selling the street apply equally well to the small dealer in the small town.

"But we haven't the people going by our store by the thousands," the S. D. will say.

"No," counters Ike; "but the people passing along Main Street usually have more time to look at an attractive window than they have in the jam and hurry of a large city. And besides"—here Ike's voice drops to a confidential pitch—"it isn't, after all, the number of people who go by, but the people who come in that count."

Ike sneers at competition that believes in "knocking 'em dead."

"I could pack the frontage facing the Mammoth so thick with people that they would have to call out the police reserves," says Ike; "and I should never make one sale. Two clowns hitting each other over the head with a coupla pigskin bladders will attract a thousand per cent more people than twenty-five-dollar waists at twenty-five cents—outside the store."

At this point the man who runs the village hardware store and Jake Brown, the grocer, may step in and ask:

"How are you going to make an attractive selling appeal with a lot of rakes and pans, or pickles and potatoes?"

The best answers to both queries are told in the following stories. The hardware man is located in the center of a Euclid Avenue residential district in Cleveland; the grocer is located in a college town not far from Chicago:

Several years ago the hardware man—we will call him Brown—ran an average hardware store, with the average window display and the average profit. The window was changed every time the proprietor felt that it was becoming too dusty. It contained saws, several lengths of various-sized stovepipe, a manufacturer's display of wrenches, doorbells, and occasionally a screen door. And just as likely as not the screen door was still in the window when the frost was on the pumpkin.

Ideas for the Canning Season

Skipping the mental processes which caused the changes that have taken place in this man's establishment in the last three years, take a look at the effect. Brown is now changing his window twice a week; and he is getting six turnovers a year! Brown is located in a section of the city where advertising in the larger papers does not help. He gives all the credit to the new salesman he has discovered.

Look at some of Brown's windows: It is canning time! Does Brown content himself with adding a few pots and pans and glass jars to the garden hose and rakes already in his window? Does he? He does not! A large bushel basket of fine tomatoes—a blotch of vivid, appetizing red—goes tumbling across a background of black paper. One tomato scampers across the window to rest beside a colander; another seems to be only waiting for the housewife—to enter a large jar. Against this background of black stands out clean and inviting the silvery sheen of every imaginable utensil the woman of the house needs.

The contrast, coupled with the vivid spots of red, gave Brown's window all the vivid freshness of an advertising poster. That window sold more aluminum and glass ware in three days than Brown had ever sold in a month. And it didn't cost a penny. Mrs. Brown used the tomatoes to equally good advantage.

The first real snow! Does Brown content himself with throwing an additional shovel of coal in the furnace and remarking that it looks like a long, cold winter? He does not! With the aid of twenty-five cents' worth of cotton batting and a dozen snow shovels Brown lets the neighborhood know there is a city ordinance which says that sidewalks must be cleaned within twenty-four hours.

Brown has also learned the value of the helpful suggestions sent out by the manufacturers of the materials he handles. When a certain manufacturer spends thousands of dollars in a national advertising campaign you will always find Brown's windows echoing the message—and there isn't anything altruistic about it, either. Brown finds that it pays.

Jones, the grocer in the little college town near Chicago, woke one morning to the fact that his windows were actually driving business away. He had two windows—one in which he displayed fresh fruits and vegetables; the other in which he displayed his staple merchandise. A traveling salesman for a large Western jobbing concern cured Jones by telling him the story of the man who went into a restaurant and, after looking the menu over for several minutes, ordered a portion of greasy dust.

"What are y' tryin' to do—kid me?" demanded the truculent waiter.

"Why, no; certainly not."

"Well, what's the idea, then?"

"Why," very mildly answered the customer, "I saw it on the bill of fare—that's all."

At first the point quite missed Jones. The salesman always had half a dozen new stories—funny ones—that Jones enjoyed very much. He merely laughed and remarked:

"That was a good one!"

The salesman continued:

"I'll bet you wouldn't eat bread made from dirty flour."

"You win!" Jones agreed.

"The rest of Circleville would probably feel the same way?"

"Yes."

"Well, they wouldn't buy that sack of flour in your window. Look at it!"

"But that," Jones protested, "is merely a display sack."

The salesman took out his fountain pen and emphasized his next words with the blunt end, tapping his customer's white apron.

"Sure! And the menu was only a menu."

The connection cured Jones.

But this salesman, like many modern knights of the little order book, was a constructionist as well. He told Jones about the department that was costing his company nearly ten thousand dollars a year; a department to help Jones keep his windows as fresh as his eggs. He told him about the window displays sent out by jobbers handling other food products, and urged Jones to put them into the window instead of the wastebasket.

To-day—one year and a half later—Jones has a fine little monopoly that was built on the rock of timely window decoration.

Of course the first function of the street salesman is to sell to the women. Much has been said of the influence on the feminine mind of color and light; but, according to Ike, care must be exercised to see that color and light do not oversell a passer-by.

A Case of Overselling

An instance illustrating this point happened to Ike during one of the earlier years of his career. A shipment of wonderful new silk petticoats had arrived one afternoon, and the merchandise manager had decreed on an immediate display. Many were of changeable shades, which seemed to glow and vibrate like a huge chameleon. Ike had an inspiration.

Taking down all the white lights in the concealed niches of the windows, he arranged a series of colored lights that focused toward certain skirts, which made spots of such beauty that Ike refused to desecrate them with price tags. The finished window was beautiful and attracted an unusual amount of attention.

But the sale was the biggest fizzle the lingerie department ever had! And the reason was just because Ike had oversold them. In the cold gray light of the department they were still good-looking petticoats, but the influence of the lights—the barbaric beauty of the window—was gone. And the women, keyed to high desires, couldn't come down to an ordinary petticoat, even if it was better looking than any they had seen in many moons.

Another peculiarity of this form of selling is the fact that out of it grow most of the sales of women's apparel to men. Mr. B——, from Detroit, is walking along Euclid Avenue, in Cleveland, and sees in the window of a large department store a display of hats. Perched in the center is the very sort of hat his wife ought to wear! Of course, womanlike, it is just the particular type of hat she has never worn. If business has been good Mr. B—— takes that hat home with him regardless of the price tag. This also applies to waists, accessories, and even to coats and shoes.

"Is your stuff seasonable? Is it good value? Is it new?" Answer these questions in the affirmative, and if you are a buyer in the Mammoth you can take your place in the sun. Otherwise ——

Every display is worked out before it goes into the window. Little pieces of colored cardboard represent suits, coats and dresses, and suitable backgrounds are arranged on the little portable stage. This little device saves many a changed window with all its attendant work.

Ike had allowed his pipe to go out as he talked.

"Don't you know that all this stuff would never go before an ad club?" I said.

"No?" asked Ike.

"No!" I repeated. "You haven't mentioned a single tendency or said 'psychology' once!"

"Maybe there is some sound common sense to it, then," Ike suggested.

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Neōlin Soles

Sole Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Her Lasting, Easy, Foot-dry Soles

She stands in her Neōlin-soled shoes, one of the millions of women today for whom Neōlin long-wear, Neōlin foot-comfort, Neōlin waterproofness mean new and better standards for shoe-sole-wear.

She doubted these soles before she bought them, as one doubts all reforming innovations. But the first fitting in the shoe store decided her. She could hardly believe she had new shoes on, as she took that first short, preparatory walk. Her tender feet felt a new sensation. No stiffness was there though the fit was perfect. It seemed like walking upon felt.

Yet all that comfort-footed, flexible and buoyant tread was but the first of the Neōlin Sole surprises which marked for her a new, new era in her shoe-sole gear.

As month after month she walked upon her Neōlin Soles she learned of a surprising wear which never had she been able to duplicate before.

Moderately priced as were the shoes they were built into, they lasted like the most expensive shoes. Fall drew into winter but they barely showed the wear; and then when came the season of slush and wet and snow she learned of yet one further sole-wear virtue. Neōlin Soles were waterproof and *permanently* waterproof. No wet could wash that waterproofness out. No drying could stiffen those Neōlin Soles, and so could pull her uppers out of shape. Neat-fit they were; neat-fit they stayed. They not only lasted in themselves but preserved the life of the uppers they were built into.

Such is the plain truth about Neōlin Soles. It is a truth for millions of women, as we have said. It is a truth for millions of men and for millions of American children as well. Neōlin Soles can mean similar shoe-sole experiences for you. Their tremendous wear resistance can possibly cut your shoe bills in half.

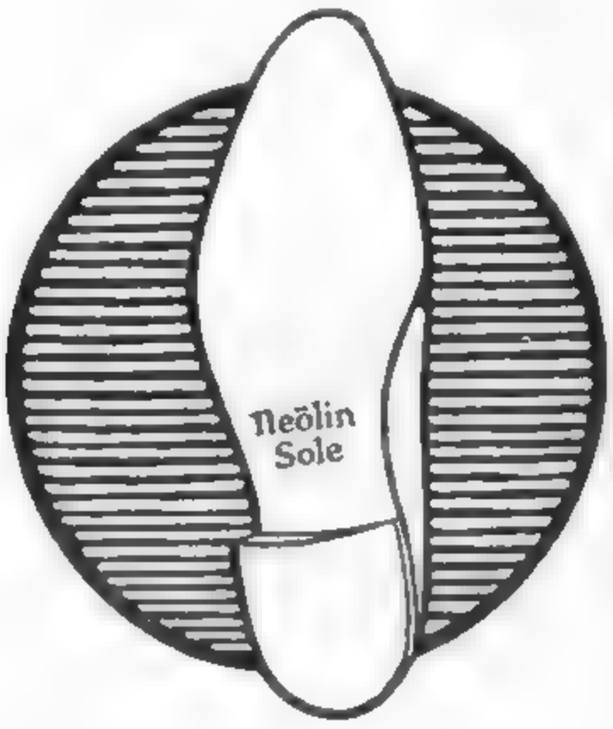
Wear them in winter and summer and in black, white and tan. Be certain that you get them. Look for the stamp "Neōlin" underneath. Mark that mark—stamp it on your memory—Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Neōlin Soles

"Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Off"



Property Loss by Fire in the United States	
1910	$214,003,300
1911	217,004,575
1912	206,438,900
1913	203,408,250
1914	221,439,350
1915	172,033,200
1916	213,539,670

Saving towns from fire that wipes them off the earth!

AGAIN and again it happens—we see a little village busily growing into townhood. We see the town prosper into a thriving young city—its buildings becoming more and more congested—and then, the scourge of fire strikes and in one awful night, or in a few hours, that community of progress disappears, leaving nothing behind but a blackened scar and a heritage of loss and distress.

The death rate of America's fire-gutted towns has awakened thought. The lessons of Baltimore, Salem, Paris, Atlanta are bearing fruit. The country is looking for reasons why, each year, fire should cost it millions of dollars. And it is finding one of the biggest reasons in the inflammable roof.

There is a roofing that repels fire, checks its spread—confines it to its particular locality. It is made of Johns-Manville Asbestos—a material that satisfies every roofing requirement and in addition adds safety against fire.

Every building in America can have a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roof—because there is a style of roofing for each style of roof, for each style of building, whether it be a wooden silo or marble museum Johns-Manville, with its complete line of roofings, is contributing to public safety. And as the Asbestos roof continues to gain in acceptance so will safety against fire move toward the ideal

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings; Asbestos Built-Up Roofing; Asbestos Ready Roofing; Corrugated Asbestos Roofing; Transite Asbestos Shingles. Other Johns-Manville Products that contribute to safety against fire: Fire Extinguisher; Asbestos Theatre Curtains; Fuses; Moving Picture Machine Booths; Asbestos Fireproof Wood

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 55 Large Cities

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Service in Fire Prevention

FIVE, SIX, PICK UP STICKS

By FRANK CONDON

SOME men are all right, and you feel sure of it the minute you see them; and others have a wrong streak in them a foot wide, and you also know that without any previous information to back you up.

That's the way it was with Mr. Artemus Cook, the president and the publicity genius of Cook's Calory Cubes, Incorporated. He was worth more money than you can burn in a large furnace on a windy morning, and he wore a white carnation on his coat; but he was low-grade ore, and I knew it.

I took one short look at him the morning he hurried into the Dripping Springs Hotel and voted all my votes in the negative. At the time, I was drawing two silver dollars a day from Angus MacJones; and when I say drawing I use the word in its painful or dental sense. A tooth and a two-dollar bill create the same general agony when being drawn from Angus MacJones, of the Dripping Springs Hotel.

That ornate hostelry is perched up among the Shoshone Mountains, and is not only operated by Angus but is owned by him; and among the local peasantry he is regarded as the father of all seven-minute eggs. He has the first dollar that came in after the railroad opened, and the last one is only two jumps ahead of him and gasping hard.

For three years I have known A. MacJones; and for two I have been his head guide, steady as a clock and always on hand to do my work. There were five of us in the guiding business, and it fell upon me to think up entertainment and excursions for the guests.

The life was easy and interesting. Now and then we met Newport heiresses and young college graduates increasing their field of vision; and, as stated, I sawed off my two a day and slept in a comfortable barracks with the boys.

The Dripping Springs Hotel was and still is an exclusive inn. It appeals to those having large sums on their persons and spurns the humble traveling man with his compartment trunk. Twelve dollars a day was the minimum for a room with bath; and thus I met only our most refined classes—until Artemus Cook horned in.

Things had been running along smoothly enough until the day this captain of industry began to clutter up the place with himself and his satellites. We had been guiding timid but refined guests over the mountains and up to the Santa Paula Hot Springs without ever a warning of woe. I piloted a party of Illinois school-teachers of the troublesome sex through the South Mountain trails, and came back for another batch of tourists, who wanted to visit Oak Ridge and the White Falls fishing country; and all was as cheerful as when the weather man says rain.

Backfire Jordan was my immediate pal and assistant guide, though he drew only a dollar and a half a day, in spite of the fact that he is a better guide than I am. Then Mr. Cook drifted in at the head of a small but select group, and life became a complicated thing.

The Cook outfit consisted of several middle-aged men and a couple of stout ladies in jewels, and Cook ordered the best rooms to be had. I saw Angus leaning against the desk and wearing his pleased look, by which I judged the Cook delegation intended to remain with us for some time and leave a flock of Government lithographs with Angus.

Then the first thing happened; and it happened to me. I was engaged to escort the party over to the Hot Springs, and, if they weren't pony-sore, to keep on to the White Falls, and maybe take a crack at ringing it—which, with city people, means brushing your teeth only once a day.

I was loafing in from the post office toward noon when I observed Mr. Cook for the third time. He had selected one of MacJones' ponies for the coming trip, a runty little gray horse with sad eyes and the name of Lucifer. I rode up toward the block where our guests usually flounder aboard their steeds; and as I went on I perceived that Artemus Cook, though rich in this world's goods, was sort of poor in controlling his temper.

The little gray pony had blundered horse-fashion away from the block, so that our

I Ended Up My Official Connection as Guide for the Dripping Springs Hotel and Told Backfire Jordan What Had Happened

new guest couldn't climb into the saddle as easily as he expected; and I laughed silently for a minute while I watched Mr. Cook fidget. He steered the pony back against the block and once again he lost his mount, Lucifer backing off in a playful manner. About that time Cook began to get red in the face.

I suppose he was a man who always had his own way and had it quick.

He carried a riding whip, though Lucifer never needed a whip; and as I rode up he started to lash the pony. I never like to see a man whip a horse. And when he whips across the eyes I no longer regard him as a man.

"Say! Say-y-y-y-y-y!" I called out to this Cook person. "Why don't you pick on a man of your own size? That ain't no way to treat a hoss!"

He stopped punishing Lucifer and glared up at me.

"Who are you?" he snapped.

"Me? What difference does that make when you're trying to blind that pony? That ain't your hoss. He belongs to the hotel, don't he? Anyway, I wouldn't let you do that to your own pony. You quit it, mister, or I'll have to get down and take that thing away from you."

While I spoke the man cooled off and stopped whipping.

"Do you work for this hotel?" he asked me, coming round Lucifer and putting his hands on his hips.

"I sure do," I replied, thinking maybe I had appealed to something decent in him. "My name's Steve Duryea. I'm the head guide here."

"No," he said slowly, smiling up at me; and a nasty little smile it was. "You're mistaken, Mister Duryea. You were the head guide here!"

He turned and walked away, leaving me to wonder what he meant. In about half an hour one of the uniformed bell boys came down to where I was eating lunch, with word that Angus MacJones would have speech with me in the office. When I went up and opened the door I saw the verdict.

"Steve," said Angus briefly, "I've got to let you go."

"So I see," I answered. "And it wouldn't knock me over dead with surprise if this Mr. Cook had been speaking a kind word about me."

"He has," Angus admitted. "He wants you discharged, and I've got to do it. You oughtn't to butt in on our guests."

"No; I suppose not," I said, keeping my temper. "I ought to let them maim the ponies if they want to. This man Cook was trying to blind Lucifer with a whip, and I stopped him—just like I'd stop you or anybody else."

"Mr. Cook is a capitalist," Angus went on. "He is at the head of a large organization that is coming to this hotel. I can't afford to offend him; so you'll draw what's coming to you to-day."

"All right," I answered, there being not much else a guy can say under such conditions. "Only, I've worked for you two years and I've been on the square. It does seem a little abrupt. However, I'll get my money and quit the job. You wouldn't care to hear what I think about you for this, would you?"

"What you think will never matter to me," said Angus, turning his back; and then I went out.

All in all, that particular Monday morning wasn't what you'd call a rousing success. I saw the cashier, collected my last week's pay, and ended up my official connection as guide for the Dripping Springs Hotel. Later I told Backfire Jordan what had happened and he admitted that it certainly was a bell of a note!

II

I MAY as well spoil a little white paper with a few words about Artemus Cook and have it over. To begin, he was a tall, foreign-looking man, with very black hair, which he kept plastered down tight. He had large white teeth and a long nose and snappy black eyes, and was good-looking in a general way.

But there's an old theory—whether truthful or not—that something of a man's real character shows in his face; and Cook's countenance showed that inner decay plain enough.

His manner was all business and he did things in a brisk, decisive way. When he spoke he snapped the words off short. He never laughed; and he had a bulbous-looking son who smoked perfumed cigarettes.

Pretty soon I discovered why Cook and his party had ushered themselves in upon the Dripping Springs Hotel. It appears that the Cook Calory Cubes Company had just concluded an advertising campaign covering the state. They had finished a distributing effort, as a result of which Cook's Calory Cubes now faced a large success; and Cook was pleased, because the cubes were a new specialty. He had chosen our innocent state to begin a nation-wide campaign, and if it succeeded with us he was going hotfoot after the other forty-seven.

These calory cubes were a form of concentrated food. You ate two or three of the little brown jiggers and, theoretically, you had a complete meal, the same as if you had just packed away a hoard of tenderloin steak, mashed potatoes, corn bread, apple pie and coffee.

One of the assistant advertising managers, named Hatch, landed in Dripping Springs the day I was fired, and I helped him subdue a punctured tire. From him I learned a few interesting facts about calory cubes. Hatch—his first name was Hereward, and he was a nice-enough young chap, except a little unripe round the edges—was in a state of constant and glowing enthusiasm about the cubes, and was plugging for more salary with great earnestness.

He gave me a box of the calory cubes and I ate a few for luck, observing nothing as a result, except that they tasted uncommonly like saddle leather. They may have been fine sustenance and equal to a large dinner; but I'd rather have the dinner.

Thus began the week in which I spent the time loafing in Dripping Springs, regarding Angus MacJones sourly and finding that people looked upon Artemus Cook as a commercial genius. The stage company had half promised me a job when they put on the new automobile busses; and so I lingered. Now I'm glad I did.

Hereward Hatch told me about the calory-cubes campaign and how it was winding up in a blaze of glory. Cook had flooded our state with his brainy hirelings, including young Hatch; and when they got through with us ignorant Westerners Cubes was our middle name.

Experts came out from Chicago and filled the newspapers with advertisements. You saw calory cubes on billboards and old barns everywhere you looked. The mountains and valleys were alive with urgent invitations to eat calory cubes and forget T-bone steaks and pie. Distributors carried the condensed sustenance from house to house; and, from what Hatch said, I concluded that the grocers and butchers of our fair state would groce and butch no more.

"To top it all off," he went on, "the boss is so pleased with the result that he's going to give a grand blow-out on Saturday night at the hotel. All our people will be here; and maybe it won't cost Cook a pile of money—hey? Imported band, champagne, most expensive foods, concealed orchestra, palms and cut flowers, and a souvenir for each one of us!"

"And naturally, you'll dine on Cook's Cubes," I grinned.

"This is to be a banquet and dinner dance!" Mr. Hatch chided me. "It is a triumphant celebration, and I will admit that my own part in the campaign was not trifling. I wrote that page advertisement headed 'Startle Your Stomach!' in last week's papers, and Cook himself declared it a knock-out. We go after Montana next—and you watch me!"

I promised I would; and the rest of that week I spent the time observing the commercial forces of Cook's Calory Cubes as they descended upon Dripping Springs for the banquet. They came from all parts of the state, and consisted of sales managers, advertising experts, distributors, cashiers and tabulators.

Dripping Springs began to look like the night before the National Democratic Convention; and Angus MacJones went round giving off pleased sounds, which would have been purring if he was a cat. No wonder he hadn't hesitated to fire an humble employee like me in the face of this invasion of company and coin! No wonder, hey? Yet I thought of that time I caught pneumonia when Mac's wife sent me after him through a blizzard, and felt that he

(Continued on Page 66)

Where the Light Comes From

One after another a million points of light spring into being till the whole city is radiant with an illumination second only to that of the sun itself.

The explanation of this modern miracle—so familiar that it has become a commonplace—is not to be sought solely in the perfection of tungsten filaments.

To appreciate all it means, you must go back to the *source* of the invisible energy that flows over the wire.

Back to the transforming apparatus by which the electric current was raised to the tremendous pressure—or voltage—which is necessary for its transmission over great distances, and reduced again to the low voltage at which it is translated into light.

Back to the great generators in the Central Station in which the current has its birth.

Back to the marvellously efficient steam turbines that drive its generators.

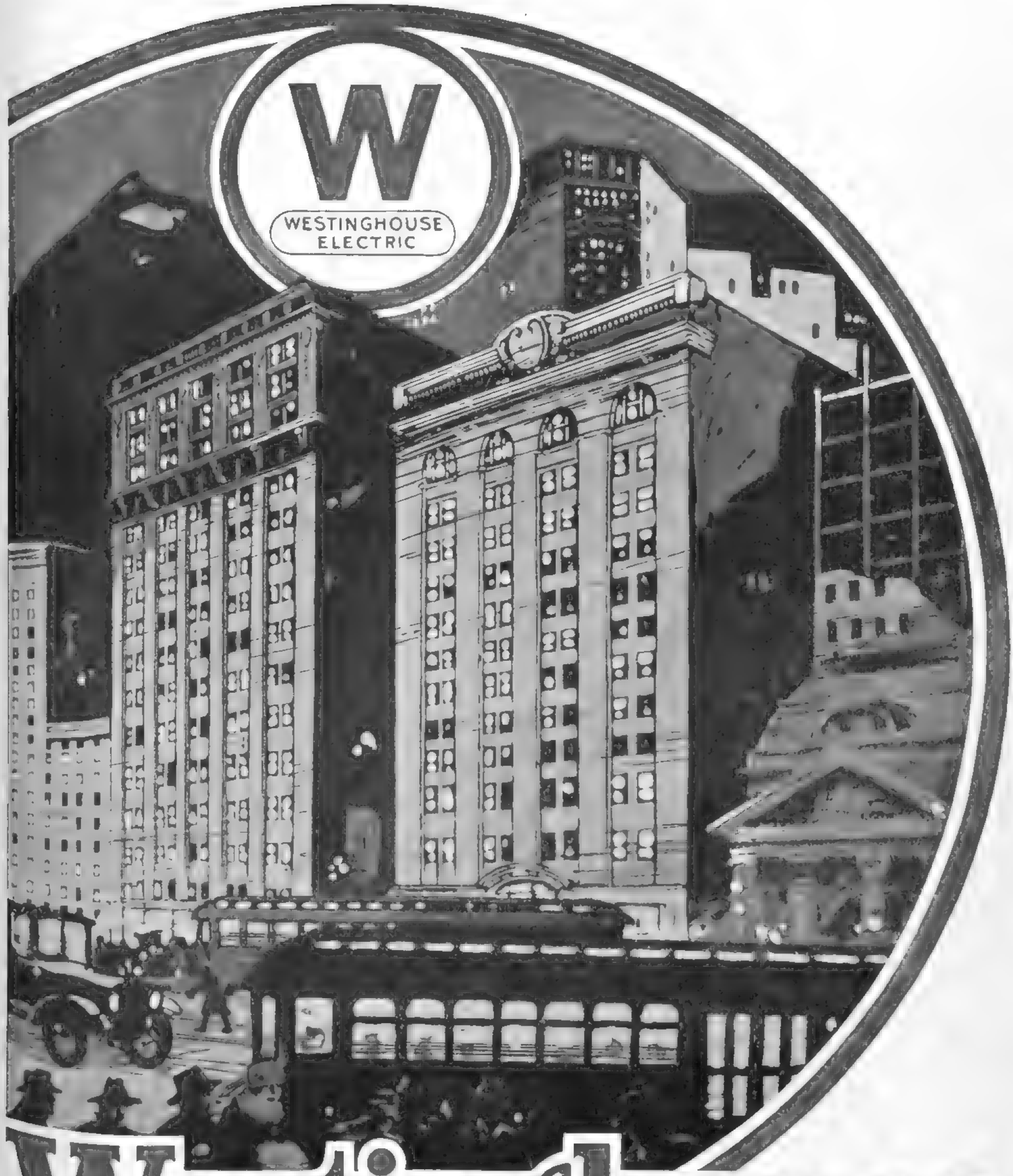
Back to the automatic stokers, feeding coal under the boilers, that save human labor and assure better combustion.

Back to the very coal itself in which the sun, shining on prehistoric forests, stored up the primal energy.

Every step in the long evolution—stoker, turbo-generator, rotary converters, meters, switches, lamps—each represents a distinct Westinghouse Electric contribution to the great result—light in the dark hours for the greatest possible number of people at the lowest possible cost.

For Westinghouse Electric designs and builds every type and size of electrical apparatus for the production, transmission and use of electricity.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



Westinghouse

PRIME MOVERS FOR ELECTRICAL POWER PLANTS

(Continued from Page 65)

might have let me down easier. Meantime any thoughts at all about Artemus Cook gave me the keenest kind of pain.

III

THE Dripping Springs Hotel has staged a good many banquets and dances; but this Cook affair looked like the topnotcher. On Saturday morning the entire cube army was on hand, and I wondered whether there could possibly be more of them. I rambled down to the railroad station about nine o'clock to look over whatever the train might bring; and a shock awaited me.

There were no more salesmen or distributors; but when the engine stopped and the porter began opening doors I glanced up at the final Pullman, and beheld for the first time in many years the lean and forbidding features of Professor Basil McKinnon.

"Well," I said to Backfire Jordan, who tagged along with me, "here's something interesting! That's the old reptile himself."

"What old reptile?" Backfire asked. And I pointed to Professor McKinnon.

"The lantern-jawed gent you see coming down the steps is named McKinnon, and I'd know him anywhere. When I was a kid, going to St. Peter's Academy, in Sheboygan, there stands the murderous scoundrel that taught me my lessons."

There he was! He looked about the same as when he used to be the terror of the Academy, and its principal in the old days. I recalled him mainly in connection with a large thick ruler of hickory, because he had an educational system of his own; and I think they called it capital punishment.

When we couldn't answer the questions right—such as What are the tributaries of the Ganges River?—he used to beat us with the hickory ruler; and he had a strong arm. Some of the boys refused to cry, and it was McKinnon's fixed idea that a youngster wasn't punished enough if he failed to cry. When he couldn't make some of the young Spartans weep by beating the palms of their hands, he used to make them pull up their sleeves, so's he could beat their wrists, where all the little veins and blood-vessels are. There's no airy exaggeration about this. It's the brutal truth.

I remembered this kindly old soul with his parchment countenance and his genial, lovable manners. He didn't know me, of course; for the years have done things to me.

He came down the steps and was followed into the air by six of the largest and dreariest-looking Indians that ever went without a bath. They were tall, thick redskins, dressed like American business men; but they had a sort of gaunt, depressed and woebegone look. They impressed you as being nonresistant and yielding. You felt that if you went up suddenly and hit one of them on the nose nothing would happen, except maybe a little nosebleed. And right away I began to have curiosity about these native sons.

I learned that my old teacher and skinbuster was now at the head of the Government Indian School at Carmelo, where, I suppose, he carried on his theories of education and mayhem. The six representatives of our oldest inhabitants were certainly a weak-kneed and spiritless lot, in spite of their size. The Carmelo School contains mostly Snake Indians—all charity patients, of course, being educated up to the white man's code at the expense of the community; and McKinnon's downtrodden six were pure Snake.

Once upon a time a Snake warrior round the place was the same as intermittent explosions in a munitions factory. Formerly these tanned savages were wolves from Bitter Creek, and it was always their night to howl; but the days of their glory were over and the modern Snake tribesman is about as wild and ferocious as a cup of strong tea.

It seems that something had been happening to these enlightened aborigines—something that had weighted them down with a great sorrow. Professor McKinnon, with a clear eye for the dough, had signed articles with Mr. Artemus Cook, the general idea being to provide novel and interesting advertising for Cook's Cubes and thereby increase their sales. Mr. Cook, valuing originality in his publicity, had welcomed McKinnon and his warriors.

What my old schoolmaster had done to those semicultured Snake Indians was a crime and largely a sin. When he led them down from the train they were three times as tame as a blond cat in an Old Ladies' Home. They followed him timidly to the Dripping Springs Hotel, shuffling along the cinder path in a lifeless, forlorn manner and without any of that stern dignity we are led to expect in our natives of the plains.

They had been lugged over from the Carmelo School to participate in the closing of the campaign and to be present at the grand Cook banquet. McKinnon had furnished statistics to the public concerning their recent performances, and showing that the six Snake tribesmen, after laying off beefsteak and boiled potatoes for two solid months, were able to lift much heavier weights with their little fingers attached to strings running over pulleys. They were able to walk farther and run farther. They had larger chest expansion. They could jump over higher tables with great ease. Mentally they were twice as bright and three times as rapid as before taking up a diet exclusively of calory cubes.

On the other hand, I figured you couldn't accuse that bunch of great mental speed, because if they had real works inside their heads they'd have poured Professor McKinnon off a high cliff long before.

I forget all the scientific facts connected with this Indian Test Squad, but they included laboratory stunts that make interesting reading in an advertisement. For instance, the reports showed that a Snake could stand on one foot for so long on tenderloin steak, and twice as long on Cook's Cubes. He could add up a column of figures in such a time on gruel and mutton, and in half the time on pellets. And so on—all nice reading matter in a newspaper advertisement, but not containing any more truth than there are whiskers on a clam. Lo, the poor boobs stood for it, because, as I said, they had become a flabby and spiritless lot of charity wards, accepting their grub, education and underwear from a paternalistic community.

The grand finale of this scientific exploit was now at hand, and the redskins had been hauled over from the Indian School so that the Cook forces could look at them and see what had helped make the advertising campaign such a glowing success. I couldn't help wondering what our Government would do to McKinnon if it heard the news about the test.

The warriors were endowed with three small rooms at the Dripping Springs, without bath; which probably wouldn't cause any of them to be found hanging from the rafters in the morning. Professor McKinnon was ushered ceremoniously into the bridal suite, which was as near to a bride as the spotted lizard will ever get. He was surrounded by hot water, scented soap and other luxuries, and I thought of his former days in Sheboygan, when he lived in the Miners' Rest, where the man who got the last piece of liver had always just won a three-round battle. Sometimes, I reflected, a life of crime rolls smoothly along on rubber casters.

Being interested in Indians, tame as well as wild, it wasn't long before I was on friendly terms with the half dozen test turtles. I learned almost immediately that they were dissatisfied with existence. One of them unburdened himself to me after I offered to buy a drink, which offer he couldn't accept.

His name was Broken Shoulder; and he was as nice and refined an Indian as I've known, though slightly too educated to be of much use.

"Yeah," I said to Mr. Shoulder; "I used to know your teacher years ago. Nice man."

"Nice nothing!" grunted the native son. "He's a grafter! These calory cubes may contain nourishment, but not for me. Look at me! I'm a large man and I look strong, but I'm starving. So are the other boys."

I glanced across at Running Elk and Leaping Lizard, and they did seem the least mite thin and exhausted. They were sitting in the hotel billiard room, in their languid, half-dead fashion, watching the palefaces shoot Kelly pool; and they sure looked haggard and wan the longer you studied them.

"Then there's not so much to these calory cubes?" I ventured, hunting for information. "They've been a success in this state, haven't they?"

"You mean the advertising campaign has been a success," replied my red-skinned friend gloomily. "The cubes contain no more real sustenance than a collar button. I ought to know. Look at Flying Cactus, over there! Look at any of us! Nothing but empty shells!"

Broken Shoulder threw away his toothpick with a gesture of melancholy disgust.

"Yet I been reading in the daily prints," I went on, "where you boys are all riotous with new-found strength. I see where you are now able to tie a string to your toe and lift twelve pounds more than when you stuck to steak and onions."

"A campaign lie!" snorted Broken Shoulder. "I could just about lift a small plate of beans if I had one. But there's no chance for real food. See what we have to stop us!"

He pointed to the doorway, where I noticed a couple of husky gents lolling in careless attitudes, as though they weren't paying the slightest attention.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Guards!" retorted Broken Shoulder bitterly.

"What for?"

"They're paid to watch us and see that we don't sneak round a corner and grab off a beef stew. Mr. McKinnon's idea. You can be certain of one thing: That part of the advertising where it says that the Snake Indian Test Squad hasn't had anything to eat for two months except calory cubes is perfectly true. That's the only part that is true."

I had a lot of further interesting words with my new friend, and learned that the native children were good and sore. First, they were peevish with McKinnon for feeding them forcibly on pellets and denying them the sustenance needed by large young men. Next, they loathed Artemus Cook and his Company for inventing the cause of their misery.

It didn't fill them with joy, either, to be dragged out of their quiet school in their weakened condition and displayed prominently before a hotelful of rich and food-eating guests. Of course, if they hadn't been degenerate Indians they wouldn't have stood it; but all the fine frenzy of their forebears had ceased to flow in their devitalized veins. Years of free education and brown bread had robbed them of their ancient impetuosity.

I looked over to where Leaping Lizard was rolling a cigarette under a guard's watchful eye, and wondered what his great-grandfather would say if he could crawl out of his lonely mountain grave and see to what depths the Snake Tribe had fallen. He would behold them now as a bunch of pill-eating, spineless and flabby Indians, full of charity education and calories, knowing nothing of the glories gone by, the wild chase of the white man's caravan, and the underwear trot round the totem pole; and abstaining from scalp dances, war whoops, canine cutlets and the red-eye which cometh in a bottle. I felt sort of sorry while I looked at them and realized what a modern classical education had done for the poor mutts.

"To add to our humiliation," said the simple savage soul with whom I had struck up this friendship, "look at what they're going to do with us to-night!"

I looked, and agreed with him that it was a raw deal. No white man would have stood it; but these aborigines had been so educated in peaceful ways and robbed of resistance by trying to parse George Bernard Shaw that they would stand anything—almost.

IV

THE big banquet hall had been put into shape by Angus MacJones, who had spent money with both hands, feeling certain that he would get it all back later on. He prepared a Lucullan repast for Mr. Cook and his organization, and the other hotel guests were invited to surge in and be regaled. They were offered a royal gorge beginning with the usual horse doovers and ending up with champagne. In between was everything attendant upon a costly and gastronomic debauch of food.

Over in one corner, behind the band and the potted palms, was a small, virtuous table, draped with a cloth and containing six small plates. It boasted no wine decanters, no knives and forks, no souvenirs, or anything else that portends a feast. I took a long look at this bleak table and asked Joe Hooker about it. Joe is the Springs' head waiter and I got the job for him.

"What's the little table for?" I asked him.

"Why, that's for the Indian Test Squad," Joe said, laughing.

It was. Those poor suckers, after two months of persistent starvation, were scheduled to sit down, amid all the passing of food and the flowing of wine, and eat another meal of Cook's Calory Cubes, just to round out their scientific experiment and show the curious populace what McKinnon had done for them, and how the sustaining power of the cubes was actually applied to the human frame.

"I'll tell you the answer," Broken Shoulder said to me in a weak voice when I spoke of the hardship of a final shot of cubes: "It's because we've been charity wards so long that it has deprived us of our manhood. It is a shameful confession; but it's the truth."

Then he walked away sadly, pulling his belt up a notch and followed by a hawk-eyed guard.

It might have been two o'clock in the afternoon when I passed through the railroad station to get me a five-cent cigar; and I paused to watch the flow of traffic.

Dripping Springs is like a good many other Western towns in one respect—there is always a row of dandruffy Indian women, who sit on their haunches in the shade, waiting for trains, so they can sell the traveling public such things as beads, necklaces, hammered coins, combs and miscellaneous junk, at about three times what they can be bought for inside the station. Some of these withered hags will let you take their photographs for a dime; and if you refuse the dime they cover their wrinkled faces with shawls and curse you in their own quaint tongue.

There were a dozen of these old women regulars in the Dripping Springs Station. There was, also, one male Indian, old and bent and haggard; and the boys always referred to him as Much Nose. The sucker was a celebrity too.

Reason for his fame was found on his aged and leathery back. He kept this part of his person covered with a red blanket until you slipped him a coin; whereupon he would let you inspect his back. Most male backs in this world are not worth looking at, with or without an entrance fee; but this one was an exception.

On this antiquated and timeworn back was an elaborate tattooed design. It was an Indian device and it covered half of the old boy's deeply brunette back. It was worth the passing dime because of its age and the skill of the long-gone tattooer; and it was generally understood that the faded ink was a hundred years old.

The great traveling public fell for this back inspection in large numbers. Looking at a wrinkled and tattooed skin is a new way to get rid of expense money, and Much Nose was famous all through the West. Passengers coming East would stop and urge Westbound traffic to step off at Dripping Springs and be sure to look at that back. It was the only one in the world, I suppose, which acted as a steady source of income to its owner.

It was while I stood there, gazing at the afternoon train, that young Mr. Hatch, the advertising expert, came in and bought a week-old newspaper. He showed me an advertisement about the cubes, which he claimed as a child of his brain, and asked me wasn't it a bird!

"Yeh," I said; "it takes genius to write these things. You could probably sell horse collars in Detroit."

"Mr. Cook thinks very well of me," he admitted in a pleased way. "They're going to feature my stuff in the Montana campaign. If I keep on at my present speed I'll be more than a white chip in this company."

I looked thoughtfully at the young gander and wondered how he could write such untruths; and right about then I decided to help him along the road to a deathless fame. A tender young idea popped into my mind unexpected, looked round and took a chair.

"I suppose you advertising boys like to make a hit with the boss when you can?" I remarked.

"We do," he admitted.

"All right!" I went on cheerily. "I'm going to give you a free suggestion; and if you act on it you'll probably cause a lot of talk about yourself. They tell me Artemus Cook prides himself on his unique advertising methods. Loves something bold, new and striking. All right! Now let me whisper to you a real advertising stunt."

"Go on!" Hatch said, his eyes lighting up. "What is it?"

Then I led Mr. Hatch into a quiet corner and told him my own notion about the proper way to advertise Cook's Calory Cubes in a brilliant and original manner, and thereby call the attention of his superiors to his own gingery intellect. I explained to him carefully what he ought to do to create comment and chop his way forward to a larger salary. When I got through

(Concluded on Page 71)

How Long Do Your Clothes Live?

In these days of thoughtful economy, it's as important to prolong the life of clothing as it is to save on food!

Peet's

Crystal White

"The Perfect Family Soap"

washes ***properly.*** It is a scientific blending of pure vegetable oils which take the risk and toil out of washing. Thousands of women are now depending upon ***Crystal White's*** aid to get the longest wear out of their finest frocks, lingerie and linens.

All household cleansing duties are more readily and economically accomplished with this ***pure white soap!***

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY – SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN AND COUNTRY

Big City, Small Town and Farming Country all know and need and operate the one-ton Commerce Truck.

Manufacturer, merchant and farmer all find in the one-ton Commerce Truck the solution of their hauling and delivery problems.

Reasons

The one-ton Commerce Truck has Stamina with Good Looks—

Remarkable Serviceability with remarkably low Upkeep—

A remarkable Range of Usefulness with a remarkable Completeness of Equipment.

Perhaps, this last—the Commerce's Completeness of Equipment—is the most important factor in the nation-wide popularity of the one-ton Commerce.

When you purchase a Commerce Truck, you receive it Completely Equipped. You don't face the necessity of purchasing additional equipment—at additional cost—to enable you to operate the Truck for your needs. There are no "extras."

For seven years we have been building and selling Commerce Trucks. Thousands of satisfied Commerce owners are the best proof of our success.

It is, in a word, the business man's verdict that it is good economy, a good advertisement and a good investment to own and operate a Commerce Truck.

YOUR Business is Our Business—If you need motor trucks, if you buy motor trucks, if you sell motor trucks, because we build Commerce Trucks for Business.

One-ton Chassis - - -	$1340
With Express Body - - -	$1375
With Post Top and Storm Curtains	$1450
With Standard Stake Body -	$1490

All Prices f. o. b. Detroit

COMMERCE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Concluded from Page 68)

speaking you could hang a hoop on his eyeballs. He howled with delight, and slapped me on the chest with a violence that I forgave only because of his future.

"You're a wonder!" he said.

Then he rushed out of the railroad station, leaving me among the time-tables; and pretty soon Backfire Jordan wandered in.

"Say," I began, "you've got a date for to-night that you don't know about."

"Me?" he said, surprised.

"Yeah; you and I are going to attend this here grand and triumphant banquet at the Dripping Springs Hotel."

"Go on!" Backfire replied with derision. "They wouldn't let you and me on the floor."

"And we ain't going to be on the floor," I stated. "We are going to occupy a high and exalted place up in the balcony, among the ladies."

"They didn't invite us, did they?" Backfire demanded in wondering tones.

"No," I said; "and Belgium didn't invite Germany, neither!"

▼

I PUT in the rest of that day waiting impatiently for the expensive doings scheduled for the evening, wherein Artemus Cook would banquet himself and his commercial associates in celebration of their success. I learned afterward that Mr. Hatch took my idea of a novel advertising device and sprung it on his immediate superior, Mr. Hammer, the advertising manager of the company. That official pounded a desk with enthusiasm and passed it on to Artemus Cook himself. And the head of the company appropriated it for his very own. That was his custom. If he saw a good idea he became its father at once, no matter what hard-working employee dug it up.

Hatch forgot to mention my humble part in it, and likewise Mr. Hammer ignored Hatch; so the unique advertising stunt appeared to come from Artemus Cook, to be admired by all the hired hands later on.

The banquet was ordered to slide down the ways at eight o'clock; and about that time the forces of Cook's Cubes began to assemble, clad neatly in their evening clothes, and ready to eat a large substantial banquet, and then listen to speeches, in which each one of them would strive to outdo the last in explaining what a great man Artemus Cook was.

Backfire Jordan and I arrived early and on foot, and we carefully omitted going in by the main entrance. Our modesty and Joe Hooker passed us in through a side door; and we slipped into the balcony, where all the beautiful ladies were gathered to gaze down upon their brilliant and eating husbands.

"I don't see what good it's going to do us up here," Backfire complained to me. "I like to be where the food is."

"You don't see now, but you will, later on," I assured him. "You just cramp yourself up against the railing, where you can look down upon that festal scene, because the longer you look, the more festal it's going to get."

We sat down beside two or three large and partly disrobed ladies and watched the commercial gentlemen surge into the room, speaking politely to each other and making gay jests. Each man's name was on a shiny card beside his plate; so all knew where to sit down.

President Cook made one of the most dignified entrances ever recorded in the annals of going into banquet rooms. He was dressed immaculately; and if he had had a red sash across his shirtfront you couldn't 'a' told him from the president of Paraguay. He was attended on one side by Professor McKinnon; on the other hand Mr. Hammer walked slowly and impressively.

As I said, the six Indians occupied the side table; and when they headed in, and were shown to their seats by McKinnon, you knew by their faces that this might be a joyous banquet for some people, but not for them.

They looked a little like the six persons who take hold of the silver handles and start for the hearse.

Anyhow, they sat down at their corner table without bursting into tears, as I half expected. Before each one was a small saucer, containing a couple of the old familiar calory cubes, upon which they would now feast with what gusto they could command, amid polite hand-clapping by the ladies.

At the head of the banquet table Artemus Cook took up his position; and I remember that McKinnon sat at his right hand and the advertising manager at his left. But between him and Mr. Hammer was a small open space.

There was the usual bustle and whispering while the guests slipped into their chairs. The first drink was being prepared; and at that moment, before the banquet really started and while the six Snake Indians were coldly surveying their cubes, Mr. Cook rose and addressed the assemblage. He cleared his throat and began to speak, while those at the table leaned forward and the spectators in the balcony strained their ears. I strained one ear so it's never been quite the same.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Cook in a gently complacent manner, "I have a few words to say before this pleasant occasion begins. During our advertising campaign in this state, now brought to a successful close, I have at various times suggested methods for bringing our product to the attention of the public, and I feel justified in saying that some of my ideas were new, novel and unique."

He paused and raised his arm in a way that would have made Patrick Henry gnash his teeth. There was a polite patter of applause, and one self-seeking employee said hoarsely:

"You're the best advertising man in America, Mr. Cook!"

The boss smiled indulgently and continued:

"As I say, I have at various times made suggestions; but to-night I feel that I have outdone even myself. I have bettered my best. I think you will agree with me that I have succeeded in producing a most striking and unusual advertising effort. I have chosen this pleasant occasion to disclose my latest success. It is the fitting climax of a remarkable publicity campaign. You can see and judge."

He turned to the space between him and the advertising manager and said:

"Stand up, Joe—on the chair!"

Then the men at the banquet table and the ladies up aloft beheld one whom they had not noticed before. Their astonished eyes fell upon the diminutive and aged figure of old Much Nose, the station celebrity, and the only Indian in the world with a profitable tattooed back.

Much Nose rose, blinking and unsteady amid the dazzle of lights, and stood on his chair as commanded. Mr. Cook whirled him round, so that his back fell under the lights and became visible to one and all; and with the same motion he whisked off the new red blanket bought for the occasion. Those present gazed and broke into genteel applause as the cleverness of the thing dawned upon them. Mr. Cook stood there, his chest swelling with pride. It was an important moment.

And then all hell busted loose!

A high-power earthquake hit that festive room, the first rumble of which was a wild, ear-splitting, terror-spreading call to battle. And, looking over into the corner, I beheld six bulky forms leaping into action.

The first definite sound was the ancient Snake Tribe's war whoop, led by Broken Shoulder; and, as I stared, I noticed that he was a changed Indian. Furthermore, his five husky compatriots were also changed Indians. The thin veneer of civilization had fallen from them, and now it looked like a plain case of save the women and children first. I saw Leaping Lizard clear his table at a bound; and when he landed he uprooted a large brass candlestick, which thereupon became an instrument of death.

A bunch of celery, inclosed in glass, opened the engagement and a superficial wound below Artemus Cook's eye—and he went under the table to reflect. Mr. McKinnon caught a flying chair with the back of his neck, and dropped out of the action.

A bottle of red wine curved gracefully across the open and laid out the advertising manager; and simultaneously Running Elk tore loose a chandelier and swept clean one end of the banquet table, the gentlemen diving underneath unanimously as the red man swung.

You could see frightened waiters dashing through doors and windows and crawling over the hired orchestra, which had practically given up its musical program for the evening and was leaving as rapidly as possible. Persons in faultless evening clothes tried to dismember their fellow beings in frantic efforts to be elsewhere.

Angus MacJones started mistakenly to restore order, and a large square of ice, with pineapples inside, caught him below the armor plate and sank him without a bubble; and the quiet air was full of olives, silver water pitchers, flower vases, soup tureens, wineglasses, cutlets of lamb and curtain poles.

Flying Cactus had armed himself with a bull fiddle, the proprietor of same seeming to have no further use for it at the moment, and was apparently trying to stamp out the Caucasian race unaided and alone. President Cook crawled up in time to stop a hurrying bottle of catchup with the rear of his skull, and went down again, draped with the Order of the Flaming Tomato.

He floundered round under the table, calling for help; but there was no help, because every male in that unfed and pestered assemblage was trying desperately to save the single life God had given him. One and all, they were hurling the hasty hoof, meantime giving off plaintive cries of distress.

And the Snake Indian Tribe, or what remained of it, tore that room to pieces with enthusiasm, yells and great speed. They were now wild Indians, about twice as wild as a Kansas tornado, but they were working systematically. MacJones' costly potted vegetation served as artillery; and now and then fragments of the ancient Snake war dance could be seen creeping into the action.

I had never heard genuine war whoops before, and I admit they have a cheerful and pleasing sound—if somebody else is being war-whooped. I had great difficulty in holding Backfire to his seat, because, as he explained, he wanted to hurry out and save himself from destruction.

All round us beautiful ladies were fainting or dashing away from the scene of carnage. About seven minutes after the wild men hit the warpath the Dripping Springs banquet hall looked like Louvain, and when calm ensued all forms of the white race had entirely disappeared, leaving the triumphant savages to gather up whatever food had not been destroyed.

I saw Broken Shoulder, partly skinned of his dress suit and bleeding slightly, drag old Much Nose from beneath a pile of carnations, celery, chairs and plush curtains; and shortly after, the hard-breathing red men gathered into close formation, with Much Nose in their midst, and departed without the slightest opposition.

At this point I decided that Backfire and I might as well call it a day's work and go away. I had the pleased feelings of a man who has just finished satisfactorily a piece of work that had worried him some; though Backfire was bewildered.

We beheld the six changed Indians hurrying off in the distance and apparently heading for Much Nose's shack, up on the Cañon Road; and every so often one of McKinnon's former pupils would lean over and cuff the old boy on the ear.

Thus ended the triumphant dinner party given by Artemus Cook, which is about the first time a banquet of the kind ended before it began. For hours and hours you could see terrified white men in evening clothes skulking amid the shadows, and coming timidly out of alleys and from under bushes.

I noticed Angus MacJones walking round in a circle on the main piazza, tearing his hair and begging Providence to tell him why this had happened to an honest man!

I suppose it must have been dawn before all those frightened guests concluded that there wasn't an Indian uprising in the land, and that human life was safe. Eventually they tiptoed back to the hotel, changed hurriedly into traveling clothes, and made quiet preparations to get whatever train seemed to be going away first. As for Angus MacJones, none of them would even talk to him.

"Well," said Backfire to me, "I've been at a few dinner parties in my life, but none like this! I thought you said them was tame Indians."

"They were tame," I told him as we strolled on toward town, "until that mercenary cube corporation finally insulted them beyond even an Indian's endurance. You know, an Indian has feelings. Some things are sacred to a savage. Didn't you see what those cube pushers did to Much Nose's back?"

"I saw the man unwrap the blanket," agreed Backfire; "and right after that I couldn't see much of anything."

"Sure! And what was under that blanket? A vulgar commercial advertising device, stamped into the old warrior's hide! Nice thing to do! Maybe you don't know who old Much Nose is?"

"Who is he?"

"Well, for one thing, he's the last of the long line of Snake Indian chieftains, and his real name is Silver Cloud. He's the sole remaining chief, and he dates back to those proud tribal days when the Snake clans were noble and savage, and spent their time happily amid arson and scalps.

"When you start desecrating a veteran chieftain and make a billboard out of his symbolical and revered epidermis, you're liable to stir swelling emotions among his kinsmen—same as poking your toe into a hornets' nest. All you saw to-night was a bunch of outraged young Indians, smarting under an insult they couldn't stand—even with their education. So they just busted loose."

Backfire snickered.

"I begin to get this," he said thoughtfully. "You didn't have a thing to do with it, did you?"

"I might have made a slight suggestion," I admitted modestly; "but it took a genius like Cook to carry it out. Let's go up through the cañon and see how it all ended."

"You mean where those six man-killers went? No!" said Backfire firmly. "Not me! They showed a certain distaste for white men to-night, and I'm partly white."

"Come on!" I insisted. "They know me."

We climbed up toward Much Nose's mountain habitation and discovered signs of activity. There was a dusky group on the step; and Flying Cactus was holding a lamp, while old Much Nose was down on his hands and knees, grunting painfully and having his back tended to by Broken Shoulder. Backfire and I drifted in and were greeted briefly, but without hostility.

"Can't you get it off?" I asked Broken Shoulder.

"No-o-o-o-o!" he shouted irritably, cuffing Much Nose and scrubbing hard.

I looked sympathetically at the old chieftain's back, on which was the tattooed design that had made him famous at the station—the ancient Snake Tribe emblem and the mark of his former rank before the white men came.

It was a wonderful example of tattooing, now pretty badly mussed up; and it consisted of a large coiled serpent, the venerable and worshiped sign of the Snakes. Its head rested on Much Nose's neck, and it twined down, broadening out and covering most of his leathery back. The main device was the serpent; but there were side embellishments of flowers, spears, Indians, lizards, Joshua trees, and other evidences of savage art.

On the broad, scaly folds of the emblematic serpent, Artemus Cook, through young Mr. Hatch, had worked out his advertising scheme in bold, flaming letters, thereby "bettering his best" as he had said, but making it a hard evening for his company and the MacJones hotel. It said on those sacred tribal coils:

CHEW COOK'S CALORY CUBES!

"No wonder!" said Backfire sympathetically. "No wonder these boys cut loose. That's a sin!"

"And, furthermore," I said to him when we started home, "here's one mess of newspaper publicity that won't cost Artemus Cook a cent. The editor of the Gazette asked me this morning did I know any news, and I didn't then; but I do now. Come on down to his office."

WALTHAM WATCHES

First to build a watch to meet exclusive railroad standards.

First in every important improvement in fine watchmaking.

First in approval and more in use upon the world's railroads than all other makes of watches combined.

First in precision and reliability when compared with the watches of Switzerland, England and France.

First in leadership, in reputation, in demand at home and abroad.

The nations of the World have come to Waltham for Time

The Vanguard

The World's Finest Railroad Watch
23 and 19 jewels

The Riverside

The Most Dependable Moderate Price Watch in the World

The Ideal Christmas Gift

There is Nothing So Watchful Over Time

GIRDLE THE WORLD WITH TIME

YOU go to your dealer to purchase a watch. You are not a horological expert. But you desire to own a timepiece unexcelled for accuracy, beautiful to look upon, and made for long-life wear.

You place your confidence in your dealer's judgment. You want *the* watch and you believe *he* knows.

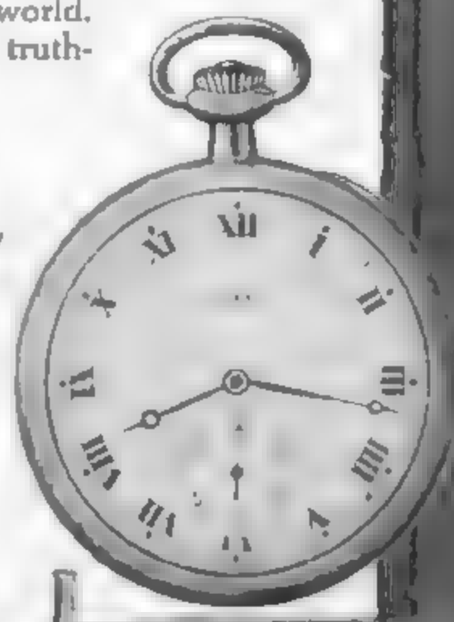
You have heard of the Waltham reputation that is known throughout the world. You have read that Russia, China, Japan, Italy, Korea, Australia and a great English railroad came to Waltham for just such a watch as you desire.

You have been told how these great nations searched Europe for the world's best Railroad Watch. That their experts went to Switzerland, the home of fine watch-making, that they also examined the watches of England and France—and then came to Waltham.

You know, also, that what these experts found, governed their decision in giving the Waltham Vanguard Railroad Watch preëminence over all others.

This unanimous approval of Waltham supremacy is important to you. It means that the world's leading horologists have already decided for you that the Waltham Railroad Watch is unexcelled. That it will give you precision, beauty and long wear—those three great essentials in the watch you desire.

Therefore, you are justified in demanding a Waltham Watch. You know that it will pass the rigid time test of any railroad in the world. That it will serve you faithfully and truthfully all the days of your life.



The Colonial A

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy

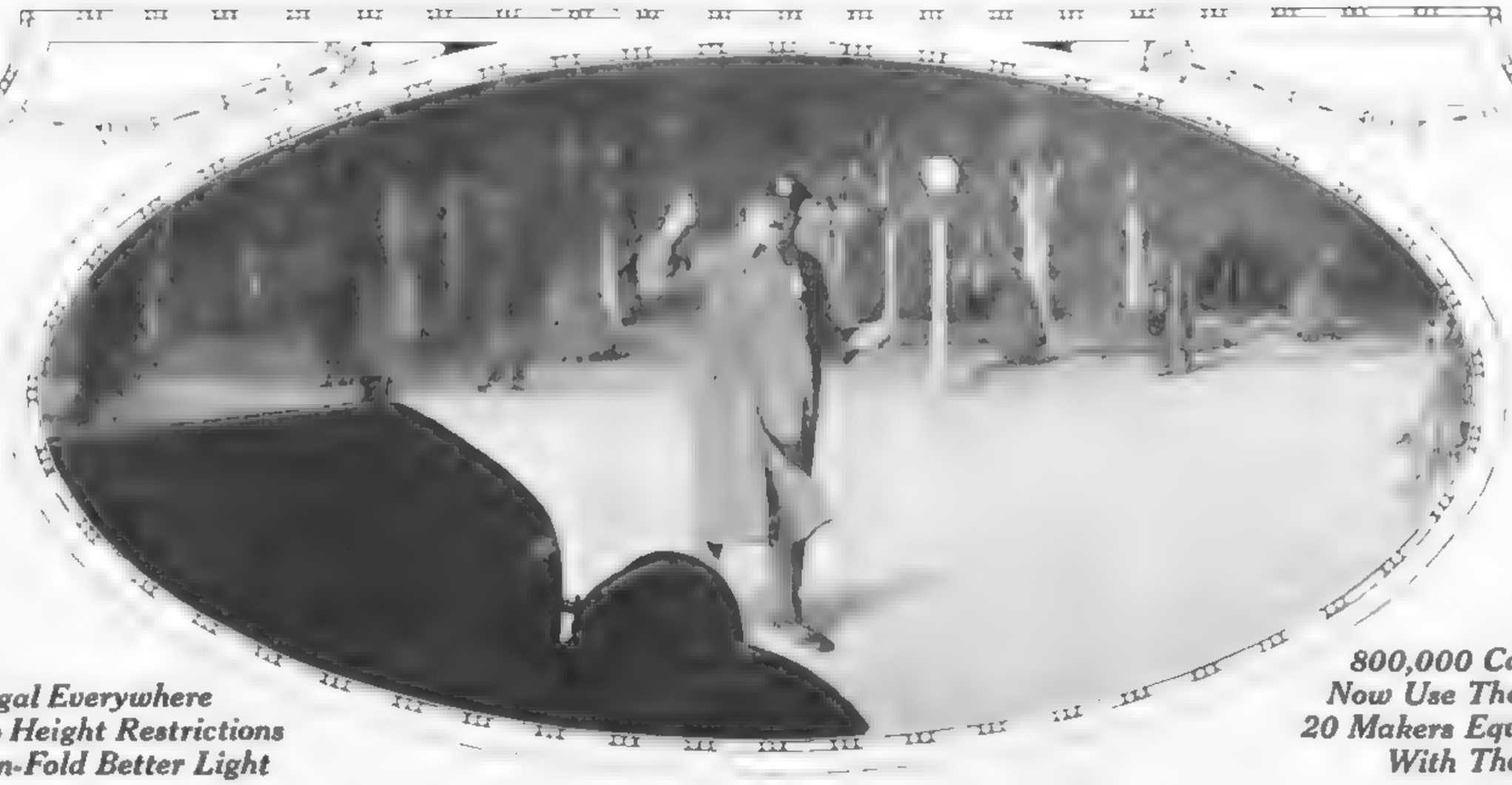
Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
WALTHAM, MASS.

CANADA: 189 St. James Street, Montreal

Manufacturers of the Waltham Speedometer and Automobile Clocks

as The WALTHAM Watch



Legal Everywhere
No Height Restrictions
Ten-Fold Better Light

800,000 Cars
Now Use Them
20 Makers Equip
With Them

New Headlight Laws

Forbid Glare Lights in 22 States—And Dimmers Will Not Do

Now more than courtesy, more than day-like vision, urge you to Warner-Lenz.

This glareless, all-revealing light has proved glare rays unnecessary. So twenty states have passed no-glare laws since the Warner-Lenz came out.

When only city laws forbade glare, dimmers could comply. Dimmed lamps mattered little on well-lighted streets. But on dark roads these quelled lights will not do. They are too dim. So the only way to meet these State laws is to adopt a legal lens.

No Direct Beams Or 42-inch Restriction

These laws are much alike. The purpose is to forbid a blinding glare.

Direct beams must not reach the eye. If you have them, shades or lenses must restrict them to 42 inches above ground.

But diffused light, soft and mellow, meets no limitation. The Warner-Lenz sheds no direct beams. It is free from glare. So it is legal, without dimming, under every state and local law.

This fact has been certified by countless local authorities. Also by every commission appointed under State headlight laws.

All-Revealing Light

The Warner-Lenz floods your entire field of vision with an all-revealing light.

It lights the road and roadsides, near and far. It lights the upgrades and the downgrades. Its rays spread out so they light the curves and turns.

It has no limitations. Up and down, far and wide, it lights your forward road like day.

Warner-Lenz on All New Cars of 20 Makes

Packard Marmon
Stutz Hal Twelve
Ohio Electric
White Peerless
Fiat Fageol
Lenox Moon
Standard 8
Pathfinder
Doble Steam
Singer McFarlan
Daniels 8 Murray
Cunningham
Davis

22 States Now Forbid Glare Lights

California
Connecticut
Delaware
District of Columbia
Indiana Illinois
Kansas Maryland
Missouri Ohio
Michigan Nebraska
New Jersey Texas
New York Maine
Iowa No. Dakota
No. Carolina
Massachusetts
So. Dakota
Washington

Rise and fall of the car does not affect the light, nor does turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. That is vitally important.

The Wanted Lens

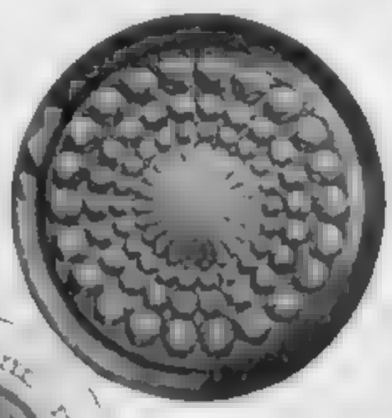
The Warner-Lenz is more than law-complying. It is the wanted lens. It came into vast popularity while old-time lights were legal.

Over 800,000 motorists adopted it in the past 17 months. It is already standard equipment on 19 famous cars.

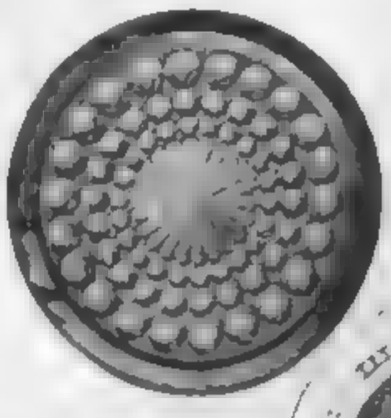
Its appeal is resistless. Once ride behind the Warner-Lenz and you never will drive without them. Every time you meet them you know they belong on your car.

Change lenses now, whether your laws require it or not. Stop the affront of glare lights. Get a ten-fold better road light. But be sure you get the right lens when you change. That is the Warner-Lenz—the 176 lenses in one—with the name Warner-Lenz on the edge.

See your dealer or write us.



WARNER-LENZ



This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
8 to 9	$3.50
9¼ to 10⅛	4.00
10¼ to 12	5.00

West of Rockies 25c Per Pair Extra

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 918 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

BOTH CHEEKS

(Concluded from Page 13

The fighters collided against the silver-gleaming picture over the low mantel, and that crashed down. Zenas pushed Thomas against a gilt-framed mirror, and it cracked, and stars and fizzures appeared with noises of explosions.

Always Thomas was on the defense, trying to dodge those blows of the steely little fists of the peaceful man, and never got in one blow himself. Thomas' nose was bleeding, his mouth was puffing, his eyes were closing. He was panting terrible. He was game withal. Never once did he whimper, but he was being worsted.

At last both men crashed down on the floor, and Zenas was sitting on Thomas and pounding the floor with Thomas' great head. Zenas was now beyond himself. The blood which had been held so long in check by laws of peace was over the dam, in flood tide. He was dangerous and terrible.

Zenas pounded the floor with the head of Thomas, and Thomas was gasping when the two old Sylvester brothers who lived next door came rushing in. With them was their niece Adeline and her husband, Marion Leicester.

For a moment not one trusted vision. The whole was monstrous and incredible. That little old Zenas Lord, who had antagonized everybody in Leicester and the Barrs by his peaceful attitude when the world was at fighting point, was himself fighting and, it seemed, ready to murder another man, was unbelievable.

Marion Leicester, who wore the khaki and was home on furlough, stared. They all stared. Then Marion made a spring.

"You'll kill him if you don't stop that!" he called, and grasped Zenas' shoulders. They felt like shoulders of steel. Marion was strong, but he could not move those dreadful shoulders of rage. "Let up, for God's sake, man! You don't want to kill him!" he shouted.

Old Zenas twisted round a terrible face of white wrath. "That is just what I want to do," said he. "I want to kill him!"

Zenas made as if to give the floor another pound with the head of Thomas, but Adeline Leicester was before him. Thomas' head came down upon a very large feather cushion which Adeline had snatched from the sofa.

"Take away that damned thing!" screamed Zenas.

He snatched it away himself, and again raised the head. The two Sylvesters and Marion Leicester tugged at Zenas, but all three were not sufficient to prevent another thud.

"He'll kill him!" cried Adeline. She was sobbing and poising the sofa cushion when James Lord came in at a run.

"What in time ——" he began.

"James! James!" gasped Adeline. "Your uncle has gone crazy! He's killing Mr. Dodd!"

Zenas unexpectedly spoke in a collected voice.

"I am not killing Thomas Dodd. I am killing war," said he.

"For heaven's sake, give us a hand, Jim!" gasped Marion Leicester, "or I believe my soul your uncle will kill him. He's like a man made of steel."

As he spoke he again endeavored to get a hold on the old man's shoulders, but such awful tenacity of nerve and will was beyond his strength to overcome.

James was as small as his uncle and of about the same build, and he was young. Finally the four men forced Zenas into a chair, and Marion and James held him while the Sylvesters and Adeline attended to Thomas Dodd.

Presently Thomas Dodd was lying on the sofa, the blood washed from his face, a bandage soaked with liniment on his left jaw and another wet with ice water on his eye. He was still game. As soon as he could speak he turned his right eye in the direction of old Zenas, held in his chair like a restrained charge of dynamite.

"What in tunket possessed you?" he demanded.

Zenas glared at him.

"You're licked!" he proclaimed in a high voice of triumph.

James stared at him. He really thought his uncle had gone stark mad.

"What made you fly in the face of Scripture?" snarled the old man on the sofa.

"Scripture doesn't say what's to be done when the second cheek is hit," declared Zenas.

"Hum," demanded the old man on the sofa; "do you mean to say the second cheek of your own country wasn't hit when Germany tried her devilish plots and blew up our factories and more ships, after the Lusitania?"

Zenas was silent.

"And wasn't more than both cheeks of every decent country on the face of the earth hit after Belgium, anyhow?" demanded Thomas Dodd. "Wasn't all humanity hit? Wasn't—God Almighty himself hit?"

After another silence Zenas spoke in a queer, shocked voice.

"Maybe you are right," he said.

"Of course I'm right! But you had to have both your own cheeks hammered, and behave like Germany yourself, making out you were the injured one and pitching into your friend, before you could get it into your hard head. Yes, sir, the United States of America had both cheeks hit, and her heart hit, and the God in whom she believes hit, before she sailed in. Now she's going to hit, and I guess Germany will be on the sofa before long about as beat out as I am. Well, it was worth it. If you hadn't owned up you could have used my head for a tack hammer till you were convinced I did a good thing when I boxed you. When a man's hit himself it sort of drives things home."

"You are right," said Zenas. He was very pale, and his face wore a strange expression.

He looked shocked and exalted. He also had been vanquished, although he bore not a mark on his wiry old body. Thomas Dodd had been subtly victorious. Zenas realized a soreness of his very soul, harder to be borne than all the bruises which he had inflicted on the other's body.

"It isn't Germany's body alone, but her soul we are fighting," he groaned as if to himself.

"We are going to win," said Marion.

"Win fast enough," said Zenas, "but it's got to be a terrible victory. Germany on the sofa, body and soul!"

Suddenly he turned very pale and James caught him. The old pacifist had exhausted himself. He was helped into his bedroom and Adeline brought him a glass of port wine. He looked up at her after he had swallowed it.

"Sam Buzzy has got to keep his dog at home," said he.

"Lie still now and don't worry," said Adeline soothingly.

"I am going to collect that demand note," said Zenas.

Adeline did not know what he meant.

"That's all right, so you shall, don't worry," said she.

"How is Thomas going to get home?"

"Marion will drive him in the car."

"I didn't hurt him much?"

"No, don't you worry."

After the Sylvesters had gone and Marion had driven off with Thomas Dodd propped up in the tonneau of the car, James Lord sat by himself in the outer room. He thought it wiser to leave his uncle alone. The bedroom door was ajar and he could hear if he stirred.

James sat with a bewildered face until he heard the Leicester car return; then he jumped up and opened the door for Marion. Both men tiptoed back into the room.

"I think he's asleep," whispered James.

The two stood looking at each other.

"What possessed him?" whispered Marion.

"Hanged if I know. Say, Marion, it's hard luck. I want to enlist. I don't want to hang round here when it's a war like this war. I'm disgraced for life if I don't enlist."

"I suppose you have to ——"

"Support him, yes. But if he would collect a demand note that's due him he would have enough to set me free."

Marion gave a low whistle.

"A demand note?"

"Yes, my Uncle Abel's."

"He ought to pay."

"Of course he ought. He would pay, too, but of course he'd get mad. Uncle Abel never paid for anything without raising Cain, and Uncle Zenas is all for peace."

Marion tapped his head significantly.

"I don't know," said James. "Sometimes I wonder myself."

"You needn't wonder," said a voice. "I'm just as right in my head as you are." He was still very pale, old Zenas, standing there in the bedroom door, but he spoke firmly. "I've made up my mind to fight a little for my own rights," said Zenas. "My fight with Thomas turned me clean round. I'm for every man that's able fighting for the country, and fighting for his own rights if he's able. Sam Buzzy has got to keep that dog of his home, and I'm going to collect that note, and—look here, James Lord, I've got money besides that. You go and enlist, and there will be plenty for you to buy yourself a good kit, everything you want, and you can stay in the army, for all me, as long as you live. Maybe you'll get promoted. I've had money enough all along, only I wouldn't tell because I didn't approve of war. Better hurry and enlist before the war's over."

James looked at him, frightened.

Old Zenas laughed.

"You needn't think I'm crazy," said he. "You enlist, and you fight for all you are worth, if you think anything of me."

"I don't know how to thank you, uncle," said James in a bewildered fashion.

Zenas looked at the man in khaki, then at his nephew. A strange light was in his eyes. His peaceful acquiescence with the buffets of the century of wrath and terror was gone forever. He was now of his day, the dreadful Day for all the world. He understood. He could not fight the common foe as he had fought Thomas Dodd; he was too old. The din of battle and trench life was not for him, but in him blazed like a torch the war spirit.

"How can I ever thank you, uncle?" James said again.

"The head of Germania on a charger," said old Zenas Lord.

Sense and Nonsense

The Fish Story

THE river was a-chatterin' around the bend, and scatterin'
A wreath of white foam-flowers where the old gray rock hunched out,
Like some ga'nt brute a-wallerin', with forty furies follerin'—
The minute that I seen it, why, I knowed 'twas made for trout!

The Lord sure loved the rivers when he first turned back the kivers
And looked upon the little world, like one who's had his wish;
Says he: "They're fine for boatin', and they'll save a lot of totin'—
And they'll ramble mighty pleasant for the sons of men to fish."

So one-half of me was dreamin' while the other half was schemin',
And a-choosin' of a leader, and a-pickin' of a fly,
As I marked a fish hawk wheelin' like he reckons I was stealin';
And I seen a cloud go reelin' in the mirror of the sky.

Shucks! I ain't much good at workin', and Old Trouble's allus lurkin'
When I opens up my ledger and attempts to beat the "red";
But I knows the merry water like a mother knows her daughter—
And I dunno as I'm sorry that I has my gift, instead.

So I limbered up my tackle, and I hitched a single hackle,
With the dust of moth wings on it, to the leader, and the line
Slips the eager tip and, swingin', send the gray fly softly wingin'
To a swirl your hand might kiver—Lord, your river's pretty fine!

Like it happens in a story, up he flashed—a streak of glory!
And the reel hums like a hornet, and he leaps to mock the sun,
And the line goes quiver-quiver in the shudders of the river—
And he grabs the slack and takes it like a filly on the run!

As for them that has their fishin' in an office, sittin' within'—
Well, I wishes they was with me when I leads him, careful—out!
And I wishes that the mopish and the sluggish and the dopish
Might have seen the sunset tingle on a five-pound fightin' trout.

The Lord sure loved the rivers when he first turned back the kivers
And smiled upon his little world, and set the trees along,
And watched the trout a-larkin' where the foam-flecks dance and darken—
And I think he leaned to hearken to the whole beguilin' song.

—*Ben Hur Lampman.*

Blackbirds

SEVERAL darkies were discussing the best branch of the service to enlist in, and one darky suggested the aviation branch. This conversation ensued:

FIRST DARKY: How come you don't jine dis yere flying squad? Ain't much chance to git kilt after you learn to ride one. You goes so high dat de guns cain't reach you.

SECOND DARKY: Hold on dere, brudder! You ain't talkin' to me. I knows zactly how dat thing's gwine to be. You goes up 'bout three miles, an' the dog-gone contrapshun—hit stops. An' de white man what you is riding wit', he say: "Hey, nigger! Git out an' crank up!" No, suh; I don't need no flying in mine!

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PATERFAMILIAS

(Continued from Page 4)

She was small, like himself, but, in the thinnest of bright yellow, graceful, with a crown of shining hair and a clear, gray gaze. He was conscious of a clinging and delicate fragrance lingering from her contact. Elijah was actually confused. Why, Christmas, Eleanor was a woman! Twenty-two! Mel had been no older when he married her.

Jason, he thought, was pale; the boy had dark smudges under his eyes. Sitting up too late, probably. He was beautifully dressed, in a dinner coat and white flannels, with the pearls his mother had given him in a rigid shirt.

"Hello, father," he greeted the elder in a kind of constraint. He produced a cigarette from a gold case, lighted it and expelled sharply a cloud of smoke.

"Hello, J. E., Junior," Elijah responded.

"I've cut that," the other told him. "I couldn't go the Biblical part. I am Jason Mimm now."

Elijah glanced swiftly at his wife, wondering how she had taken the youthful announcement. He remembered that when their son was born he had protested against the repetition of his solemn name; but Melina, in a pretty burst of sentiment, had insisted on calling the boy after his father.

"They ridicule it," she explained now, rather hurriedly; "and just Jason is so much shorter."

"Eleanor has the luck," his son proceeded; "she can shake the whole dam' thing."

"Jason," the woman asserted with a show of vigor, "you must remember what I said about swearing before your sister and me. It isn't nice, dear."

"Well," he retorted, "you'll admit that Mimm is some handle. I've heard you complain about it yourself, and Eleanor has shed tears."

J. Elijah Mimm stood silent before this controversy and assault upon his name. He had never thought of it in this light—Mimm, it did sound rather absurd. But Melina was right about the boy's swearing. He had started to remonstrate himself, but had kept silent from a reluctance to correct Jason the moment, almost, of his arrival. Elijah had a recurrence of the sense of strangeness before the sudden objectivity of his wife's elaborate presence, the questioning reserve of Eleanor, and Jason's very adequate poise, plastered hair and formal garb. He thought an odor of cocktails emanated from his son, but the veil of tobacco was so thick that he couldn't be certain. It was far too soon for that!

A silence followed that speedily deepened to an uncomfortable constraint. Eleanor moved about the room, straightening her father's plain, wood-backed brush and rubber comb on the dressing table; Jason smoked, thrust straight forward on his chair with extended pumps and clocked, black silk clad ankles; and Mel smoothed her shimmering lap, preparatory to rising.

"I must go back," she said; "my partner will expect me."

Jason stirred with a relieved expression. "And I've got to arrange about a foursome for to-morrow." Eleanor moved up and caught her arm within her mother's.

"I'll have to fix up a little," Elijah remarked; "see about my trunk." In another minute he was once more alone.

He slowly found a place for his collars in a bureau drawer, produced a box of obviously cheap cigars, and turned on the water in the gleaming stationary basin. His trunk was carried up, and shortly after he descended with a cigar lighted and an air of unobtrusive pleasure.

III

THE movement at the arrival of the mail had subsided; various groups of women, each gathered about an especial conversational energy, had hot-looking piles of knitting on laps of fragile silk and sheer gauze; the mingled talk and soft stir of hands rose from the tropical expanse of evening dresses and beat in a ceaseless tide against a long row of men, mostly in later middle age and stiff dinner garb, variously and diffidently occupied with parts of papers, cigars or their thoughts. Occasionally one of them made a remark at which there was a momentary revival of interest and reply, after which lassitude or irritable and silent

"Oh, Father! This is Mr. Crane. Isn't He Nice, to Dance With Me? He's Awfully Famous for His Leading, Really"

uneasiness again descended. They were, it seemed, inundated in the chatter and brightness of wives and daughters, and, relegated to, or having instinctively joined in, their withdrawn place, endeavored to content themselves with a certain doubtful pride in the expensive plumage of their voluble birds.

Elijah hesitated. He could see his wife absorbed in bridge; from a long corridor beyond the assemblage came the fretful beat of banjos and drum, indicating Eleanor's probable activity; Jason was nowhere visible. He stood for a moment, apologetically, at Mel's shoulder. She was arranging her cards with practiced skill and gave him an absent nod. "Well, partner!" she said briskly to a grim old man opposite her with his features set in a suspicious scowl. Elijah moved away in the direction of the music and Eleanor.

The ballroom was in white, with long open windows and a raised recess for the musicians. The latter were performing on a surprisingly small number of instruments considering the rattling volume of sound produced, and a number of couples were gyrating in an equally frantic manner. The dance ended as he reached the entrance; and Eleanor, dabbing with a scrap of handkerchief at her flushed and excited countenance, passed him with an unperturbed youngish man of good features, an even, pronounced pallor and curling gray hair.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, turning as she saw him. "This is Mr. Crane. Isn't he nice, to dance with me? He's awfully famous for his leading, really. There is a drove of men here, men like yourself, for you to meet and talk to. Mr. Futhey, he's rather a bore; but Mr. Zopher is a scream. You must forget business." She nodded and smiled encouragingly, then moved away with her companion.

Elijah waited, his cigar held aside, until another dance commenced; but Eleanor did not return, and he drifted away, back where he had noted the pool room.

Two tables stood below a railed space of chairs where a man, evidently detached from the main row without, gazed disconsolately at his feet, shod in portentous patent leather. Beyond was the open door to a contracted barber shop; and a man in a white jacket was idly knocking the colored balls about on the cushions. He was, it was clear, at once barber and attendant at the tables. Elijah watched him for a moment, then descended to his side.

"Do you care to play, sir?" the other asked.

Elijah, by way of reply, removed his coat.

He stood in vest and neat shirt sleeves, a file of cigars projecting from an upper pocket, gazing critically down a number of cues, while the balls were being racked. His opponent broke, a skillful shot that left no outlying chances and lodged the cue ball in a far angle. Elijah, with pinched lips, studied the table. He paused to dust a hand with powder, and then returned to his problem. He balanced the cue, faintly whistled a phrase of a popular air and then called his shot. There was a smooth click; a maroon ball rolled from the disorganized pyramid into a corner pocket.

"Fine," the barber applauded; "played perfect." Elijah successfully cut another ball, and then another, from the mass. He essayed a long carom to break up the formation and missed by a hair. The barber cleaned off the table. Elijah broke and the barber followed. He missed and the other collected all but three. The barber broke; Elijah followed. Elijah and the barber. The barber and Elijah. A group gathered in the chairs above, and a man had lounged down between the tables.

The barber put up his cue at a motion from among the onlookers. "I've got to shave the proprietor," he explained. "Maybe this gentleman here, Mr. Fisher, will take a cue."

Elijah turned inquiringly to the individual indicated. The latter, in the conventional dinner coat of the place and hour, flashed a brief, appraising glance over J. Elijah Mimm.

"I might," he admitted.

A slightly supercilious tone annoyed Elijah vastly. The other was, he told himself, precisely the you-be-damned sort he had looked for in the society idlers of the South in winter.

"I suppose we can put something on it," Fisher proceeded.

"Double whatever you supposed," Elijah informed him shortly.

"I had thought of a tenner." His attitude became warmer, almost ingratiating.

"Well—twenty-five."

Elijah won, and the other immediately paid him from a considerable sum of crisp new bills. He was, Elijah saw, both surprised and irritated at the game's outcome. None of this, however, was perceptible in his voice.

"I must try you again," he concluded; "the balls ran badly for me. But you have a good stroke."

The man who had danced with Eleanor appeared at the railing and the former moved up to join him.

"Where's the Glazed Kid?" Elijah heard him inquire on the steps.

"Game in three eighty four," the other replied as they left.

The term, Elijah thought, putting away the cue and resuming his coat, reached with a strange coincidence to his hearing. Leather, glazed kid, the Glazed . . . A sudden query formed in his mind: Were they referring to Jason? The more he considered this the likelier it seemed. It was distinctly unpleasant, used in that connection. Yet, remembering Jason's appearance and attitude, his over-youthful presence for the enameling of confidence and oath and pearls, he was forced to admit that if, as he suspected, the title referred to his son it was not without justification.

He proceeded slowly up to his room. His wife's door was shut upon the darkened bathroom. He had an impulse to knock, discover whether she had retired for the night. He wanted to talk to her a little in a spirit of simple familiarity. He had a hunger for old times, old informal relationships, the intimate discussions and planning—for their children mostly—of earlier years. The silence beyond was unbroken. It might be that she was fast asleep, tired out by the cards. He guessed he wouldn't.

IV

HE WOKE automatically at a quarter before six, from bygone necessary habit. A mocking bird was singing at his window; and, stating to himself that the song was "pretty," in the manner of his conventional response to the recognized charms of Nature, and resolutely smothering a sense of wrongdoing, he managed to sleep again until a surprisingly late hour. The dining-room captain, severe in the marshaling of a staff of women swaying through the files of tables under massively laden trays, led Elijah to a seat by which Jason was already busy with breakfast.

The boy acknowledged his appearance with a somber nod.

"You look as if you needed more sleep," Elijah told him.

"Later than usual last night," he admitted abruptly. "Annie," he turned to the waitress at his father's shoulder, "this is rotten tuck. Get me an egg and milk."

Elijah looked up in genuine concern, a feeling of shame for Jason's manner—the waitress had every reason to be incensed. He saw that she had red hair, bright blue eyes and a satirical mouth; but principally that she was not annoyed at Jason. She glanced swiftly at the latter with the suspicion of a smile, a short nod.

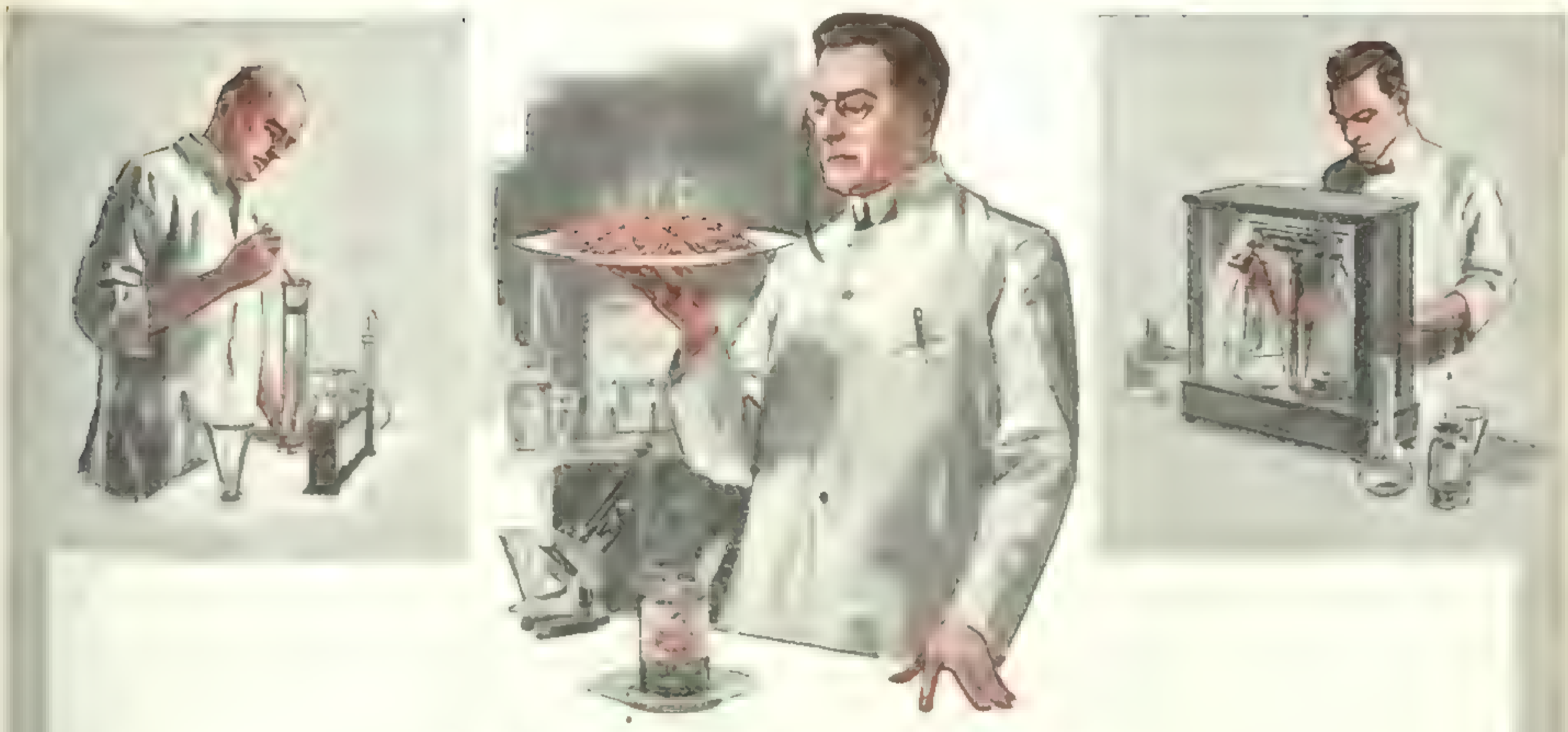
"Do all you young people talk alike?" Elijah asked when the waitress had gone.

"It seems to be pretty well understood."

"When we talk," Jason replied, "we say something. I wish I had got to bed earlier," he went on: "I have a thirty-six-hole match to-day, with Drew Fisher, Keenan and Doctor Trucott."

Fisher was the name of the man Elijah had played pool with last night, and he distinctly recalled the sharpness of the other's gambling. A second fact recurred to him.

(Continued on Page 81)



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SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 78)

"Jason," he asked, "is it you they call the Glazed Kid?"

The youthful face flushed slightly. "Where did you get that?" he demanded; "and so soon? A few of them—Barton Crane and Drew—hung that on me. I guess because I can take care of myself. I had a ——" He stopped, embarrassed.

"Go on!" Elijah told him; "I'm only too glad to hear of your ability in that line."

"I had a hundred and ninety out of the old boys last night," Jason stated defiantly.

"Isn't that a pretty heavy game?"

"A dollar, and two round after fours. I don't play there usually. It just happened then. Golf's where I shine. Why don't you go out with the pro.? I'll try to find time—though it will cost me money and take you on. Mother's had some lessons. You can play with the women."

Elijah listened to the glib periods of his son with the baffling feeling that he was being addressed, patronized, by the merest condescending stranger.

"It's never been my habit to play with women," he said grimly, thinking of the maelstrom out of which he had won to the tranquillity of two and a half million. Jason rose and, in shaggy knickerbockers and a short fine buckskin coat, lounged out of the dining room, tapping a cigarette on his case.

Outside Elijah hesitated and then dropped into a chair of the now largely empty row he had observed last evening. A man older than himself, with slight, straggling gray side whiskers and a darkly veined nose, nodded. "Come yesterday?"

Elijah acknowledged that he had.

"For a considerable stay?"

"Till the family wants to go home."

Now the other nodded in the explication of this intelligible position. "Been here since December first," he stated crisply. "Be here till May. Suits m'wife."

Drew Fisher, in sporting garb, stopped in the middle of the hall to converse with a thick-shouldered man with a smooth, red face. They were joined as they stood by the individual Elijah had met with his daughter. "There's that Crane," his neighbor continued. "Got a wife somewhere; separated, they say. And Fisher, the thin one, couldn't stay here a week if it wasn't for cards -bridge or poker, and golf."

Jason appeared and the group moved toward an exit.

"The Glazed Kid," the seated oracle added.

"My son," Elijah hastened to explain.

"You don't say! Smart boy. But that's nothing unusual now. They're all smart; it's a disease with 'em," he muttered.

A large woman approached in a voluminous coat of tremendous plaid and a long purple veil, and he rose hastily. "Going for m'morning ride," he said, leaving.

Elijah had finished his cigar before his wife and Eleanor appeared. The latter continued to the portico, where through a glass door he saw her settled over a bag of knitting, with Barton Crane drawing up a chair at her side. "What about that fellow out there with Nellie?" he asked. "Heard he had a wife somewhere. He was dancing with her last night too."

"If I worried about details like that I'd be dead," Mel comfortably replied. "Eleanor is a sensible girl. All the women are crazy about Barton, but he told me Eleanor was the only possibility here."

"He said that," Elijah exclaimed; "and him with a wife!"

"Don't be provincial," his wife remonstrated impatiently.

He gazed at her with tightening lips. Mel, he remembered, had at home always been considered a little unsteady, imbued with "ideas," airs. When she had married J. Elijah Mimm it was called an excellent match, for his solid sense would guide, control, her more threatening flights. More than once in the past he had had to exercise his solidity in a necessary restraint; but for twenty years he had not given her the slightest measure of counsel. He had wondered sometimes at the obligations he was called upon to discharge; but, always absorbed in the problem of enlarging his capital, he had dismissed as her unquestionable prerogative a wide freedom with his dividends.

He had, too, without thought, allowed the responsibility of his children to rest upon her. As an example of this, when, in the fall, she had announced that a winter South would be better for Jason than the close confines of college, he had raised no objection. Just then he had been deep in the projected partnerships of Dave Bishoff and Scatchard. Before that, when the boy had returned in mid-term from boarding school and he had received an unvarnished account of delinquencies from an exasperated headmaster, overwhelmed by Mel's slightly confused but voluble charges of favoritism and a prejudiced instructor, he had retreated without serious remonstrance into the urgent deeps of commerce. Well, now that that last pressure, necessity, was removed, he must join fully with Melina in the obligations of his children. He gazed at his wife with renewed pleasure—how young, how beautifully fresh, she was. In contrast to her firm rosy countenance he must seem aged and worn and gray.

V

AT LUNCH, however, he got a renewed pleasure, a glow of pride from his family. Eleanor had dressed for riding in a trim-fitting, long linen coat, a smart black straw hat caught with an elastic under her chin, varnished yellow boots and . . . unqualified breeches. Jason in knickerbockers, a flat gold watch on his wrist, and a coffee-colored knitted thing under his coat, presented, with his sister, an engaging picture of modern youth. In the suave setting of the dining room filled with light and gay clothes and chatter, as "tony" as the best, Mel and Nellie and Jason showed him conclusively the power and measurement of his success, his money.

But Jason was morose. He was, it transpired, "off the mashie"; and he clipped his speech in an ill temper. Eleanor, too, was silent, absorbed. He forgetfully called her Nellie once—out of a time when they had all been very much younger—and earned the concerted disapprobation of the table. He had had the same difficulty of memory when the evening meal had been changed to dinner, calling it inadvertently supper long years after the new arrangement.

But, he now told himself, Mel and the children had been right to keep after him; they had smartly moved with the times, with mounting circumstance; by himself he would never have changed, improved. He would have been content to continue going to supper at six in shirt sleeves; he could never have landed his children here, at the Conifer Arms, South for the winter, with Nel—Eleanor in breeches, exactly like the pictures of noted ladies in the Sunday supplements; and Jason ——

His thoughts were interrupted by what he was sure was an unnecessary, fleet pressure of the waitress' hand on his son's arm. Jason showed no evidence of it, and Elijah couldn't be absolutely certain; yet he was convinced that the thing had taken place. The girl, Annie, he saw, was young; a gracefully poised figure beneath her elevated tray. He noticed her mouth again—discontented, sultry. Elijah's sense of his essential ignorance of Jason flooded back; but of course the boy had had no such experience yet. He wanted desperately to talk to him about life, give him the benefit of his observations, make sure that Jason's knowledge was whole and sane. However, he suddenly realized, gazing at his son's hard self-sufficiency, it was too late for him to gain Jason's intimate confidence. Time had widened too greatly between them; he had put it off too long.

Jason rose with a mutter of his engagement, golf, and strode out of sight; soon after Eleanor whirled away in a clatter of hoofs, sleek horses and a handful of companions; and Mel returned to bridge. Elijah's companion of the morning, with the gray whiskers and portentous wife, sat asleep with his mouth slightly open; the pool room was deserted; everyone but himself seemed to be definitely committed to a purpose or pleasure. Elijah felt distinctly lonely, ill at ease in his unaccustomed idleness. He wondered, longingly, what was happening in the office, then resolutely put that from his mind.

He decided to walk to the golf club, see Jason play; and, following a direction from the desk, he proceeded down a brilliant yellow, clay-sand road, past thickly clustered pines and scattered shingled cottages in clearings, to the sparse rolling turf of the golf course. At the clubhouse, however, he learned that he would have to wait until Jason came in, for the links reached in a great wedge over far hills, and he sat on the pleasant bricked porch with a cigar, watching the constant stir.

The men passing him, his own age for the most part or older, wore easy sporting clothes—baggy knickerbockers, loose rough

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coats and old hats. They presented an enormous contrast to Elijah's neatly fitting, mouse-colored business attire, with the row of cigars in one waistcoat pocket and clipped fountain pen in another, his precise black shoes and derby. He endeavored to visualize himself in "short pants," but he was totally unsuccessful, and the suspicion of a mocking smile twitched at the corners of his serious mouth. He was imagining the dismay of old Mulenberg, his tailor for a decade, at any such fantastic order.

Elijah saw, after a time, a familiar figure across the grass that he was yet unable to recognize. He rose in an impulsive relief at the prospect of an encounter, a conversation, in familiar fields, and hurried from the porch. It was the barber at the inn. The latter spoke civilly; together they watched four players approaching what, Elijah learned, was the last green. One of them now making a shot, he saw, was Jason. The white ball flashed through the air and dropped with surprising accuracy by Elijah, just off the round space of rolled sand that surrounded a metal hole. The three other balls sped in high arcs to the same vicinity, one even stopping finally on the sand. The four drew near, and the one whose ball rested farthest from the hole played again.

Elijah noted that Jason was flushed with irritation. He dragged a club out of a bag, carried by a slovenly colored youth, and frowned at his ball. Drew Fisher, whose shot had run out upon the sand, queried:

"How many, Jason?"

"I lie three."

"I've had the same; well, you're away."

Jason studied his ball again, then motioned for his bag. He changed his club for a heavier one, with a face sloped sharply back; and, swinging it against the grass, played. The ball rose in the air, fell sharply and rolled accurately up to the hole. At the rim, however, it apparently struck softer sand, for it stopped, almost overhanging. Jason with an expression of bitter violence hurled his club against the trunk of a young pine, where it broke into long splinters. Drew Fisher laughed. He played with the utmost care, not trying, Elijah saw, to go in the hole, but to make a certain five.

Playing the boy safe, Elijah thought hotly, turning away to follow Jason tramping toward the clubhouse.

"I'd watch that Fisher," he advised at Jason's shoulder. "He seems to me, from what I've seen and heard, nothing more than a polite gambler."

"That cursed green cost me two-fifty," Jason burst out.

Some moments passed before J. Elijah Mimm realized that the boy had not meant two dollars and a half. Surprise claimed his countenance—two hundred and fifty on one shot in a game! He turned away and walked back to the inn alone, with a thin cold edge of anger entering his perplexity.

■

JASON, driving a low, piratical-looking Zenith touring car, with Fisher lounging in the back, arrived at the inn simultaneously with Elijah. The boy parked his motor on the broad drive before the portico and passed the elder on the stair within. Neither spoke. In his room Elijah saw that his wife's door was open. He heard her voice and Eleanor's; and, calling out, he moved toward them; but the door was abruptly closed against him.

He waited a moment for the explanation that he was certain would follow; but Eleanor, in a high tone muffled by the wall, evidently continued addressing her mother without pause. Mel's voice when, after a little, she spoke, was measured, decided. She was correcting Eleanor for some fault; and the door had been shut upon him precisely as if he were a stranger.

Melina entered shortly, hooking a high lace collar about her full throat. She was still flushed from the encounter.

"I'm going down for a game with Andrews before dinner," he told her.

"But you're not dressed!"

"I thought, perhaps, Saturday night would be enough."

"Really, Elijah," his wife shot out, "there are times when you are too much! You act as though it were painful to dress for the evening. Do you want to embarrass your children?"

"No indeed!" he replied, too emphatically for entire sincerity. "I'd hate to make Jason blush. I would, Mel, for a fact! Well, I'll get out a glass shirt. The studs and things are in that match box on the bureau."

"Elijah, you are entirely too much! Where is the morocco case you had for your sleeve buttons? I don't know whether I have time to put them in for you; and I'm boiling as it is. There's a valet here."

"You have been doing that for thirty-six years, and you'll have to continue," he responded cheerfully.

At dinner Eleanor maintained a stubborn silence, and there could be no doubt that Jason had had cocktails. Mel, Elijah saw, was secretly worried; but she maintained an outer aspect of tranquil radiance, bowing and smiling to numerous greetings.

"Does that little game you spoke of go on from night to night?" he asked Jason.

"Why, yes; I think so," the latter replied, obviously amazed. "You'd better keep out of it, though; they're awfully keen. There's Mackintosh, a president of steel or oil, I forget which; and Drew Fisher; and Keenan, the Irishman; and Granger. Mother, you are going to lose your little J. Elijah if he gets among those cut-throats."

"She may not," Elijah remarked. His knowledge of Jason was no less than Jason's comprehension of his father. Elijah remembered some extraordinary poker nights. His luck had held there too. He drifted back to the detached row of men and sat beside the individual with whom he had already conversed, listening to the other detailing his experiences in house building:

"I told the contractor that where the specifications called for inch-and-a-half stuff to give it two. That's the way I am. Build permanent and comfortable if you're going to build. It's extra-high-grade hardware and lighting fixtures; gutters and rain leaders heavy copper; with cypress and California redwood and Circassian walnut doors. Italian derivation, but changed in the front to suit m'wife."

"It must be an easy house to heat," one of his hearers pronounced.

"Don't know that; never been there in winter; come down here. Away most of the summer too. Wife likes to go to Lake Widdershaw in the summer. And then last fall nothing would suit her but she must get out to the coast. She claims she won't be bothered running a big house, with good hotels round. Says she gets lonely too. Son's dead and his widow married.

"My name's Futhey, Alfred Futhey," he said to Elijah. "Mr. Mimm, meet Mr. Zopher."

The man beyond Futhey nodded. Spread on his knee was a newspaper with a sensational war heading. "Things look bad," he observed gloomily, stabbing the sheet with a thick finger. "The enemy in our midst," he specified. "They say New York City's planted with mines; and, the day we enter the war—poof!" He made a gesture indicative of sudden and overwhelming destruction. "Machine guns in all those singing societies, defenseless streets, drilling in cellars, cases of rifles," he proceeded darkly. "No transportation, bridges marked. A niece of mine with a husband in a position of trust knows for a fact ——"

Elijah saw a small, significant group of men by the desk; there was a great deal of hushed solemnity, producing of cigars; a bell boy was mysteriously summoned. The former, with an apology, rose and moved quietly to the rim of the constellation, where he overheard Drew Fisher.

"But that will be only five." Then Fisher saw Elijah and waved him into their midst. "Care for some poker?" he asked. "Moderate game; stop at midnight."

VII

J. ELIJAH MIMM made his invariable preparation for any play, that is, he took off his coat; then he lighted one of his favorite, free-drawing cigars and counted the pile of chips pushed over to him in return for twenty dollars. They were seated in a temporarily unoccupied room, so completely filling the floor from the bureau, with ice water in a white pitcher, to the door, that the last to take his place had to step across the bed. Elijah made a swift, covert inspection of the other players. They were, he acknowledged to himself, a capable-seeming lot. The man on his left, hugely fat, with a close-trimmed mustache and small slate-gray eyes, caught the first jack and dealt.

"Two dollars to bump her off," he pronounced; "all jack pots."

The pot was opened, raised; Elijah dropped out. Cards were drawn, inspected, thrown aside; and a slim individual at the table end, with pale mustache and eyes and

(Continued on Page 85)

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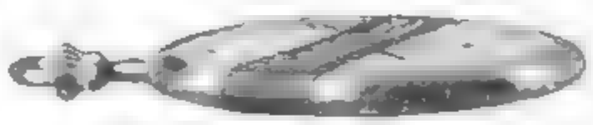

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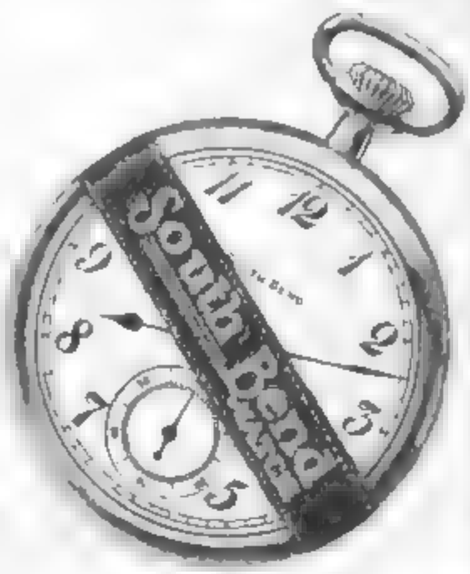

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(Continued from Page 82)

a deliberate, slightly drawling voice, swept the chips into his pile. Opposite Elijah was a remarkably handsome man with a crisp, grizzled mustache and an absent manner; beyond him sat Drew Fisher. On his right Keenan, an Irishman with an intent, mobile countenance, was singing a sentimental song under his breath.

"She's open," the latter announced later.

"And raised," Elijah added.

The fat man, Mackintosh, shook his head.

"Again," said the next, pushing indifferently forward a small pile of chips.

Elijah watched Drew Fisher, while the latter hesitated. "I'll come in," he decided; and as he spoke his left eyelid twitched involunatrily. That highly interested Elijah. He was curious to see Drew Fisher's cards; but before the hand was at an end he threw them aside.

The game lengthened into a second hour and beyond without unusual incident; chips were kittied out for the bell boy who had brought the tables and water; Keenan, steadily losing, dropped the reiterated melody of Little Red Wing; Drew Fisher's chips remained stationary; and Mackintosh and Elijah were each about a hundred dollars ahead. Almost all of Elijah's attention was centered on Fisher. He regarded him, as an elder deliberately stripping Jason, with an actual antagonism. He would show the other that he, J. Elijah Mimm, was now playing for the family.

Elijah had noticed the contracting eyelid once more, and again in connection with a hand into which Fisher had entered with a flourish, only to withdraw when the betting reached any height. Elijah came to a sudden conclusion upon which he determined to act. He waited for almost another hour; and then, in a hand when he had been dealt three queens, he saw Fisher's minute, spasmodic movement. The hand fell after a showing of four of a kind and everyone had put up double at the commencement. Fisher raised the opening sum, Keenan doubled again, and Elijah equally multiplied that. Fisher raised the ante, Keenan was content, but Elijah met and increased the amount. Then Mackintosh unexpectedly enlarged the cost of remaining in the hand. The man beyond had a proposal characteristic of his entire attitude toward the play. "This," he said, consulting his watch, "must be the last hand. A good many of us seem unusually interested in it and I propose that we take off the limit."

Drew Fisher made a partial remonstrance, but, with no supporters, he relapsed into silence and the limit was removed. The instigator of this drew no cards; Fisher, after a momentary delay, asked for two; Keenan took two. Threes of a kind, Elijah thought; but, if he were right about Drew Fisher —— J. Elijah Mimm proceeded scientifically.

The betting mounted in monotonous progression, the amount in the center of the table increasing unostentatiously. Elijah raised the limit from five to ten dollars. Keenan dropped out with a rueful expletive, but the others followed Elijah's example. He calculated that Drew Fisher now had close to two hundred dollars involved, and increased the limit to twenty. Fisher raised, but saw the raise. Elijah went forty more. The indifferent gentleman with the impressive presence smiled and bet one hundred dollars. Drew Fisher's face was blank as he acquired a fresh stack of chips and counted out three hundred dollars. Elijah cheerfully put in three and two more.

The following player looked again at his watch. "I'm extremely sorry," he said, "but I will have to end this party as far as I am concerned. It is well past twelve, and I am temporarily promised to a certain order of living. There is enough in the pot to satisfy a reasonable man. May I call the last bet for a showdown?"

A fleet dissatisfaction was visible on Drew Fisher's countenance. Elijah was content. Fisher's unruly eyelid, he had concluded, was a nervous indication that the other had determined to force a moderate hand—bluff. The latter spread out his cards. Whatever mediocrity had been his first condition had been nobly dispelled by the draw—Fisher had four jacks. J. Elijah Mimm, in a quiet and unflurried manner, inserted his hand into the discard; he had not improved his original three queens.

A perceptible eagerness, relief, crept into Drew Fisher's manner, while an increasing but secret annoyance took possession of Elijah. He had played solely to take from Fisher a part, at least, of the money the latter had won from Jason. Then his private irritation shifted to satisfaction; the remaining hand, courteously displayed, held four kings. Elijah, in an unexpected manner, had succeeded in his undertaking.

Fisher met his loss with a calm demeanor. "I'll have to give you a check," he said.

Elijah paid his indebtedness at once and left for his room. His money, he felt, had been well spent. But he must speak seriously to Jason.

VIII

TO HIS surprise the door to Melina's room was open; and he could see her, fully dressed, wandering about. "What kept you?" she demanded irritably. She came in, her face flushed, with a trace even of tears.

"I was playing a little poker," he responded in a propitiatory manner. "What's the trouble, Mel?"

"Oh, nothing much; nothing at all," she assured him. Then she sank into a chair and the contradictory tears rolled slowly over her cheeks. "It's the children, Elijah," she acknowledged. "At times I get frightened; they seem so—so hard, beyond me. First Jason worries me sick with all the money he spends and the men he hangs about, and now Eleanor. Eleanor's a good girl, Elijah; I'm not saying a word against her. But she will see too much of Barton Crane, and the inn is talking. Only tonight Mrs. Futhey wondered where Eleanor was; and when I said that I was certain she was on the veranda outside the ballroom Mrs. Futhey announced that she had gone in a motor with Barton Crane. And twice later she asked me if Eleanor wasn't back yet. She didn't return till nearly midnight; and when I spoke to her Eleanor evaded me. It was the first time, Elijah, and—and it hurt."

"That's the fellow with the semi-detached wife," Elijah observed.

"I was pleased at first, when the other women were jealous. But now ——" The tears increased.

"We'll take her away, farther south."

"I'm afraid," Mel confessed. "Eleanor is like you, Elijah, she gets terribly set; and then, too, she's a warm, impulsive little thing. If that man has a hold on her and she thought he was being ill used she might go to any lengths."

"Made a mess of things," he declared curtly.

"I was certain you'd do that," she told him, "blame it all on me. You have never taken the trouble to discipline your children. Always buried yourself in that business."

"Well," he concluded wisely, "you go to bed now and stop worrying. It's late, and you're tired. We'll soon have things to suit us. Funny if we can't handle sprigs like ours." He awkwardly kissed her wet cheek.

But, when Melina had retired, his expression of confidence faded. Eleanor, as her mother had said, showed unmistakable indication of a steadfast nature. He was at a loss to know how to proceed with her since, evidently, she had reached a point where she barred her mother from her confidence. Elijah thought of Barton Crane's white face and regular features, the graying crisp hair; just the type, with probably a tale of unhappiness, to appeal to Eleanor's romantic period.

He heard a blundering step in the corridor without, the sound of a fall; and he opened his door. It was Jason, drunk. The boy swayed, gazing with a blurred vision at the floor. "H'low, E-Elijah," he weakly saluted his father. "Lost key. Mustn't make noise and wake women—Mother and Eleanor. Men all together."

Elijah saw the key and secured it. The number was sixty one, a few rooms beyond his own. He opened the door and found the light switch, while Jason stumbled in and collapsed on the bed. The latter's face was haggard, curiously vague. He laughed—a senseless jangle; his tie was a crumpled string on a stained and wilted shirt.

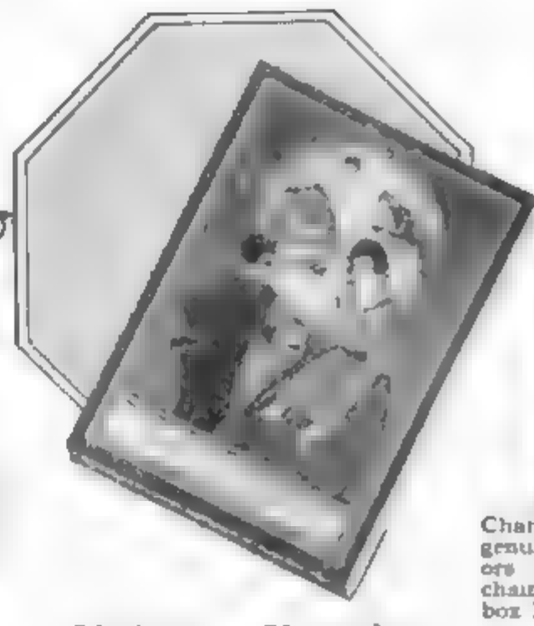
"Why're you looking so solemn?" he demanded; "men all . . ."

Elijah stood with a still, gray countenance, compressed bitter lips, gazing at his son. A flare of anger perished miserably before the leaden conviction of his own guiltiness.

"I didn't mean—mean to . . ." Jason stammered.

"Neither did I, Jason," said the other, intent on the vision of his early aspiration lost in the sodden shape of incontrovertible fact.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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In the event of the slightest dissatisfaction, we accept the return of the goods and refund your money without question

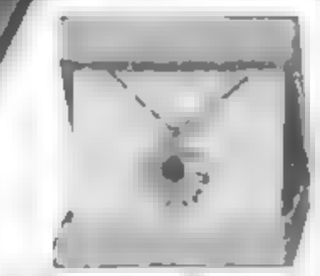
We guarantee security, satisfaction—and because we buy for cash and sell for cash—a considerable saving in money on every purchase.

For a Half Century

For fifty years the business has been managed by one family. Its endurance and progress are due as much to rigid integrity and square dealing as to enterprise. Its clientele is scattered all over the world. Many families have dealt with us through several generations.

It will pay you to join this immense army of satisfied customers. Write for The Fiftieth Anniversary Catalog Today.

Service Frame, heavy Sheffield silver, grey finish opening 9 x 6-in. A frame of dignity and meaning for the "boy's" picture F1629 3 00



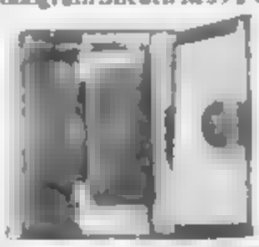
Charming Daisy Pendant, genuine ivory, natural colors fine gold-filled neck chain in white satin lined box P250 2 00

Sewing Stand, solid mahogany, five silver-plated spool and thimble holders, velvet cushion. Greatly appreciated in guest room Z623 3 00

Knitting Needle Protectors hand painted, Red Cross Nurses Z210 Pair .50

Patriotic Thimble, sterling silver. State size S234 50

Sweater Knitting Needles, white celluloid, sterling silver tops S319 1.00 Sterling Monogram Sheath M59 2 00



Writing Case black grain seal, 6x8½ in., completely equipped, note paper, dictionary, stamp book, address book, etc L392 4 50

Old Fashioned Plum Pudding from famous recipe, in khaki colored box with hand tinted greeting. Boxed for mailing N21 45 We will mail directly to friend if you wish

Mahogany Nut Bowl, finely polished, 8-in. diameter, 6 nickel plated nut picks, nut cracker Z673 1.50

DANIEL LOW & Co.

201 ESSEX ST. SALEM, MASS.

Diamond Merchants · Jewelers · Silversmiths

ELECTRICITY

The Modern Force

Tireless, efficient, making for comfort and convenience everywhere—electricity is the ideal worker in the factory—the ideal servant in the home.

It is an established fact that modern buildings of all kinds use electricity—but there must be proper planning and installing. That's where the advice of the architect, electrical engineer and contractor becomes indispensable. Call them in—they are specialists.

Decide to use electricity—wire your buildings—factory, home, garage or farm—install labor and time-saving motors and other appliances—call in your local contractor or electric light and power company representative.

Electricity—the modern force—could not be used in factory or home without insulated wire—good insulated wire—the kind that delivers all the energy—all the time—where you want to use it.

For more than thirty years, practically from the beginning of the electrical industry

HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

Insulated Wire

has been accepted as a standard of quality all over the world.

Manufactured by
THE HABIRSHAW ELECTRIC CABLE CO. Inc.
10 East 43d Street, New York

Distributed by the
Western Electric Company
INCORPORATED

Offices in all principal cities

COATS IS IN

(Continued from Page 12)

"When I see a lady of your class," he said, "worrying over a little thing like selling a mere ten thousand dollars' worth of waists ——"

"Twelve thousand."

"A mere bag o' shells, anyway," Mr. Garbey continued. "Why, its real fun to step in an' relieve ——"

"But when advertising an' splendid values won't sell them, how ——"

"That is ——"

"Besides," continued Miss Glaub, disregarding the interruption, "you don't understand. It—it just ain't the season. They don't want waists—that's all; an' ——"

"I know," soothed Mr. Garbey. "An' they probably don't want Bosko the Dog-faced Boy, either—this is his thirteenth season; but I expect to pack 'em in just the same."

His optimism seemed to be as catching as his fingers.

"How?" she demanded practically.

Mr. Garbey paused for a moment.

"Well-l, I haven't decided on th' details; but the principle is all th' same. Making 'em like Bosko and making 'em like waists—it's all the same."

"But ——"

"To-morrow morning I'll come down to the store an' we'll get the authority to go ahead—after that we oughta be able to clean up in a week. And after that ——"

"An' after that?"—softly.

"We'll talk about something else," said Mr. Garbey.

The next morning Miss Glaub led the shepherd-plaid figure of Mr. Garbey into the great man's presence and said glibly:

"Mr. Bibker, this is Mr. Garbey, a friend of mine an' sales manager of a large company in th' East. Mr. Garbey, as a friend only, is willing to help me out on those blouses."

"Buy them at cost?" said Mr. Bibker quickly.

Mr. Garbey stepped forward and held out his hand.

"No; sell 'em at a profit," he explained.

"What he means," supplemented Miss Glaub, "is that he has a selling plan—which won't cost us nothing—by which he can sell ——"

"How do you do, Mr. Garbey?"

Mr. Bibker extended both the glad eye and the glad hand. He indicated chairs. This was different; yes, indeed!

After both were seated, Mr. Garbey continued:

"All we will need is a lot of extra clerks, a lot o' rugs from the rug department, an' some printing an' stamps."

"If it's folders"—the glad look in Mr. Bibker's eyes deadened somewhat—"we have tried them and find ——"

"It ain't folders."

Mr. Bibker brightened.

"Splendid! Great! Go right ahead!" he directed. "And let me thank you ——"

"Don't thank me," said Mr. Garbey; "thank the lady. Besides, it's very simple."

"What can I do to help?" asked Miss Glaub a few moments later, as she screwed the last earring into place. "Let me ——"

"Well," said Mr. Garbey, "while I'm getting the tickets printed you can ——"

"Tickets?"

"Surest thing! You can't sell Bosko without tickets."

"But waists ——"

"Sister"—what a dominating man he was!—"you leave this to me, an' get enough rugs from the rug man to inclose your department entirely."

"But why?"

"You never heard of 'em putting on a good Bosko act out where anybody could see without a ticket, did you?"

"But this is a department store an' we're selling waists; an' ——"

"Sure," agreed Mr. Garbey; "that's why you didn't sell any of them. You couldn't forget it was a department store an' it contained a waist department."

"But, Mr. Garbey, we must maintain a certain dignity."

"There'll be just as much dignity an' class to this as there is to a morning musicale, with Caruso," he assured her. "Besides, we'll sell the waists."

Miss Glaub folded a series of imaginary plaits in a bright gold girdle and said that, of course—if he was sure ——

"I am," said Mr. Garbey. "How many names on your mailing list?"

"About twenty thousand."

To Miss Glaub it seemed as if it was an entirely different Mr. Garbey speaking—a quick-voiced, quick-actioned Mr. Garbey, who thought only of business first, last and in between. He hadn't called her "sister" in ——

"An', after you get that mailing list, make arrangements for more help during the first three days of next week. Get lots of it."

"But, Mr. Garbey, the last three days of the week are always the best to ——"

"If a circus only ran the last three days of the week it'd be on the rocks in three weeks. So ——"

"But waists ——"

"After you get the mailing list, get me an order for twenty thousand two-cent stamps." Just as if she wasn't trying to explain to him that the waist business was different from the —— "I'm going to look for a good sharp printer now," announced Mr. Garbey. "See you to-night!"

That night Mr. Garbey was as brisk and businesslike as he had been during the afternoon. Hardly had he disposed of his hat and gloves in a miscellaneous heap on the parlor table before he produced a series of printer's proofs. He explained what they were as he handed them to her, with the request that she read them. His touch was quite formal, too; and he said:

"Here, Miss Glaub!"

One was evidently a mere theater envelope—the little envelopes the snippy ticket seller tossed out, with part of the ticket exposed. The other was nothing but a theater ticket of some kind—only, instead of a certain row and letter, a serial number was stamped across the top.

Miss Glaub was about to toss them on the table and see whether Mr. Garbey wouldn't forget business and ——

"Look on the other side," he commanded.

She did so. Printed down the center in a cute little border she read:

EXPLANATION

This ticket is sent to you as a valued patron of this store.

It is issued to you alone and is nontransferable.

It entitles you to admittance to the waist salon and the privilege of purchasing any waist at cost, plus five per cent for handling.

As the saving in each instance is very great, we advise early shopping during the three days of the sale.

Each ticket is numbered and if presented by another will be taken up and admittance refused.

THE MAMMOTH STORE.

Miss Glaub could not conceal the admiration that shone from her eyes and brightened her cheeks like a dancing beam of springtime sun.

"Oh, Mr. Garbey!" she thrilled. "Ain't you wonderful!"

For a moment it seemed as if Mr. Garbey was going to forget his Business First slogan. He took a step forward—a halting step; then he resolutely thrust both hands into his sharply creased trousers.

"That," he asserted, "is what they said about Barnum!"

IV

SOME three weeks ago Mr. Harvey Bibker made a journey and a speech. The journey was to a near-by town for the purpose of addressing the local merchants' association. The speech was a good deal longer than the journey.

As he rose, carelessly fumbling the second button of his new morning coat, his face was lit with the glory of achievement; a feeling of work well done. He announced his subject—Reaping the Rewards of Merchandising Achievement—with a deprecating air that seemed to imply "I only say these things of myself so that others may profit; not that I seek glory or applause." Nevertheless, he was applauded most generously.

He spoke of the trials and tribulations of modern selling; how—even to the largest of merchants, backed by millions—often came times when the executive head must put his head in the halter and his feet to the treadmill and pull the chestnuts from the fire.

The connection was very vague; but, as was stated later, perhaps Mr. Bibker was referring to another fire, as he mentioned no monkey's claw as the instrument. Mr. Bibker admitted with the most engaging

(Concluded on Page 68)

FEDERAL CORD TIRES

DOUBLE CABLE BASE

Equalized Cord-Strain!

BY first forming the carcass into shape with strong flexible cords *impregnated with live supple rubber*—

And then by vulcanizing of the completed tire under internal air pressure

Federal Cord tires are free from troubles that result from being cramped into rigid metallic molds.

They come out of the vulcanizing unimpaired—with all their cords straight and parallel and with equal strain upon them to resist road shocks and load

Easier traction, which means saving of fuel, and easier riding, result from the *pliability* of the Federal Cord construction.

Four endless steel cables so firmly anchor the tire to the rim that the longest and hardest service cannot make it shift or slip off. This patented Double Cable Base advantage prevents tube-pinching, positively eliminates rim cuts and prevents blow-outs just above the rim.

No other tire combines these advantages.

Federal Cord Tires are made in "over size" to fit standard detachable rims.

Besides the non-skid Federal Cord Tire there are the Federal non-skid Rugged Tread and Traffik Tread.

Let your nearest Federal dealer show you these tires that reduce expenses and increase mileage.

The Federal Rubber Company
of Illinois
Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

It's Their Underwear!

Hot in the train, in the office, home, hotel, church, theatre! Feel wet, sticky. Cold when you go outdoors—and *catch cold easily!* You can avoid this. You can be perfectly comfortable in warm rooms and yet *thoroughly* protected against the cold outside, if you wear

Duofold Health Underwear

Cotton next to Skin: COMFORT
Warm Wool Outside: NO ITCH
Air Space Between: Prevents Colds

It's that thin inner layer of soft cotton that feels so good to the skin. It's the thin outer layer of fine wool that keeps you warm. And the wool layer absorbs bodily moisture from the cotton layer, evaporates it and keeps the garment *soft* and *fresh* and your body *dry*. The *air space between* provides *healthful ventilation*.

Test these claims by *wearing* Duofold yourself—*it's worth the trial.*

If your dealer hasn't it, write us. Sample of the Fabric and Literature sent on request.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Military FITALLS

Are equipped with indispensable articles, for the boys in service. They are the only practical toilet kits. **They have patented adjustable spaces and self-locking straps, which permit the interchange of any toilet article.**

FITALLS are for men and women. Travelers, tourists, motorists, sportsmen, who like to carry their toilet articles, shaving outfit, etc., neatly and handily together, find the FITALL a wonderful convenience.

FITALLS may be had filled with a standard set of fittings, also empty to fill with fittings you may possess, or new articles of your own selection.

Be sure to look for the FITALL label—refuse to take imitations. They lack essential patented features, and are always unsatisfactory.

FITALLS come in various sizes and a variety of attractive waterproofed fabrics and flexible leathers. Price unfitted, $1.25 up; fitted, $2.75 up.

Your dealer should have FITALLS. If not, write for descriptive booklet.

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Bldg., Chicago

Patented U. S. and Foreign Countries Fitall Manufacturers of EKCO Make Leather Goods

(Concluded from Page 86)

candor that he pulled the chestnuts from a fire started by a buyer who used poor judgment. He would relate it to illustrate the point he was trying to make.

"A certain buyer had overbought. The season was bad. The merchandise would not sell. Every method of direct and indirect advertising was tried before the buyer came to me.

"'What do you want to do?' I asked him.

"'Get out from under at any cost.'

"'No, sir!' said I, and took the problem home with me.

"Well, the results of my cogitations were that we inclosed the department entirely and issued tickets of admission, without which no one could enter.

"Gentlemen, do you know the result of this trick, which I borrowed from Barnum? Do you know that women who refused to buy after the most artistic advertising—the most seductive of bargains —— Why, gentlemen, they fought for the merchandise! Women without tickets, shopping elsewhere in the store, demanded admittance.

"It was refused. They insisted. They were finally sent to the director, Mr. G——, for tickets. It was the biggest sale from a results standpoint that the house ever saw! I say to you, gentlemen, that ——"

But the real say was being said back in the store the benevolent speaker had mentioned. It was being said in the little office over behind the grinding roar of the moving stairway; in spite of shrill calls for "Mr. G-G-Grabble; cred-it!"—and the shrill ringing of bells.

A little sign on the imitation walnut door read: Miss Glaub.

Mr. Garbey was fingering a report from the auditor; Miss Glaub was leaning forward, lips parted, eyes bright.

"Ain't it too bad we didn't have more of them to hand out?" she murmured.

"But it wasn't so bad, at that."

"Bad? Why, it was won-der-ful—posi-tive-ly won-der-ful!"

"An' then, when you stop to figger that, besides the little profit of a thousand or so we managed to make on that extra consignment we run in, there is this extra little seven thousand, which is pure velvet!"

Miss Glaub straightened in her chair and reached for the report.

"What seven thousand?" she demanded.

"Well, you see," continued Mr. Garbey, "there was twenty thousand tickets sent out. Well, fourteen thousand were collected ——"

"Yes; but ——"

"You don't think for a moment," indulgently inquired Mr. Garbey, "that I let 'em in to see Bosko for nothing, do you? Why, those tickets cost fifty cents apiece—yes; and, by George, they were worth it!"

Twilight deepened in the little office. A sigh, such as a man gives when he has drawn to the center of a straight, seeped from Miss Glaub's lips and out to the noise beyond. She seemed to fall into a reverie that carried her out of the tiny room; a dream of some wonderful thing that was coming back into her life.

Sitting there beside her, watching the changing lights play over her lithesome figure, Mr. Garbey thought he saw a tiny vine-clad cottage mirrored in the eyes that had suddenly seemed to smolder again.

"I guess we're through with business, sister," he whispered as he reached for the hand that rested in the sag of her lap.

Like a person in a dream, she slowly drew it away. Mr. Garbey leaned forward.

"What's a-matter, little one?" he inquired.

Gradually, like a butterfly that finds it must no longer crawl, Miss Glaub seemed to realize the wonder of the transition. Slowly, as Mr. Garbey watched her, eyes wide, the wickedness crept back into her eyes. The hand with the baleful dinner ring went languidly across her brow. The dark taffeta seemed to take on the clinging sheen of sensuous satin.

When she spoke it was in a voice vibrating with danger.

"I was just wondering," she said, "whether a big bunch of those peach georgettes with the tiny frill collars and turnback cuffs wouldn't go big next season."

THE FALSE FACES

Continued from Page 25)

to pick up the sprawling one, start the engine anew, and turn more cautiously to resume the pursuit.

Striking diagonally across Broadway the bus swung into Fifty-seventh Street at the moment when the roadster turned the corner of Columbus Circle.

The head of the guard lifted above the edge of the roof. Clinging to the supports of the stairway he addressed Lanyard in accents of blended suspicion and respect:

"Lis'n, boss: Is this all right? On the level, now!"

"Absolutely, unless that racing car catches up with us; in which case you'll have a dead man—myself—on your hands."

"Well—we don't wanna lose our jobs, that's all."

"You won't unless I lose my life."

"Anything you want me to do?"

"Go down, wait on the platform; if anybody attempts to get aboard kick him in the stomach."

"Sure I will!"

The guard disappeared.

Wallowing like a barge in a strong seaway, the omnibus crossed Seventh Avenue and sped downhill toward Sixth Avenue with dangerous momentum. Midway down the block, however, this began to be modified by the brakes, a precaution against mishap that even the fugitive must approve.

Ahead loomed the gaunt structure of the Sixth Avenue L, bridging the roadway at so low an elevation as to afford the omnibus little more than clear headroom. Once beneath it a single bounce upward from the surface-car tracks must mean a wreck.

But the pursuit was less than half a block astern and gaining swiftly, even as the speed of the omnibus was growing less and desperately less. At what seemed little better than a snail's pace it began to pass beneath the span of the elevated.

Like a racing thoroughbred the roadster swept up alongside, motor chanting triumphantly, running board level with the platform step. Ekstrom, poised to leap aboard, hesitated; a pistol in his hand exploded; a shattered window fell out, crashing. There was a yell from the guard—not of pain but of fright. Apparently he executed a masterly strategic retreat. Without more opposition Ekstrom gained the platform.

In the same breath Lanyard stood up. The lowermost girder of the L was immediately overhead. He grasped it, doubled his legs beneath him, swinging clear. The omnibus shot from under him, the roadster convoying.

Drawing himself up he seized a round iron upright of guard rail and heaved his body in over the edge of the platform round the switching tower, at this hour dark and untenanted. In the street below a police whistle shrieked, and a fusillade of pistol shots woke scandalized echoes.

Bending almost double Lanyard moved rapidly northward on the footway beside the western tracks, and, unhindered, gained the old station on the west side of Fifty-eighth Street, for years dedicated to the uses of desuetude. Through this he crept, then down the stairs, encountering at the lower landing an iron gate, which forced him to climb over and jump.

Not a soul paid the least attention to this matter of a gentleman in evening dress without hat or topcoat dropping from the stairway of a disused elevated station to the sidewalk at two o'clock in the morning. In New York anything can happen, and most things do, without stirring up meddlesome impulses in innocent bystanders.

XIX

THIS visit to his rooms was the briefest of the several Lanyard made that night, considerations of mortal urgency dictating its drastic abbreviation.

If the events of the last few hours had meant anything whatever they had demonstrated two truths that shone like beacon lights: that Manhattan Island was overpopulated as long as both he and Ekstrom remained on it; that Ekstrom had been goaded to the verge of aberration by the discovery that Lanyard had come safely through the Assyrian débâcle to take up anew his self-appointed office of Nemesis to the Prussian spy system in general and to

(Continued on Page 90)

Important

Remember these two easy ways to tell genuine Blabon Linoleum. First, look at the back and be sure it is burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily.

In home, in church, in office, in club, in public buildings, and on the great gray ships of war!

Glance back with us for a moment over 66 years!

Born in a second-story room, dedicated to the ideal of superlative quality, this institution has grown from a one-man neighborhood business to a gigantic industry spreading over 16 acres of ground, where, in 55 separate buildings, a host of skilled and selected workers strive to satisfy the world's demand for Blabon Linoleum.

Year after year the world has found new and higher uses for Blabon Linoleum. From a product of utility with a limited use, it has been developed to an object of art with a universal use. And today there is a type of Blabon Linoleum for every floor.

Take, for example, your living room. The new Blabon Art Linoleums for such rooms are a revelation! Designed by masters in floor decoration, graced by handsome patterns of Orient and Occident, gifted with colors rich to the eye and warm to the sense, they are indeed works of art.

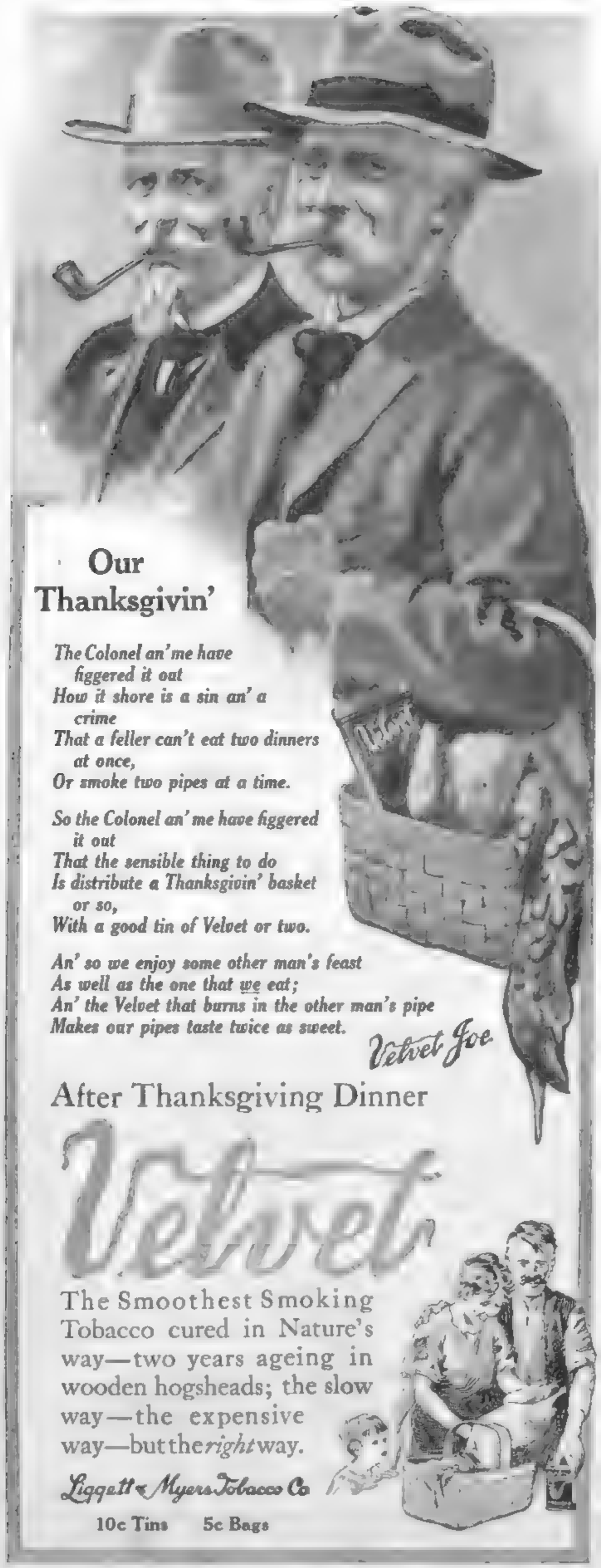
A genuine "Blabon" is always a masterpiece of linoleum-making. It is the product of the most finished artisans, the most perfect mechanical equipment, the ripest experience. And into every inch of Blabon Linoleum goes that devotion to superlative quality which has given "Blabon's" the character of a great institution—and which has carried Blabon Linoleum into the homes, the churches, the offices, the clubs, the public buildings and the great gray ships of the Nation!

Ask your dealer for the genuine Blabon Linoleum.

The George W Blabon Company Philadelphia

BLABON Linoleums

Artistic – enduring – economical



Our Thanksgivin'

The Colonel an' me have figgered it out
How it shore is a sin an' a crime
That a feller can't eat two dinners at once,
Or smoke two pipes at a time.

So the Colonel an' me have figgered it out
That the sensible thing to do
Is distribute a Thanksgivin' basket or so,
With a good tin of Velvet or two.

An' so we enjoy some other man's feast
As well as the one that we eat;
An' the Velvet that burns in the other man's pipe
Makes our pipes taste twice as sweet.

Velvet Joe

After Thanksgiving Dinner

Velvet

The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco cured in Nature's way—two years ageing in wooden hogsheads; the slow way—the expensive way—but the *right* way.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

10c Tins 5c Bags

(Continued from Page 88)

the genius of its American bureau in especial. Henceforth that one would know no more rest while Lanyard lived.

Thus that little street-level apartment forfeited whatever attractions it originally had possessed in the adventurer's estimation. Not only was the address known to Ekstrom's associates, and so open to him, but its peculiar characteristics, its facilities for access from the street direct, rendered it a practicable death trap for a hunted man.

Lanyard was well persuaded he need only wait there long enough to receive a visitation from Seventy-ninth Street; and with any assurance that Ekstrom would come alone he might have been content to wait. But not only had he, through too intimate acquaintance with his methods, every assurance that Ekstrom would never brave alone what he could induce another to risk with him, but Lanyard was never one willing to play the passive part. A banal axiom of all warfare applied: The advantage is with him who fights upon the offensive.

Since midnight the offensive had shifted from Lanyard's grasp to the enemy's. He was determined to recapture it; and that was something never to be accomplished by sitting still and waiting for events to unfold, but only by carrying the war into the enemy's camp.

He delayed then only long enough to change his clothing and to conceal about him certain properties which it were unwise to expose to chance discovery on the part of Ekstrom or in the ever-possible event of police intervention. Within five minutes from the time of his return he was closing behind him the private door.

Wearing a quiet lounge suit but no topcoat, with a hat not so soft as to lack character but soft enough to stick upon one's head in time of action, and carrying a stick neither brutishly stout nor ineffectively slender, he strolled up to Seventh Avenue, turned north, entered Central Park—and strolled no more. Its kindly shadows infolded him, engulfed him altogether. One minute after he had passed through the gateway he would have defied unaided apprehension by the most zealous officer of the peace. He went swiftly and secretly, avoiding the lighted ways.

Not till then did conscience stir and remind him of his slighted promise to call up Cecelia Brooke. No time now for that; the errand that engaged him was of a nature to brook no more procrastination. The girl must wait. He was sorry if, as she had protested, solicitude for his welfare must interfere with her night's rest. But what must be, must; until he saw the end of this adventure he could be influenced by no minor consideration whatsoever.

Not that he seriously believed Cecelia's sleep would be uneasy because of him. That was too much . . .

His temper was grim and skeptic. The resentment roused by the trap which had so nearly laid him by the heels, together with the subsequent effort to assassinate him out of hand, had settled into a phase of smoldering fury whose heat consumed like unsubstantial vapors every lesser emotion, every humane consideration.

Some by-thought recalling the Weringrode's innuendo that he was in love without his knowledge caused him to laugh outright, if strangely, an unpleasant laugh that held as much of pain as of derision. What room in that dark heart of his for love—the heart of a thief and potential assassin, the heart of the Lone Wolf?

How was he to know he had hardly left his lodgings before their hush was interrupted by the grumble of the house telephone? Intermittently for upward of three minutes that sound persisted. When at length it discontinued, the quiet of the untenanted rooms reigned undisturbed for a brief time only.

An odd metallic stridor became audible, a succession of scrapings of stealthy accent at the private entrance. Its latch clicked, the door swung back against the wall with a muffled bump, two pairs of furtive feet padded in the little private hallway. The beam of an electric flash lamp flickered hither and yon like a searching poniard, picked out the door to the one bedchamber, vanished. There was guarded whispering, then a thud as one of the intruders gained the middle of the bedchamber in a bound. An instant later a switch snapped, and the room was flooded with light.

Beneath the chandelier stood a man in evening dress the worse for misadventure, one knee of his trousers cut open, both legs caked with a film of half-dry mud, his linen dingy with mud stains, his topcoat shockingly bedraggled. He was bareheaded, apparently having lost his hat; a black smear across one cheek added emphasis to the pallor of newly shaven jowls; and his eyes were blazing with passion.

"Stole away!" he muttered briefly in disgust; then called, "Ed!"

As quietly as a shadow a second man joined him, greeting him with a "Hush!"

This gentleman was in far more presentable repair and a more equable frame of mind. There was even a glint of amusement in his hard blue eyes. His countenance had an Irish cast.

"Hush?" the other iterated with contempt. "What for? The hound's not here."

"No, Karl," Ed admitted; "but there are others in the house. If it's known to them that Lanyard's out they may turn in a police alarm; and I for one have enough of coppers for one night."

Karl grunted disdainfully. "I told you this would be a waste of time!"

"And I agreed with you entirely. But you would come."

"Lanyard's no such fool as to stick round a place he knows I know about." Karl's hands twitched and his features worked nervously.

"He knows me too well, knows if I ever lay hands on him again ——"

His voice was rising to a hysterical pitch when the other checked him with a sibilant hiss. At the same time his hand darted out and switched off the light. Karl uttered a startled ejaculation.

"*Sh-h-h!*" his companion repeated.

In the street a motor car was rumbling, stationary before the door. Then the remote grinding of the house door bell was heard.

"Let's clear out of this," suggested the Irishman. "It's no good waiting, anyway."

"Hold on! We won't go till we have a clear field."

The Prussian stole out into the sitting room and stood listening at the door to the public hallway, his companion standing by with a mutinous air.

"Oh, come along!" he insisted in a stage whisper.

"Shut up! Listen ——"

Shuffling footfalls traversed the hallway. The front door was opened. The clear voice of an Englishwoman was answered in the slurring patois of a negro.

"No'm; he ain't in."

The next inquiry was inteiligible; the speaker had entered the hallway.

"Are you sure?"

"Yas'm. Sumbody done call him up 'bout ten min'tes ago, an' I rang an' rang an' he don' answer. He ain't in or he don' mean to answer nobody, tha's all."

"I am very anxious about him. Have you a pass key?"

"Yas'm, I got a pass key, but ——"

"Please use it. Take this. Go in and make sure he is out, or if at home that he is all right."

"Yas'm, thanky m'am, but ——"

"Do as I tell you! I will see that you don't get into trouble."

"All right, m'am." The negro chuckled, probably over his tip. "I o' sho' has got the p'suadin'est way ——!"

The Irishman caught the German's arm. "Come out of this," he pleaded.

"No fear. I'll see this through. That's the Brooke girl the fool got in with on the beat. She may know something."

"But ——"

"Leave this to me! You look out for the dinge. I'll take care of Miss Cecelia Brooke."

Swearing unhappily the Irishman flattened against the wall to one side of the door. Karl waited behind it as it admitted the hall attendant, who made directly toward the central chandelier.

"Yo' jes' wait, m'am, an' I'll mek a light an' ——"

But the girl had impetuously followed him in.

The light went up, and Karl put a heavy shoulder against the door, closing it with a slam. The negro turned and stood with gaping mouth and staring eyes, dumb with terror. The girl recognized Karl with a little cry and darted back toward the door. Immediately he caught her in his arms. Her lips parted to scream, but their utterance was stifled by a handkerchief thrust between them with the dexterity of an old hand at such work.

Without one word of warning the Irishman stepped forward and struck the negro

(Continued on Page 93)

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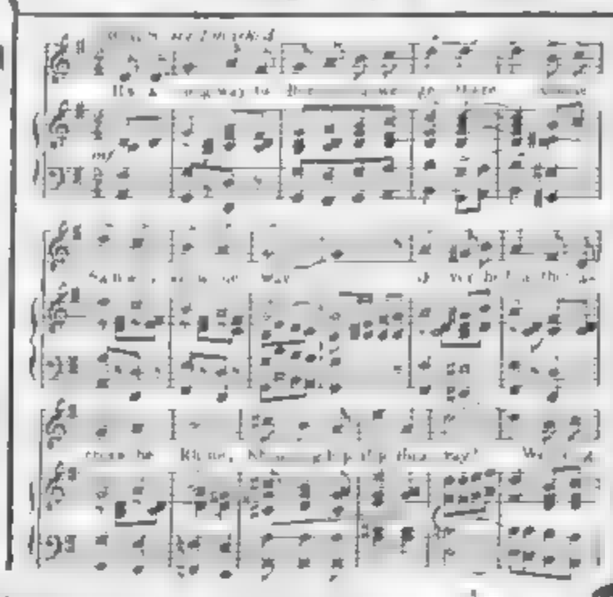
I Don't Want To Get Well

Here's a song that will make you laugh—although it's about a wounded soldier. He was harder hit by his nurse's smile than by the German bullet—and in a far more vulnerable spot. A syncopated melody that won't let your feet keep still. By Johnson, Pease, and Jentes.

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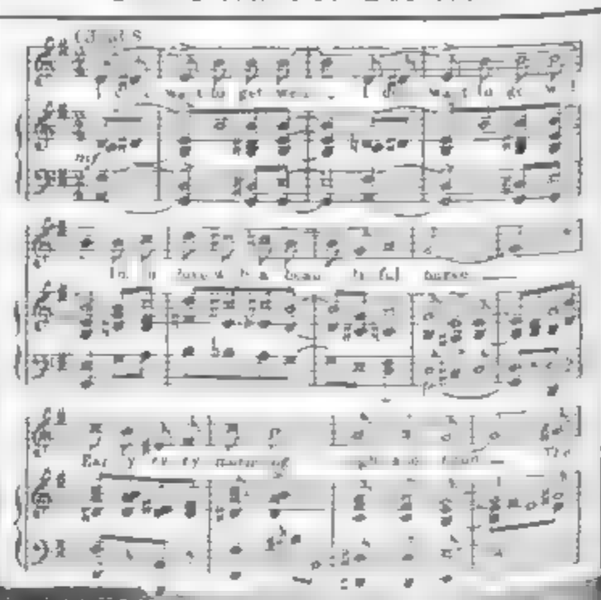
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OUR boys on the fields of France, our sailors on the big, gray sea-fighters, and the boys in our training-camps are singing them. The whole country is singing them and dancing to their inspiring melodies. Being sung to tremendous applause in thousands of theatres throughout the land.

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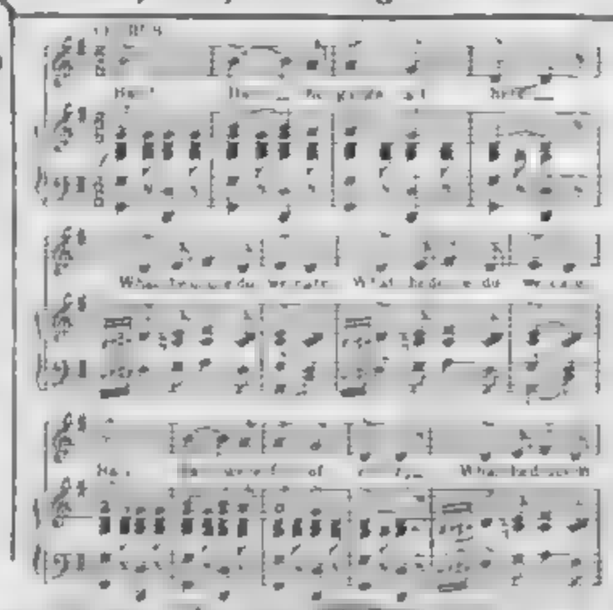
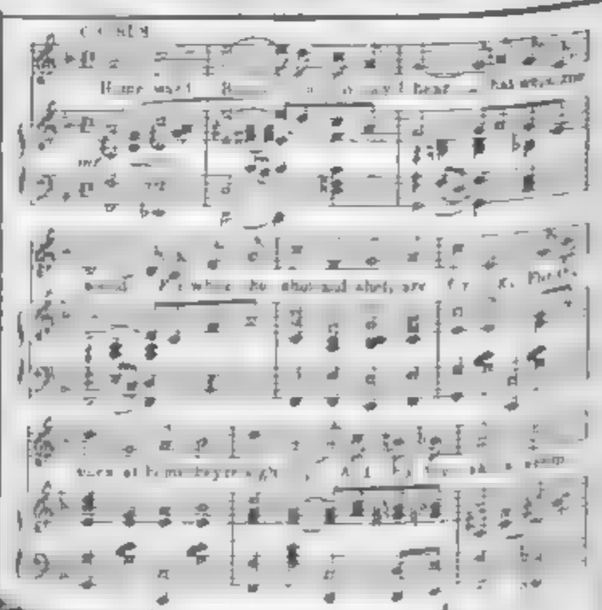
"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"

Homeward Bound

Your skin will be awfully thick if this song doesn't get deep down underneath it. You can see our brave boys coming home, you can see Victory, you can see the joy of duty nobly done and the world at peace again.

The melody—well, it's just the right one for this matchless song. By Howard Johnson, Coleman Goetz, and George W. Meyer.

"Homeward Bound"

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(Continued from Page 90)

brutally in the face. The boy reeled, whimpering. Two more blows delivered with murderous ferocity silenced him altogether. He collapsed like a broken puppet, insensible on the floor, his face a curious ashen color beneath its glossy skin of brown.

XX

THE drizzle had grown thicker, the night blacker, the early morning air still more chill. But Lanyard was moving too swiftly to be affected by this last circumstance; the first he anathematized with the perfunctory bitterness of a skilled artisan who sees his work in a fair way to be obstructed by elemental cussedness. Another of his trade would have termed such weather conditions ideal, and so might the Lone Wolf on an everyday job; but the prospect of a footing rendered insecure by rain trebled the hazards circumscribing a plan of campaign that would brook neither revision nor delay.

There was only one way to break into the house on Seventy-ninth Street; this Lanyard had appreciated upon his first reconnoissance of the previous afternoon. He could have wished for more time in which to prepare and assemble tested equipment instead of relying upon chance to supply the requisite gear; but with all time at his disposal the mechanical difficulties of the problem would remain. Far from indifferent to these, Lanyard addressed himself to their conquest doggedly and with business-like economy of motion.

Shunning the public paths he went over the park wall like a cat, sped across town through Eightieth Street, and so came to that plot of land upon which an apartment building was in process of erection, immediately north of the American headquarters of the Prussian spy system.

Walled in with stone two stories deep, the gaunt skeleton of steel had been joined together as far as the seventh level. How much higher it was destined to rise was immaterial; for Lanyard's purpose it was enough that the frame had already outgrown its neighbor on the south.

A litter of lumber, huge steel girders and other material narrowed the side street to half its normal width. The sidewalk space was trampled earth roofed with heavy planks for the protection of pedestrian heads, a passage lighted by electric bulbs widely spaced; midway in this an entrance to the structure was flanked by a wooden shanty—by day a tool house, after working hours a shelter for the night watchman. This boasted one glazed window, dull with orange light.

Approaching with due precaution Lanyard peered in. The light came from a single electric bulb and a pot-bellied sheet-iron stove glowing red. Near by in a chair tipped against the wall sat the watchman, corncob pipe in hand, head drooping, eyes closed, mouth ajar. A snore of the first magnitude seemed to vibrate the very walls. On the floor beside the chair stood a two-quart tin pail full of arid emptiness. Dismissing further consideration of the watchman as a factor, satisfied that the entire neighborhood as well was sound asleep, Lanyard darted up the plank walk that led into the building, then paused to get his bearings.

Effluvia of mortar and damp lumber saluted him in an uncanny place whose darkness was slightly qualified by a faint refracted glow from the low canopy of cloud and by equally dim shafts of diffused street light. There was more or less flooring of a temporary character over a sable gulf of cellars, and overhead a sullen, weeping sky crosshatched with stark black ironwork.

With infinite patience Lanyard groped his way through that dark labyrinth to the foot of a ladder ascending into the obscurity of an open shaft, wherein a hoisting tackle dangled.

Here he stumbled over what he had been seeking, a great coil of one-inch hempen cable, from which he measured off roughly what he would require, if his calculations were correct, and something over. This length he re-coiled and slung over his shoulder—an awkward, weighty handicap. Nevertheless he began to climb.

Above the third level there was merely steel framework; he had somewhat more light to guide him by, with a view of the north wall of the Seventy-ninth Street house, bright in the glare of avenue lamps. The wall was absolutely blank.

At the seventh level the ladders ended. He stepped off upon a foot-wide beam, paused to make sure of his poise, and began to walk the girders with a sureness of foot any aviator might have envied. At regular intervals he encountered uprights; between these he had to depend upon a sense of direction and equilibrium to guide him safely across those narrow walks of steel made slippery with moisture. But thanks to forethought his footwork was faultless: he wore shoes old, well-broken, very soft, flexible and silent.

The building was in the shape of a squat E, with two courts facing south. On this seventh level the first court was bridged by a single girder, the middle of which was Lanyard's immediate objective. Since it lacked uprights he took it cautiously on hands and knees until approximately equidistant from both ends, when he straddled it, took the cable from his shoulders, uncoiled a length and made it fast round the girder with a clove hitch—giddy work in that darkness, on that greasy span, fashioning by simple sense of touch the knot upon which his life was to depend, half of the time prone upon the girder and fishing blindly beneath it for the rope's end, with nothing but a seventy-foot drop between him and eternity, not even another girder to break a fall.

He was now immediately opposite the minaret, at an elevation of about twenty feet above the roof he wished to reach, and as far away, or perhaps a trifle farther.

Still he detected no signs of life about that nest of spies; if the wireless were in operation its apparatus was well housed; there was no sound of the spark, never a glimmer of its violet flash.

Laboriously—the knot completed to his satisfaction—Lanyard returned via the eastern arm of the E, paying out the coiled cable as he progressed, working round to the north side of the court.

Once again pausing opposite the minaret he knotted the end of the cable loosely round an upright connecting with the sixth level, let it slide down, followed it, repeated the process, and rested finally on the fifth.

Now his ordeal approached a climax which he contemplated with what calmness he could while securing the rope round his body beneath the arms.

In another sixty seconds or less it must be demonstrated whether his dead reckoning would set him down safe and sound on the roof or dash him against the walls of the Seventy-ninth Street house, to swing back and dangle impotently in midair till daylight and police discovered him—unless, escaping injury, he might be able to pull himself up hand over hand to the girder.

With one arm round the upright to prevent the sag of rope from dragging him over prematurely, he essayed a final survey. Either the murk deceived or Lanyard had judged shrewdly. His feet were on an approximate level with the coping round the roof, and he stood about as far from the upper girder to which the rope was hitched as that was distant from the coping.

One look up and round at those lowering skies, duskily flushed by subdued city lights: with no more ceremony Lanyard released the upright and committed his body to space.

If the downward sweep was breathless, what followed was breath-taking; once past the nadir of that giant swing, he was borne upward by the impetus gathered in descent, a force steadily and sensibly slackening.

Instant followed leaden-winged instant, while the wall, looming like a mountain side, seemed to be toppling, insensately bent upon his annihilation; even so his momentum, decreasing with frightful swiftness, seemed possessed of demoniac desire to frustrate him.

After an age-long agony of doubt it became evident he was not destined to crash into the wall, but not that he was to gain the coping; through fractions of a second hideously protracted this last drew near, nearer, slowly, ever more slowly.

And he was twisting dizzily.

With frantic effort he crooked an arm over the coping at a juncture when, had he not acted instantly, he must have begun to drop back. There was a racking wrench as though his arm were being torn from its socket.

At the end of a struggle even more wearing he flung his other arm across the ledge, and for some time hung there, at the end of an almost taut rope, unable to overcome its resistance and pull himself in over the coping, but refusing to loose his grasp.

Presently, grown desperate, he let go with his right hand, holding fast only with the left, fumbled in a pocket, found his knife, opened it with the assistance of his

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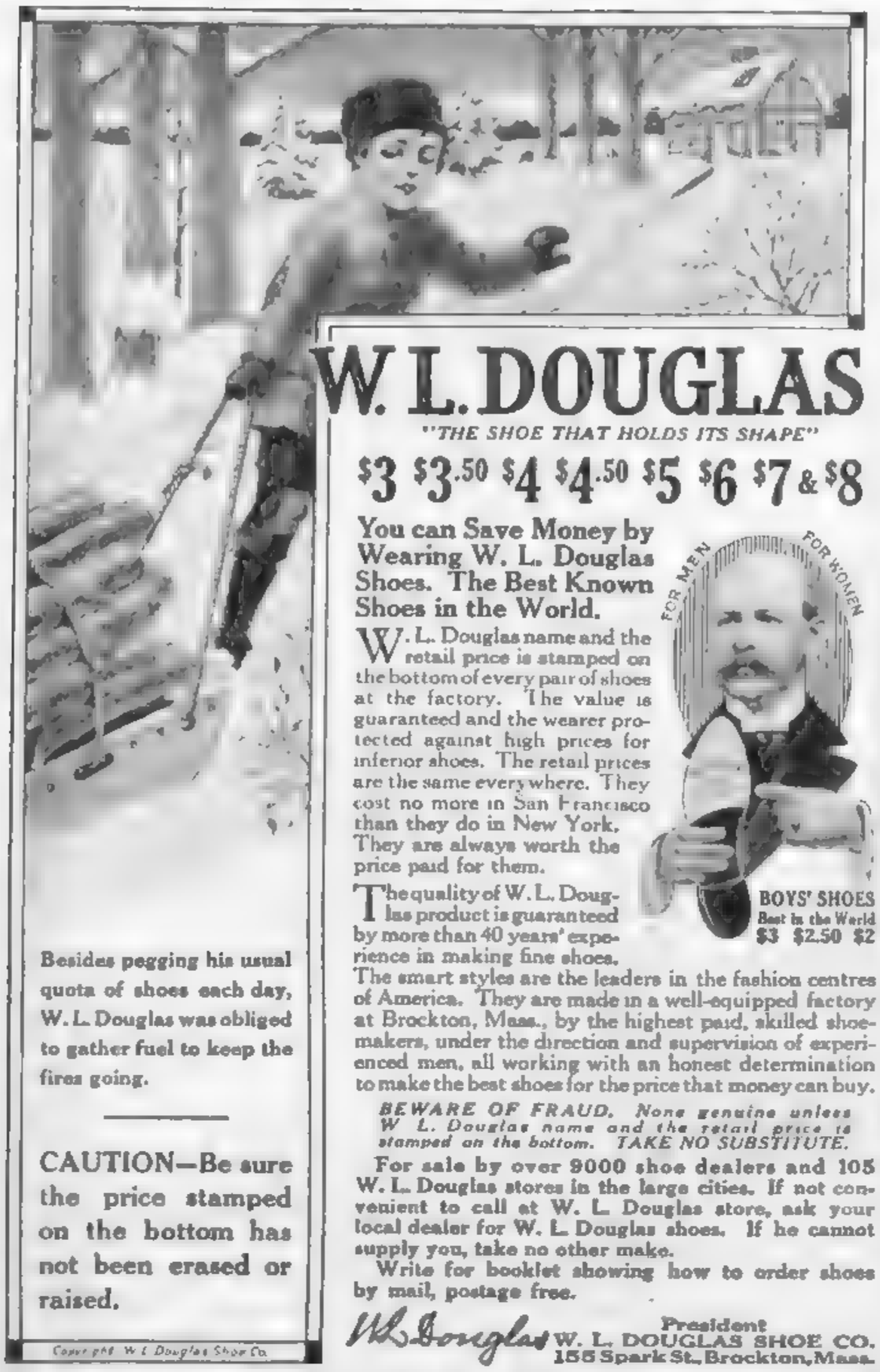

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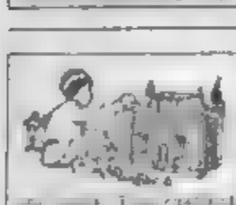

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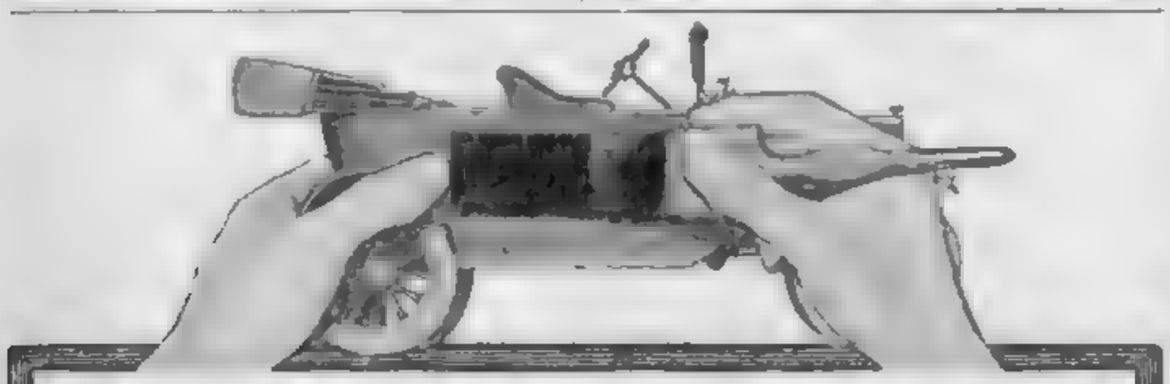

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teeth, and began to saw at the rope round his chest. Strand after strand parted grudgingly till it fell away altogether, and reaction from its tension threw him against the coping with such violence that he all but lost his hold. Dropping the knife he swept his right arm up, and once more hooked his fingers over the inside of the ledge. Far down the knife clinked suggestively upon stone.

Breathing deep Lanyard braced knees and feet against the wall, worried, heaved, hauled, squirmed like a mad thing—in the end rolled over the top and fell at length upon the roof, panting, trembling, bathed in sweat, temporarily tormented by impulses to retch.

By degrees regaining physical control he sat up, took his bearings and crept toward the foot of the minaret. A small narrow doorway in its base was on the latch. He opened it and entered to the landing of a dark winding stairway with a dim light at the bottom of its circular well.

While he stood attentive, intermittent stridor troubled the stillness, originating at some point on the floors below the proscribed wireless at work.

Hearing no other sounds Lanyard went on down the steps, at their foot pausing to spy out through a half-open doorway to the topmost story.

Nobody moved in the corridor. He saw nothing but a line of closed doorways, presumably to servants' quarters. Now, however, the vibrant rasp of the radio spark was perceptibly stronger and had a background of subdued noise, echoes of distant voices, deadened sounds of hasty footfalls, now and again a heavy thump or the bang of a door.

Moving out he commanded the length of the corridor. Toward one end a door stood open. He could see no more of the room beyond than a narrow patch of wall fitfully illuminated by a play of violet light. Then a man moved into the doorway of this operating room, turned back on the threshold to utter some parting observation;. and Lanyard retired hastily to the shaft of the minaret stairway, but not before recognizing Velasco.

A moment later the Brazilian passed his lurking place, walking with bended head, a worried frown darkening his swarthy countenance; and Lanyard emerged in time to see his head and shoulders vanish down a stairway at the far end of the corridor. Following with discretion Lanyard leaned over the head of the main staircase well, looking down three flights to the ground floor, to which Velasco was descending.

The house seemed veritably to hum with secret and, to judge by the pitch of its rumor, well-nigh panic activity. One divined a scurrying as of rats about to abandon a sinking ship. Untoward events had thrown this establishment into a state of excited confusion; their nature Lanyard could not surmise, but their conjunction with his designs was exasperatingly inopportune. To search this place and find his man—if he were there at all—without being discovered, while its inmates buzzed about like so many startled hornets, was a fair impossibility. To attempt it was to court death.

None the less he was inflexible in determination to go on, to push his luck to its extremity, by sheer force to bend fortuity to his service and suffer without complaint the consequences of its recoil.

Yet even as he advanced a foot to begin the descent, he withdrew it.

On the ground floor a door closing with a resounding crash had proved the signal for an outburst of expostulant, acrimonious voices, some half a dozen men giving angry tongue at one and the same time, their roars of polysyllabic gutturalisms fusing into utterly unintelligible clamor. One thought of mutiny in a German madhouse.

Moment after moment passed, the squall persisting with unmitigated viciousness. If now and again its confusion of voices subsided momentarily it was only into uglier growls and swiftly to rise once more to high frenzy of incoherence. Two of the disputants appeared in the square frame of the staircase well, oddly foreshortened figures brandishing wild arms—one of them Velasco, the other a man whom Lanyard failed to identify, seemingly united in common anger directed at the head of some person invisible.

Abruptly with a gesture of almost homicidal fury the Brazilian darted out of sight. The other followed. Then the object of their wrath took to the stairs, stopping at the rail of the first landing and gesticulating savagely over the heads of his audience, Velasco and the others returning amid a knot of fellows to bay round the newel post.

His voice, full-throated, cried them all down—Ekstrom's deep and resonant voice, domineering over the uproar, hectoring one after another into sullen silence.

In the beginning employing nothing but terms and phrases of insolence and objurgation untranslatable, when he had secured a measure of attention he delivered a short address in tones of unqualified contempt.

"I will have obedience!" he stormed. "Let no one misunderstand my status here: I am come direct from His Majesty the Emperor with full power and discretion to command and direct affairs that you have, individually, collectively, proved yourselves either unfit or unable to cope with. What I do I do in my absolute discretion, with the full sanction and confidence of the Kaiser. He who questions my judgment or my actions questions the wisdom of His Majesty. Let it be clearly understood I am answerable to no one under God but myself and my Imperial master. Henceforth be good enough to hold your tongues or take the consequences—and be damned to you all!"

Briefly he stood glowering down at their upturned faces, then sneered and turned away.

"Come along, O'Reilly," he said. "Fetch the woman, and give no more heed to swine dogs!"

His hand slipped up the rail to the first floor, vanished. If O'Reilly followed with the woman mentioned, both kept back from the rail and so out of Lanyard's field of vision. The group at the foot of the stairs moved away, grumbling profanely.

At once Lanyard began to descend, rapidly and without care to avoid detection. One flight down he met face to face a manservant, evidently a footman, with an armful of clothing which he was conveying from one chamber to another. The fellow stopped short, jaw dropping, eyes astare; whereupon Lanyard paused and addressed him in German with a manner of overbearing contempt—that is to say, in character.

"You're wanted upstairs in the radio room," he said—"at once!"

The servant bleated one word of protest: "But ——"

"Be silent! Do as I bid you! It is an emergency. Drop those things and go! Do you hear, imbecile?"

Completely cowed and cheated, the man obeyed literally, letting his burden of garments fall to the floor and bounding hurriedly up the stairs.

Another flight was negotiated without misadventure; on this floor as well servants were flitting busily to and fro, but none favored the adventurer with the least attention.

Midway down the third flight he pulled up to one side of the landing and reconnoitered. It was on the next floor below, the first above the street, that Ekstrom had stopped. But in what quarter thereof? The exigency forbade the risk of one false turn. If Lanyard were to take Ekstrom unawares it must be at the first cast.

From the ground floor came semicoherent snatches of surly comment, like growls of a thunderstorm passing off into the distance:

"At a time such as this. . . ."

". . . secret service snapping at our heels . . ."

". . . base on the Vineyard discovered . . ."

". . . Au Printemps raided; Sophie Weringrode under arrest. God knows whether she will hold her tongue!" "

"Trust her! But this ass . . ."

"Bringing a woman here, putting all our necks into a halter ——!"

Immediately opposite the foot of the stairway, on the first story, a closed door opened. O'Reilly came alertly forth, drew the door to behind him, paused, fished in his pocket for a cigarette case, lighted and inhaled with deep appreciation, meantime eavesdropping on the utterances below with his head cocked to one side and a malicious smile shadowing his handsome Irish face. In his own good time he shrugged an indifferent shoulder, thrust his hands into his pockets and sauntered coolly on down the stairs.

The moment he disappeared Lanyard went into action, in two bounds cleared landing and stairs, in another threw himself upon the door. It opened readily. Entering he put his back to it, with his left hand groped for, found and turned a key, his right holding ready the automatic pistol he had taken from the lockers of the U-boat.

(Continued on Page 97)

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CLEANS THE TEETH AND THE TOOTHBRUSH TOO

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$1095

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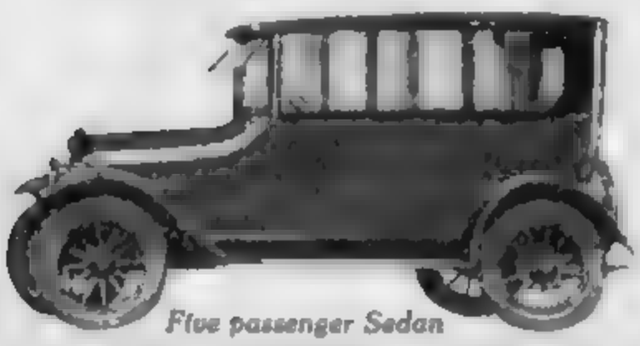

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All prices f. o. b. Fostoria, Ohio

New dealers of high repute are now being appointed in territory not previously allotted.

We want you to see the "better goodness" of Allen cars as pictured and described in the new Allen catalog. A sectional view of the entire car shows the latest motor car mechanics, and in addition, each model is illustrated in natural color.

(Continued from Page 94)

The room was a combination of administrative bureau and study, very handsomely furnished if somewhat overdecorated, with an atmosphere as distinctively German as that of a *bierstube*, the somberness of its color scheme lending weight to its array of massive desks, tables, chairs, bookcases and lounges.

Between great draped windows and an impressive chimney piece opposite, beside a broad, long desk, in a straight-backed chair sat a woman, gagged, and bound as to her wrists, strips of cloth that had but lately bound ankles as well on the floor about her feet.

That woman was Cecelia Brooke. Ekstrom stood behind her, in the act of loosening the knots at the back of her head that held the gag secure.

For a space of thirty seconds, transfixed by the apparition of his enemy, Ekstrom did not stir other than to raise weaponless hands in deference to the pistol trained upon his head. But the blood ebbed from his face, leaving it a ghastly mask in which shone the eyes of a man who sees certain death closing in upon him and is powerless to combat it, even to die fighting for life. And his lips curled back in a snarl neither of contempt nor of hatred, but of terror.

And for as long Lanyard remained as motionless, rooted in a despondency of thwarted hopes no less profound than the despair of the Prussian, apprehending what that one could not yet guess: that once more, and now certainly for the last time, vengeance was denied him, the fulfillment of all his labors and their sole purpose snatched from his grasp.

The instincts of a killer were not his. Barring injudicious attempt to summon aid or take the offensive, Ekstrom was safe from injury at the hands of Michael Lanyard. His diabolical cunning, his favor in the countenance of fortune, or whatever it was that had enabled him to make the girl his prisoner and bring her here, bade fair to prove his salvation.

Deep in Lanyard's consciousness an echo stirred of half-forgotten words: Vengeance is mine. . . .

The sense of frustration brewed a hopelessness as stark as that of an ill-treated child. A blackness seemed to be settling down upon his faculties. A mist wavered momentarily before his eyes. He gulped convulsively, swallowing what had almost been a sob.

But he spoke in a voice positively dispassionate:

"Keep your hands up."

Lanyard removed and pocketed the key, crossed to the middle of the room without once letting his gaze waver from the face of the Prussian, passed behind him, planted the muzzle of the pistol beneath Ekstrom's shoulder blades, and methodically searched him, finding and putting aside on the desk one automatic—nothing else.

"Stand aside!"

The almost puerile measure of his disappointment was betrayed in the thrust with which he shouldered Ekstrom out of the way, so forcibly that the man was sent staggering wildly half a dozen paces.

"Don't move, assassin! Pardon, mademoiselle—one moment," Lanyard muttered, with his one free hand undoing the gag.

He made slow work of that, fumbling while watching Ekstrom with unremitting intentness, hoping against hope his enemy might make one false move, one only, and, by some infatuate endeavor to turn the tables, excuse his killing.

But Ekstrom would not. Recovery of his equilibrium had been coincident with the shock administered to his hardihood and sense of security by Lanyard's entrance. He stood now in a pose of insouciant grace, hands idly clasped before him, disdain glimmering in languid-lidded eyes, contempt in the set of his lips—an ensemble eloquent of brazen effrontery, the outgrowth of perception of the fact that Lanyard, being what he was, could neither shoot him down in cold blood nor, with the Brooke girl present, even attempt to injure him—compunctions unassembled in the make-up of the Boche, therefore when discovered in men of other races at once despicable and ridiculous.

The gag came away.

"Mademoiselle has not been injured?" Lanyard inquired, solicitous.

The girl coughed and gasped, shaking her head, enunciating with difficulty in little better than a husky whisper: ". . . roughly handled, nothing worse . . ."

Lanyard's face burned as if his blood were molten mercury. "Nothing worse!" Appreciation of what handling she must have suffered if she had resisted at all, before those beasts could have bound her, excited an indignation from whose light, as it blazed in Lanyard's eyes, even Ekstrom winced.

The hands were tremulous with which he sought to loose her wrists, so much so that she could not but notice.

"Don't mind me—look to that man!" she begged. "Leave me to unfasten these with my teeth. He can't be trusted for a single instant."

"Mademoiselle," Lanyard mumbled, instinctively employing the French idiom, "you have reason."

For an instant only he hesitated, swayed this way and that by the maddest of impulses, then resigned himself absolutely to their ascendancy.

"This goes beyond all bounds," he said in an undertone.

Deliberately leaving the Englishwoman to free herself according to her suggestion—forgetful, indeed, at the moment, that she was not altogether free—he moved to the desk and left his own automatic there beside Ekstrom's.

"Mademoiselle," he said mechanically without looking at the girl, without power to perceive aught else in the world but the white evil face of his enemy, "for what I am about to do I beg you to forgive me, of your charity. I can endure no more. It is too much ——"

He strode past her. She twisted in her chair, then rose, following him with wide eyes of alarm above her hands, whose bonds her teeth worried without rest.

Ekstrom had not stirred, though one flash of pure animal exultation had transfigured his countenance on comprehension of Lanyard's purpose: thanks to the silly scruples of this animal one more chance for life was granted him.

Nor would the Prussian give an inch when Lanyard paused, confronting him squarely within arm's-length.

"Ekstrom," the adventurer began in a voice lacking perceptible inflection, "what is between you and me needs no recounting. You know it too well—I likewise. It is my wish and my intention to kill you with my two hands. Nothing can prevent that, not even what you count upon, my reluctance—to you incomprehensible—to commit an act of violence in the presence of a woman. But because Miss Brooke is here, because you have brought her here by force, because you are what you are and so have treated her insolently—before we come to our final accounting you shall get down upon your knees and ask her pardon."

He saw no yielding in the eyes of the Prussian, only arrogance; and when he paused he was answered in one phrase of the gutters of Berlin, couched in the imagery of its lowest boozing kens, so unspeakably vile in essence and application that Lanyard heard it with an incredulity almost stupefying—almost, not altogether.

It was barely spoken when those lips that framed it were crushed by a blow of such lightning delivery that, though he must have been prepared for it, Ekstrom's guard was still lowered as he reeled back, lost footing and went to his knees.

Panting, snarling, uttering teeth and blasphemy, the Prussian recoiled like a serpent, gathered himself together and launched headlong at Lanyard, only to be met full tilt with a second blow and a third, each more merciless than the first, beating him down once more.

This time Lanyard did not wait for him to come back for punishment, but closed in, catching him as he strove to rise, meeting each fresh effort with ruthless accuracy, battering him into insanity of despair, so that he staggered back again and again without thought, animated only by frenzied brute instinct to find the throat of his tormentor, and ever and ever failing; till at length he crumpled and lay crushed and writhing, then subsided into insensibility, was quite still but for heaving lungs and the spasmodic clutchings of his broken and ensanguined fingers.

With a start, a broken sigh, a slight movement of the hand interpreting a crushing sense of the futility of human passion, Lanyard relaxed, drew back from standing over his antagonist, abstractedly found a handkerchief and dried his hands, of a sudden so inexpressibly shamed and degraded in his own sight that he dared not look the girl's way, but stood with hangdog air, avoiding her regard.

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"CLICK"

"SWAT!" *The Man's Idea of Music*

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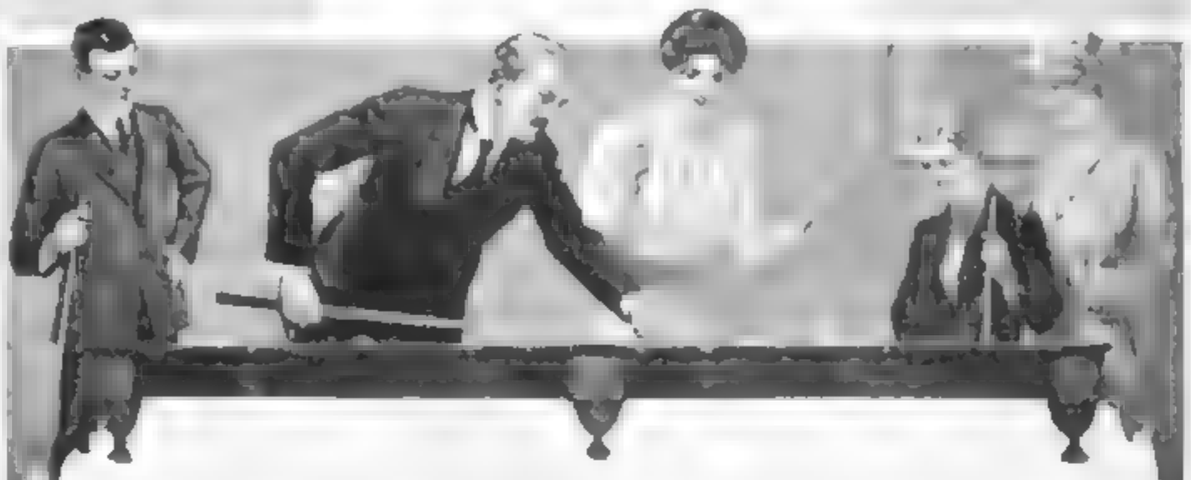
Billiards!



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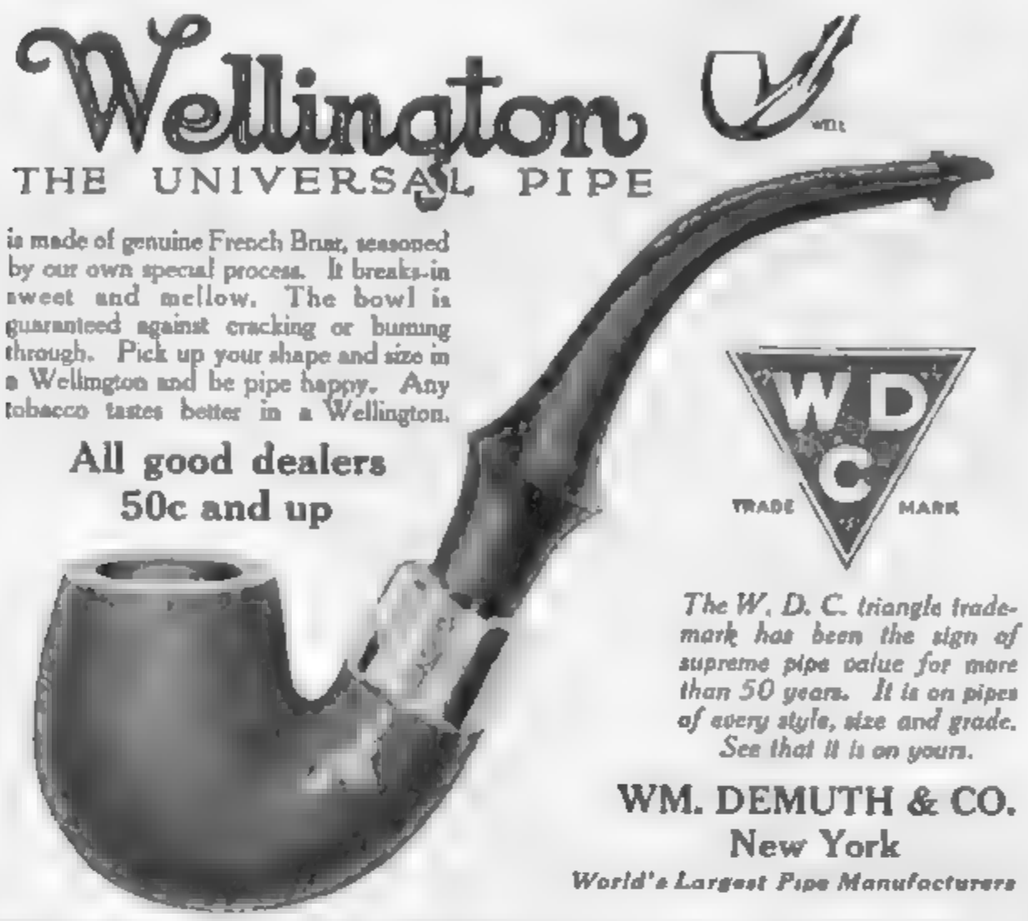

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Yet, could he have mustered up heart he might have surprised in her eyes a light to lift him out from this slough of humiliation, to obliterate chagrin in a flood of wonder and misgivings.

When, however, he did after a moment turn to her, that look was gone, replaced by one that reflected something of his own apprehension; for a heavy hand was hammering on the study door, and more than one voice on the other side was crying the name of Karl, calling on him to open.

Either the servant whom Lanyard had met and victimized on his way downstairs had given the alarm or else the noise of the encounter within the study had brought that pack of spies to the door, wildly demanding admittance.

Steadied by one swift exchange of alarmed glances with the girl, Lanyard hastily reviewed the room, seeking some avenue of escape.

None offered but the windows. He ran to them, tore back their draperies and found them closed with shutters of steel and padlocked. Simultaneously the din at the door redoubled.

With a worried shake Lanyard crossed to the chimney piece, ducked his head and stepped into its huge fireplace. One upward glance sufficed to dash his hopes: here was no arduous though possibly practical way out; immediately above the fireplace the flue narrowed so that not even the most active man of normal stature might hope to negotiate its ascent.

He returned with only a gesture of disconcertion to answer the girl's look of appeal.

"Can we do nothing?" she asked, raising her voice a trifle to make it heard above the tumult in the corridor.

"There's no help for it, I'm afraid," he said, going to the desk and taking up the pistols—"nothing to do but shoot our way out, if we can. Take this," he added, offering her one of the weapons, which she accepted without spirit. "If you can't get your own consent to use it give it to me when I've emptied the other."

She breathed a dismayed "Yes!" and wonderingly consulted his face, since he did not stir other than thoughtfully to replace his pistol on the desk; after which he stood staring at his soot-begrimed palms.

"What is it?" she demanded nervously. "Why do you hesitate?"

As one fretted by inconsequential questions he merely shook his head, glancing sidelong once at the unconscious Prussian, again with calculation toward the door. This he saw quivering under repeated blows.

With brusque decision he said: "Get a chair—brace it beneath the door knob, please!"—and leaving her without more explanation, turned back to the fireplace.

Motionless in dumb confusion the girl stood staring after him till roused by a blow of such splintering force as to suggest that an ax had been brought into play upon the door, then ran to a ponderous club chair and with considerable exertion managed to trundle it to the door and tip it over, wedging its back beneath the knob.

By this time it had become indisputably patent that an ax was battering the panels. But the door, in character with the room, was a substantial piece of workmanship and needed more than a few blows, even of an ax, to break down its barrier of solid oak.

She looked round to discover Lanyard kneeling beside Ekstrom, insanely—so it seemed to the girl—engaged in blackening the upper half of the man's face with a handful of soot from the chimney. Unconsciously uttering a little cry of distress she sped to his side and caught his shoulder with an importunate hand.

"In heaven's name, Monsieur Duchemin, what are you doing? Is this a time for childishness?"

He responded with a smile of boyish mischief so genuine that her doubts of his reason seemed all too well confirmed.

"Making up my understudy," he said simply. And brushing his hands over the rug to rid them of superfluous soot Lanyard rose. "Please go back and wait by the door—on the side of the hinges. I'll be with you in one minute."

Resigned to humor this lunatic whim—what else could she do?—the girl retreated to the position designated, and watched with ever darker doubts of his sanity while Lanyard hurriedly drew the shells from his automatic and carefully placed its butt in the slack grasp of Ekstrom's fingers. Then, lifting from a near-by table a great cut-glass bowl of flowers, the adventurer inverted it over Ekstrom's body.

Expending its full force upon the man's chest, that miniature deluge splashed widely, wetting his face, half filling his open mouth. Some of the soot was washed away, but not a great deal—enough stuck fast to suit Lanyard's purpose.

Roused by that cool shock, half strangled as well, Ekstrom coughed violently, squirmed, spat out a mouthful of water, and lifted on an elbow, still more than half dazed.

Joining the girl by the door Lanyard saw the Prussian sit up and glare blankly round the room, a figure of tragic fun, drenched, woefully disfigured, eyes rolling wildly in wide spaces round them that Lanyard had left unblackened.

Swinging the club chair away from the door the adventurer placed it with its back to the room.

"Get down behind that," he indicated shortly, and drew the key from his pocket. "Don't show yourself for your life. And let me have that pistol, please."

A bright triangular wedge of steel broke through one of the panels as he fitted and turned the key in the lock.

His wits clearing, Ekstrom saw him and with a howl of fury staggered to his feet, clutching the unloaded pistol and endeavoring to level it for steady aim. Simultaneously Lanyard turned the knob and let the door fly open, remaining by the chair that hid the girl.

A knot of spies, O'Reilly and Velasco among them, whirled into the room, pulled up at sight of that strange figure, disguised beyond all recognition by its half mask of black, facing and menacing them with a pistol.

O'Reilly fired in the next breath, his shot echoed by half a dozen so closely bunched as to resemble the rattle of a mitrailleuse.

At the first report the pistol dropped from Ekstrom's grasp. He carried a hand vaguely to his throat, staggered a single step, uttered a strangled moan and fell forward, his body fairly riddled, death little short of instantaneous.

While the fusillade was still resounding Lanyard, seizing the girl's wrist, unceremoniously dragged her from behind the chair and thrust her through the door, retreating after her with his face to the roomful, his pistol ready.

None of that lot paid him any heed, the attention of all wholly absorbed by the tragedy their violent hands had wrought. Velasco, the first to stir, ran forward and dropped to his knees beside the dead man. Others followed.

Gently Lanyard drew the door to, locked it on the outside, and at the sound of a choking cry from Cecelia Brooke whirled smartly round, prepared if need be to make good his promise to clear with gun play a way to the street, though opposed by every inmate of the establishment. But the first face he saw was Crane's.

The secret-service man stood within a yard. To him as to a rock of refuge Cecelia Brooke had flown; to his hand she was clinging like a frightened child, trying to speak, failing because her utterance was choked with sobs and gasps of horror.

Behind him, on the landing at the head of the staircase, running up from below, ascending to the upper stories, were a score or more of men of sturdy and businesslike bearing and indubitably American stamp. Of these, two were herding into a corner a little group of frightened German servants.

Lanyard's stare of astonishment was met by Crane's twisted smile.

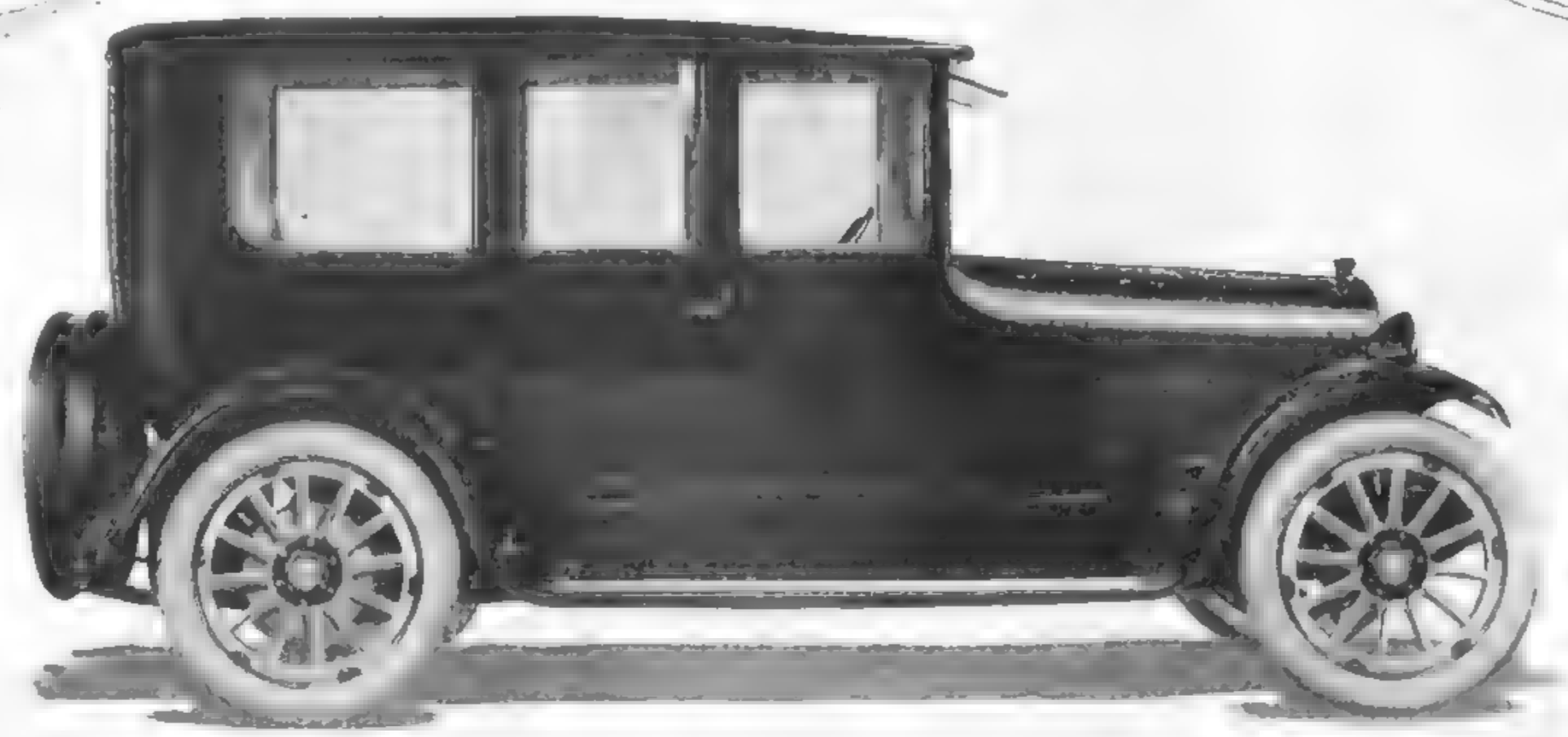
"My friend," he said as quietly as anyone could speak with his accent of a quizzical buzz saw, "I sure got to hand it to you. Every time I try to pull anything off on the dead quiet you beat me to it clean. Everywhere I think you ain't and can't be, that's just where you are. But I ain't complaining; I got to admit if you hadn't staged your act to occupy the minds of those gents in there we might've had a lot more unpleasantness raiding this joint."

Quickly he wound an arm round the waist of Cecelia Brooke when, without warning, she swayed blindly and would have fallen.

"Here, now!" he protested. "That's no way to do. Why, she's flickered out! Well, Monsieur Duchemin-Lanyard-Ember, to a man up a tree this looks like your job. You take this little lady off my hands and see her home, and I'll just naturally try and finish what I started—or what you did. For, son, I got to give you credit—you sure are one grand li'l' trouble hound!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

CASE SIX



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By
*G. A. Garver, of Garver Bros. Company, General Merchants, Strasburg, Ohio**

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I couldn't get this information every day if I didn't have my Burroughs to get it for me, speedily and accurately.

***I KNOW** the monthly totals of sales and expenses.* In other words I know every month exactly how I stand—how much I'm making and how I'm making it.

No man likes to do business blindfolded—but many do, because they hate to wade through a maze of figures to get to the light.

My Burroughs does this for me.

***I KNOW** how much money I have*—how much in the bank, how much on bills receivable—all the time. Most retailers never check up their check-books—I do, and with my Burroughs it's easy.

Since I know my cash income and outgo every day, it's easy to keep track of my bank balance. But this represents only part of my money.

My accounts receivable are a real asset and it's as important to know their total daily as to know my bank balance.

My Burroughs gets me the information in a few minutes.

***I KNOW** what goods are on my shelves*—and this means something in a general store like mine.

With this knowledge, I have very little slow-moving or dead goods piling up on me. Everything moves quickly—and quick turnovers mean big money. I couldn't keep track of my stock without my Burroughs.

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I can't tell you all the things we use it for; but my advice to the storekeeper who wants to make his business pay big profits is—get a Burroughs.

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THE UNDERGROUND

(Continued from Page 17)

purport sent by courier to the Dutch border, whence they were telegraphed to Berlin.

A great deal of important information concerning the enemy is relayed in this way through commercial houses in Switzerland, Holland, Denmark and Sweden. German business connections throughout the world have been made use of to the utmost in the building of the great spy machine. German commission merchants and bankers have acted as paymasters and organizers of the work, and as forwarding agents in the chain of underground communication. They have aided in placing the secret agent everywhere, and in introducing and obtaining two new spies for every spy discovered. The work of these principals has been extremely clever, seldom leaving any damning clew.

Neutral and Renegade Spies

There was an interesting case of a French-Swiss manufacturer that came to my attention. The manner of my learning of the work of this agent was a comic comment upon the occasional looseness of well-laid German system. This French-Swiss performed innumerable important missions in France, several times getting information of decisive value to the Germans. He was in consequence very handsomely paid, and was able to maintain a certain magnificence despite the hard times of war. He made his home in Plauen, and a part of his extravagance consisted in importing costly French toilets for his wife. His wife thus was the only woman in this town able to keep in style, and drew down upon herself no small bitterness of spirit from the other women of her circle as a result. Her husband was unwise enough to boast to her about the success of his missions, and she straightway gossiped about them to a girl friend, who told me and half the town, making her resentment against unpatriotic French gowns sufficient ground for greatly increasing the chances that her best friend's husband be brought before the firing squad. However, I had already learned somewhat of this man's work from equally incautious remarks of the secret-service chief of my district.

This French-Swiss manufactured in Plauen and in St. Gall, Switzerland, and had a branch house at Lyons, France. He would receive a telegram from his house in Lyons, urging him to bring samples of certain laces, and with this telegram and other papers he would call at the French legation and easily obtain the necessary pass. On his trip through France he would take note of troop movements, of movements and quantities of supplies, and of all clews aiding the determination of the disposition of troops. He several times reported weeks in advance the massing of French and English troops for strong local offensives, thus enabling the German commanders at the points threatened to prepare with a surprising definition of purpose and thoroughness. He sent information of special importance by code telegrams to his St. Gall house, the message being coded in commercial phraseology. General information was sent in by post to different Swiss addresses, the messages being written in invisible ink across the lines of simple business communications. Of course the bulk of his report was made orally upon his return to Germany.

Most of the courier work of the German spy machine is done by neutrals. Some of the most dangerous foreign missions are carried out by traitorous citizens of enemy countries, and my secret-service friend informed me cynically that there was no trouble in finding plenty such of highest capacity, but that the only trouble lay in the choosing. He told me that Russians, Frenchmen and Englishmen of high standing were serving in the German intelligence forces.

"You would be surprised," he said to me one night, "to learn the names of some of your own countrymen acting as agents of our Foreign Office. I have done some very effective work through one of them in your country, a man of keen intellect and undisputed position."

The neutral couriers of Germany's spy service come and go on their missions with great freedom throughout the world. They carry with them intelligence moneys—under the heading come dynamite and corruption funds—in the shape of commercial funds and credits; and they bring the orders of the authorities in Berlin to the established agents in the enemy countries. They keep the organization intact despite the vigilant defensive measures against Central Europe's spies.

Following a tradition rooted in the beginnings of modern Germany and in the practice of its great founder, the Germans have made telling use of wantons in their spy endeavors. Loose women have proved themselves among the most clever agents of the empire and have turned in many a piece of information of first importance. Throughout the forty years of peace the Foreign Office kept many thousands of wantons on its rolls, receiving through them regular reports of most secret transactions in France, England, United States, Russia and other countries. I was told that Germany kept some particularly clever women of this type on duty in our own capital and in New York City; and, further, that their ranks were increased after the outbreak of the war. It was the duty of these women to form intimate associations with those high in power, for the two purposes of learning valuable state secrets and of influencing their opinions in favor of the *Vaterland*. Foremost in the ranks of this class of agents, I was given to understand, were two young and beautiful American women of the highest type of international demimonde. These young women wheedled many an important secret out of their unfortunate victims, and by dexterous use of their charms were able to do the cause of the Entente Allies and the cause of their native land considerable damage.

The Germans have cleverly and continuously fed their women spies into the lands of their enemies. These women swarmed behind the lines of the Russian Army and in Petrograd, where, besides doing successful spy work, they aided in every way to increase the confusion and uncertainty that gradually grew up in the Russian organization. The Germans used a number of clever ruses to get their women spies into France. Thus, I learned from an authoritative source, the first deportations of women from Lille were undertaken to cover the exportation of several score of German wantons into France. These women were sent through Switzerland to their native land, and among their number and of their number were many agents of the Kaiser's Government.

A Brilliant Exploit

I have heard stories of brilliant work done by various of these women. One such story, told to me by my friend, the secret-service chief, and characterized by him as one of the most clever bits of spy work in his experience, well illustrates the daring and imagination of the woman spy.

The woman of the story, it seems, was able to establish a leak in a great French department. The source of information that she had managed to tap was unusually rich, and she forwarded numerous reports of great value by courier. She finally obtained knowledge of a war plan exceedingly valuable in nature and complex in detail. She knew of no courier to whom she could trust this report. It was, moreover, necessary that the information be taken quickly to the authorities in Berlin and competently explained. It was impossible to telegraph a message of such length as to contain the data. She could not intrust the message to the mails, for letters are often long delayed by the censor. There was but one thing to do and that was to take a written report through the lines on her person. Her information was so full and so important that she dared not trust to memory. To make her task a still more difficult one she knew that she had been under suspicion for some time and that she would be given a most minute and comprehensive searching at the Swiss border.

What was she to do? The information meant everything to the German Government. How was she to get it out of France? Her notes, condensed as much as she dared to condense them, filled several closely written sheets of paper. She knew that she would not be allowed to carry a scrap of paper over the border, that even her money would be exchanged for other paper money, and that her linen and her skin might be treated for the breaking up or the development of invisible inks. She had but little

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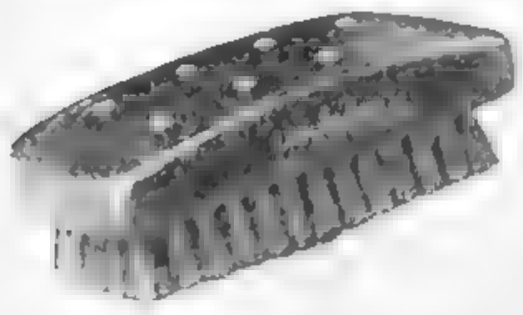

Just as there are thoroughbreds among the millions of other horses, prize dogs amongst the mongrels, real men amongst men, so there's a thoroughbred in any line of goods—even hand-brushes.

You can buy a "skate" for $50, but to get a real race-horse the elastic must come off the bankroll.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand-Brush costs one dollar; most of the other hand-brushes sell for 10 to 25 cents.

This brush is built to last—no matter how hard you use it. The picture above is of one that has been in daily use in an office for six years. The bristles are thickly set, elastic, yet stand up. They are selected from the choicest boar hair that can be bought in the world's market, are set in an aluminum plate which is riveted to the hard wood back with eight rivets. The brush is not coarse, nor *hard* to the feel—you can scrub hard as you please—it won't irritate your fingers or knuckles. Hard water, soft water, cheap soap, fancy soap, and long soaking do not harm this brush in the slightest. And don't forget it's a good-looking hand-brush—nothing fancy about it, but looks what it is—staunch quality, with the good taste to be severely plain. It will never become soft with use, nor will the bristles "slop over" or come out

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time to consider her problem while her pass was being put in order; but she used this time to advantage and, receiving her papers, crossed the border into Switzerland without a scrap of paper in her possession and with but a few necessary things in a hand satchel. The important information that she carried was written with invisible ink in fine, solid lines upon both sides of her passport, which the French authorities had had in their possession all the time!

Germany's women spies work as near the firing line as they can get and among the soldiers and officers back on furlough. They gather their news bit by bit—often unimportant in its stray individual confidences, but valuable when pieced together with all other confidences. Their reports indicate the massing of troops and the gathering of supplies at certain points and the weakening of other points, and a complex of other military data. Their pay is small, my friend told me; but the women find a large part of their reward in the adventurous intrigue that goes with their labor.

Training Military Spies

Whereas the Foreign Office spies of renown eternally pose as international figures, the spies of the army and navy services, for the most part highly trained specialists, keep to inconspicuous paths. The army and navy services received long and careful professional training in times of peace. Officers of the army, both active and reserve, were formerly sent to the different countries, given a certain territory to cover, and required to report at a certain time. These officers were expected to make an exhaustive study of all features of possible military interest in the districts assigned to them, to bring back with them charts showing all mountain ranges, hills, streams, fortifications and population centers, together with plans of defensive works, of leading industries, of docks—if in a harbor section—and of warehouses. The officers detailed for this training were allowed one-half of their expenses, the other half coming out of their pay or private incomes. The work was primarily a work of training, as maps, drawings, charts and reports were on hand in quantity in the General Staff archives, but it was also a work of keeping abreast with all developments. According to the value of the reports submitted by these officers they received promotions.

Some of the young officers received indefinite leaves of absence for the purpose of enlistment in foreign armies. As soldiers in American, British, French and Russian forces they carried out their studies of the defensive organizations of possible enemy countries at first-hand. Captain Jacobs, and a friend of his, a Captain Mueller, both served with branches of the American Army, and both were filled with pleasant memories of their service.

As the parent state of the "new spying," Germany has taken elaborate defensive measures against the leakage of information important to her welfare. Possessing the greatest underground organization of history, Germany enjoyed certain advantages in the making of counterpreparations. Her protective arrangements against spies are, therefore, formidable.

German antispy methods are fairly obvious to the visitor, at least in their main outline. He becomes a catalogued thing at the German border, and when he joins the card-indexed nation and becomes one of the registered throng he is early aware that it is a difficult thing to get lost or misplaced in warring Central Europe. He early senses the fact that his pedigree, movements, and all significant moments in his day-by-day life go to make part of the files of the police department. Furthermore, when he leaves again, this history is carefully examined before he is given a permit to pass the German border at a designated border-watch station. And he leaves behind him his thumb prints and photograph.

The Germans enjoyed one decided advantage in the building of their defenses against spying, the system by which all of the German population is carried in the police registers of their places of residence. This system makes possible the labor of accounting for all home people and for checking up strangers, as the visitor in peacetimes, likewise, was subject to the same system of registration. He could not go to a hotel, a boarding house, rent a furnished room or lease an apartment without becoming a part of the police record. Thus when the war broke out it was a comparatively simple matter to assort the people and label the suspected ones, and to arrange for the giving of proper attention to all the comings and goings of those in the latter class. In the early days of the war possible enemies were quickly weeded out.

Just in the beginning, spy fever burned at white glow all over Germany—men, women and children turning sleuths overnight, to the general confusion of everybody. One frenzied rumor had it that the French were sending gold across Germany in motor cars, and the people forthwith held up every conveyance on wheels until an earnest citizen in Southwestern Saxony shot the mayor of his village upon this official's refusal to halt. After this and one or two like incidents orders went out that a few spies were preferable to an irresponsible and chaotic spy hunt by seventy millions of people. The regular defenses, however, were strengthened with infinite care.

The border, of course, is the first line of defense against spies—and the most important line. The German border is patrolled throughout its entire length, being as carefully watched where it touches Austria as along the Dutch and Danish lines. Every international road, railway and port has its military watch and complement of secret-service agents. The incoming and outgoing travelers are herded in bleak rooms under guard to await their turn for examination. Their papers are taken for scrutiny and they are given identification numbers. In all cases of emigration the border watch has received notice of the traveler's intentions and of his history; and this same notice has been received in most cases of those seeking admission into Germany. The passes are first checked against these informations, which largely determine the severity of the examination. When no advance informations are at hand or when these informations cast a doubt upon the character of the applicant, the border-watch treatment becomes a painful ordeal.

A Threefold Ordeal

The passing of the border is a threefold ordeal: A quiz, a baggage search and a personal examination. The baggage search is exasperating and thorough. Each article stored in trunk or bag is patiently gone over. Shirts, dresses, suits, collars, linens and packages are opened and studied from all angles. Every scrap of paper is confiscated. Original packages—medicines, soaps, and so on—are broken, and their contents viewed with concern. The last time I crossed the border a Danish lady cheered her weary fellow travelers with a pandemonium of screeches, imprecations, expostulations as the stolid, heavy-fingered trooper in faded field-gray pawed over filmy laces and spotless lingerie, and piled his spoils, article by article, upon the dirty counter. When the inspection was finished he jammed the desecrated confusion back into her trunk and sealed it.

These steps are but degrees leading up to the personal search. This is often carried out with an embarrassing attention to detail. Each article of clothing is examined carefully. The body is subjected to a lingering inquisitorial suspicion. This last ordeal is sometimes made quite painful. When the traveler is at last able to enter or to leave Germany, his identity and the nature of his belongings have been established with fair accuracy.

Once across the border in the hostile world outside, the one-time visitor is followed up by the German secret service. The nature of his comments upon Germany and German personalities is made into memoranda that may make a second visit to the *Vaterland* inadvisable for him. If the German secret police are at all uncertain of their guest the word goes out to watch the man closely, and then the suspected person is kept under surveillance almost as successfully among his friends as had been the case in the land of his enemies. One agent told me that Germany had discovered more spies without her borders than within, and that many of these later had been allowed freely to enter Germany to their deaths. This agent boasted that every person proceeding Central-Europeward is preceded by his record!

Likewise, the traveler entering Germany is seldom lost from sight. The authorities of the place of his destination are notified by the border watch, and he is directed to register in person with the police within twenty-four hours of his arrival. There his papers are stamped with the day and hour

(Concluded on Page 105)

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English "Custom" last with slender taper toe and long lines. Sole of fibre, leather-like finish on the edge. Heel is of leather. Vamp and upper of selected side-leather in rich Tan shades or Black. Price . . . $5

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(Concluded from Page 102)

of his registration, and his mysterious history begins to form its part of the police archive. Before continuing his journey to another German city he must again present himself at his police precinct and have the day and hour of his leavetaking stamped beneath the registration stamp, and within twenty-four hours he must be registered anew. Thus a complete record of the movements of the stranger is kept upon his pass, with intervals not greater than twenty-four hours. A pass out of order is full of grave danger to its holder. Secret-service agents are everywhere—in hotels, restaurants, in the streets, on public conveyances—and one's papers may be demanded any time. Waiters, chambermaids, department-store clerks, ticket sellers and cab drivers are cogs in the regular service.

Moreover, many neutral residents are hired by the government to mingle with and to watch their visiting fellow countrymen. I knew one such agent in Berlin who made his headquarters at the Hotel Adlon and who was a great friend of the American correspondents living there. He kept the Foreign Office informed as to the color of the views of visiting Americans.

There are innumerable minor details of this defense. Spy warnings are hung in most places of public gathering. Soldiers are instructed to keep their mouths closed generally, and under no conditions to talk about things military with strangers. All printed matter is censored. Military and naval intentions are not advertised in the press beforehand. The German people are left almost totally in the dark as to their future engagements, and must content themselves in the main with press comment upon military, naval and diplomatic matters that are stale. I have spoken with many German officers who believed that Germany's successes were due in no small part to the reticence of her leaders and to the severe muzzling of the press. They asserted that the outspoken frankness of Entente leaders toward the press concerning war plans has been of invaluable assistance to the Central European Alliance.

False Scents

Here it is of interest to note parenthetically a clever deception of the German leaders. They are continually talking about things that they do not believe, do not intend to do, and are not even considering. They stimulate all manner of groundless rumors for the purpose of throwing the enemy upon the wrong track, and bring about the publication of these rumors in the German papers, which they know find their way into enemy countries. They discussed at great length an intended campaign for the capture of the Suez Canal and the occupation of Egypt. They caused much entertaining copy to be written about an invasion of England. They have stimulated a continuous discussion of German willingness for a just peace on the basis of *status quo ante*. There has also been endless talk about an invasion of France by way of Northern Italy. It is safe to conclude that no responsible German leaders are thinking about any of these things.

Enemy aliens are kept under such strict surveillance that there exists little opportunity for them to transmit information to their friends or to work internal damages. These enemy aliens are of course registered in the police precincts of their residence; they are required to report daily to the police; they must be off the streets by nine o'clock in the evening; and they are not allowed to leave the city or town of their residence. America might well take a leaf from Germany's book in her care lest enemy aliens abuse her hospitality.

Beyond all his other characters, however, I regard the German agent, or spy, of greatest menace in his dual rôle of peace agitator and labor demagogue. He has promoted social disturbances with startling success in the lands without the iron ring, and to-day he is enjoying an unpleasant degree of success in his promotion among his enemies of an enervating uncertainty as to the peace outlook.

"We shall win because we are united, whereas our enemies are hampered by dissensions among themselves and internal disagreements" has all along been the watchword of every leading German statesman. This thought is emphasized in every important speech made in Germany. To the German leaders peace and labor movements in enemy lands mean German victory and domination. More especially is the present peace propaganda spreading abroad in the world a two-edged weapon in the hands of the *Vaterland's* autocrats. It is a weapon more subtle, more insinuating, and far more difficult to combat than is the German Army in the field. He who talks peace to-day finds many sincerely responsive hearts which, under the spell of their spiritual enthusiasm, can lightly be turned to uses the purpose of which they do not know or stop to analyze. The German agent, or spy, talking peace is the sublimation of German cunning, and more dangerous to the liberties of the world than any poison gas yet flooded across the sad and brutalized fields of Northern France!

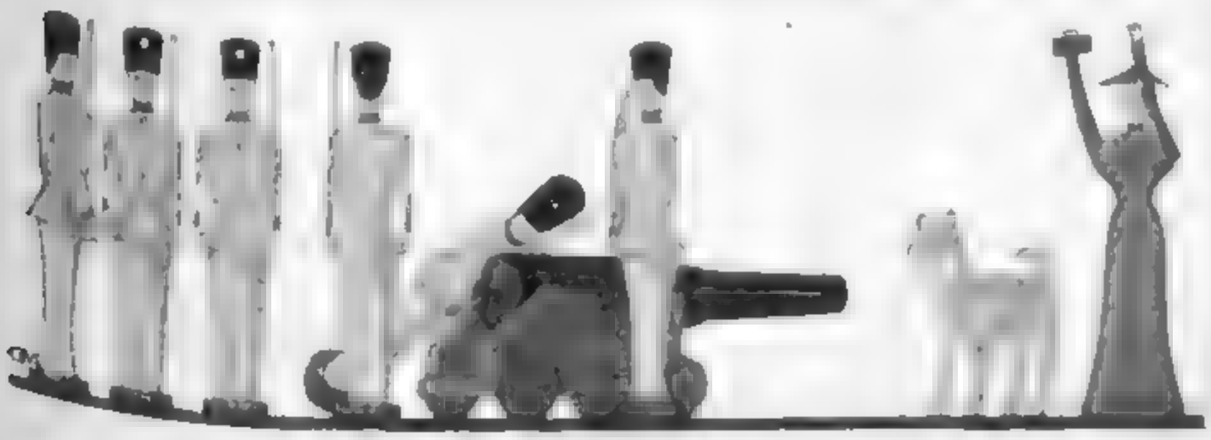
Dangerous Activities

"We have well-manned organizations in the lands of our enemies and in neutral countries," my friend of the secret service told me; "and when it is to our interest we shall build up such a peace sentiment as to be irresistible. Isn't it funny that we, a people bred to war and to-day waging war upon an unprecedented scale, should at the same time be carrying on a peace propaganda greater than any the world has ever known?"

It is difficult within the short limits of an article to do more than suggest the menace of this phase of German effort. However, I ask my readers earnestly and in all humility of judgment to beware of the German agent talking peace or of the German agent discussing means for the momentary realization of the millennium.

To recapitulate: The great object of the German secret service has been to stir up all manner of dissension in the ranks of its enemies. It has left nothing undone to support the hands of peace workers without the horn-tight ring. It has endeavored to weaken steadily, by awakening ever-recurring peace hopes, the decisiveness of action, the scope of preparation and the martial spirit of its enemies. It has recognized that every peace demonstration, peace-engendered strike and peace agitation causing popular unrest or holding back among the peoples opposed to it mean, for its purposes, the most valuable kind of military aid. The Germans have boasted from the beginning that the Central European Alliance presented a solid harmonious front while the Allies quarreled among themselves and with their numerous malcontents. The aims of the German secret service, its primary aims, have been to divide enemy peoples among themselves by raising false peace hopes and labor issues, and to develop clashing interests between the nations of the Entente Alliance. This, in my poor judgment, is far and away the most menacing activity of the German spy. In the service of this work are many able and enthusiastic tools, and they have achieved some very notable results.

The German agents are making a peace drive to-day to make the victories of the German armies good. They are striking at the sources of the enemy power arrayed against them. If this intrigue proves successful Germany will have won the war; it will have then justified its honorless, conscienceless but adroit intelligence machine. The Germans to-day bringing gifts are more dangerous than they are crouched behind their gas tanks and giant mortars!



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Steam "	Commercial Law	Farming
Mining "	Bookkeeping	Poultry
Mechanical "	Stenography	French
Mechanical Drafting	Civil Service	German
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ARCHITECTURE	AUTOMOBILES	SPANISH

Name _____

Address _____

LEPAGE'S GLUE IN TUBES
WILL MEND IT!

THE GHOST OF ROSY TAYLOR

(Continued from Page 16)

meat and wine and courage to her; and in the flush of them she did the second bold act of her life.

With another five cents she and the Gladstone bag made their way to the address given in the note; and as she stood hesitating in front of the principal doorway a trim Irish maid, in cap and apron, stepped out of a side door marked Tradesmen's and Servants' Entrance. She had a letter in her hand, and as she made for the mail box Rhoda stepped up to her.

"Mrs. du Vivier?" she murmured.

"Second floor," the girl shot at her, hurrying.

Rhoda climbed the stairs. Nobody passed her; nobody stopped her. On the second floor she paused, hesitating between two doors; but the Irish maid, vanishing into one, paused.

"They don't be home week-ends," she offered; then added: "Oh, I see! Pardon me!" For Rhoda had fitted the key into the lock and the door opened before her.

It was probably the sight of the kitchen, on her left as she entered, that determined her. Fifteen cents she had taken. Very well; fifteen cents, at least, she could repay in labor. For it was a very dirty, disorderly kitchen indeed, and one greatly to be abhorred by Sister Adelaide. With the skill born of her London experience she scrubbed and polished, aired and disinfected. Ancient greasy pans she dragged forth; mops and cloths she purified; a doubtful refrigerator she made brave and sweet.

After three hours she stopped, brewed herself tea, ate bread and a bit of sausage, rested half an hour; then addressed herself to the dining room. It had charming tapestries, some good brass and copper, a fine brace of family portraits, and wonderful glass. The silver was far too valuable to leave in a vacated apartment; she polished it with real pleasure.

By the time she reached the library she was quite calm. Labor had justified itself, as it so often does; and it was perfectly clear to her that the fairy four dollars were hers—if only she could earn them. Rosy Taylor had missed her luck in some way. Well, it should be Rhoda Sayles'.

By six o'clock she had dusted every book, lovingly wiped each bronze and crystal bibelot, polished every deep curve of the involved mahogany lounging chairs. And then, mindful of the letter's permission, in good conscience with herself, she rummaged again in the speckless refrigerator and mixed for herself a savory stew of odds and ends that robbed nobody—here a mouthful of steak, there a boiled potato, a bit of chicken stuffing, a handful of spaghetti. French rolls and sweet butter she ate, and a small forsaken tart, with the scrapings of a jar of cheese and a handful of broken celery. The color came back to her cheeks, which had begun to show oval hollows, and the violet circles under her eyes grew fainter perceptibly—so great is the resilience of healthy youth.

By eight she was back at Madame Graillard's with her Gladstone bag and three dollars and seventy-five cents—she had been too tired to walk there!

For two of the dollars she might share the niece's room for another week; they were genuinely glad she had found work, and hoped it would last. Rhoda hoped so too.

The next morning she was a little stiff, but eager to begin; and by noon the drawing-room, the large bedroom and its dressing room were fresh as a bride's; by late afternoon the remaining bedroom and two tiled baths were finished. Then Rhoda washed her own clothes and, while they dried, took a daring and luxurious bath in one of the clean porcelain bathrooms, a steaming, soaking bath which washed the ache out of her bones and flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes. Before she ironed her washing she made herself an omelet, full of final gleanings from the refrigerator, and warmed over some coffee she had found the day before, in a bowl. She was very grateful and content; for she felt sure she was defrauding no one and was earning her daily bread.

When her ironing was finished she left the apartment; and, inquiring in the basement where the superintendent might be found, delivered into his indifferent hands the key.

"Will you please tell them that, if they are satisfied, I will come next Friday at the same time?" she said.

He grunted; and she walked back through the fresh spring night, not far from happy. It is so wonderful to escape that black pit—hunger!

In case they liked her work, you see, she would have four dollars every week. Two would go to the Graillards', and two would feed her for five days. That makes forty cents a day. Now, nobody need starve on forty cents a day, as you can easily prove if you care to try it: A pint of good milk, a five-cent loaf and a banana made a good supper at less than ten cents; the Graillards gave her a good bowl of café au lait and a large roll for ten more; for twenty pennies you may purchase, ready cooked, meat, potatoes and another vegetable.

If your clothes were purchased in England, and fashion does not concern you, they will last a long while; and if your work occupies you but two days in the week you have the rest of the time in which to hunt for more work.

On the next Friday she went, not too tremblingly, to the Du Vivier apartment. If the real Rosy had appeared and explained meantime—well, they could but say so. If that Rosy's work had been judged worthy of four dollars, then why wasn't hers—Rhoda's? And assuredly she had done it well. She knew that.

Again, if Rosy had not appeared then she didn't intend to appear, or couldn't appear; and perhaps they would keep Rhoda. Moreover, they were no longer her only hope. Between Sunday and Friday, the Graillard niece had actually procured her some extra embroidery, more than she could herself manage; and it seemed likely to hold out for several weeks.

"Here you are," the superintendent assured her, extending the key. "Better keep it, I guess—I ain't always available."

She went in as to a home; and this time, as there was so much less to do, she waxed the furniture, washed the windows, polished the brass and copper, and hunted dozens of silver forks and spoons out from their maroon flannel casings.

The third week she mended all the linen and underwear; by the fourth she had reorganized the linen closet. On her fifth visit she was certain there had been definite orders about the food, for a fresh plate of chops, new salad and a bunch of asparagus were all she could find—they must have meant her to use them.

They had become very real to her—Pussy, in silver frames all about; her husband, in gold, on her dressing table; her brother, by the likeness, near her bed. His must be the small bedroom, always so untidy; it was his clothes that were so beautifully made and so carelessly kept. Apparently he played golf exclusively in brier patches and did most of his hunting among the branches of spiked trees. He had the same jolly, twinkling, easy-going smile as his sister. Rhoda had grown so used to them that she sometimes wondered where she had seen the severe old French officer, over the sideboard—and then she would laugh at herself.

Really, however, there was nothing to laugh at. His direct descendant, General du Vivier, had presented her with her good-conduct medal when she was graduated from the convent, and a hundred years had not obliterated the family type.

The week after the episode of the mending she found six dollars on the table, under the bronze paper weight, instead of four with a very pleasant little note of thanks. That week she earned two dollars by embroidering; the next, two and a half; and, as that appeared to be likely to remain her maximum from this source, the Graillards offered to feed her for five days for that sum—and good nourishing food it was too. She worked at it in the evening and went about after more work like it during the day. She had gained, by now, the weight she had lost; there were no circles under her eyes, no hollows in her cheeks.

On the sixth Friday she found what she supposed to be an unusually large pile of mending and repairing, and was delighted; because that meant, she knew, an increased pile of dollar bills under the bronze paper weight. But this time a little note said:

"Can you use any of these? You are quite welcome to them. J. DU VIVIER."

There was a good serge coat and skirt, half a dozen slightly worn blouses, as many

(Continued on Page 109)

Rauh's
"Cravenette Finish"

Spiral Puttees
for
Army Men and Sportsmen

These are the *only* spiral cloth puttees protected against rain and dampness by the famous *"Cravenette" Finish*—a most important point. They are difficult to wet and easy to dry. They wear better and look better while they wear.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
948 Independence Square, Philadelphia

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Standard Dollar Outfit

For "Over There"

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"Army and Navy Special"—ideal for the enlisted man, whether on land or sea. A safety razor, compact, perfect in every detail—the Ever-Ready Safety Razor with twelve Radio Blades, and the Ever-Ready Automatic Stropping Machine with strop. It is a big money's worth. Sold by dealers everywhere. **Price $3.00.**

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Lie in That Slimy Film

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All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

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Every modern authority knows that most tooth troubles are due to a clinging film. Among dentists it is called "bacterial plaque." It is slimy—you feel it with your tongue.

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Most careful people, at least twice yearly, have their teeth cleaned by a dentist. All of which proves that ordinary brushing methods fail to save the teeth.

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The reason lies in that film. It resists the tooth brush. It gets into crevices and stays. It is clear that something must be used beyond the ordinary methods.

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See the Results of Pepsodent

See What It Does in a Week

Pepsodent is now a three-year-old invention. During all that time it has been subjected to thousands of clinical tests. Thus many authorities have proved that it does what its inventor claims.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. It is found that the film is albuminous. The object is to accomplish the removal of that film.

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But a way has been found to activate the pepsin without any harm to the teeth. That method is employed in Pepsodent. Five governments already have certified the claims by a patent.

Three years of tests under able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Hundreds of thousands of people have also proved it for themselves. Now it appears that this dainty product must and will supplant the ordinary methods.

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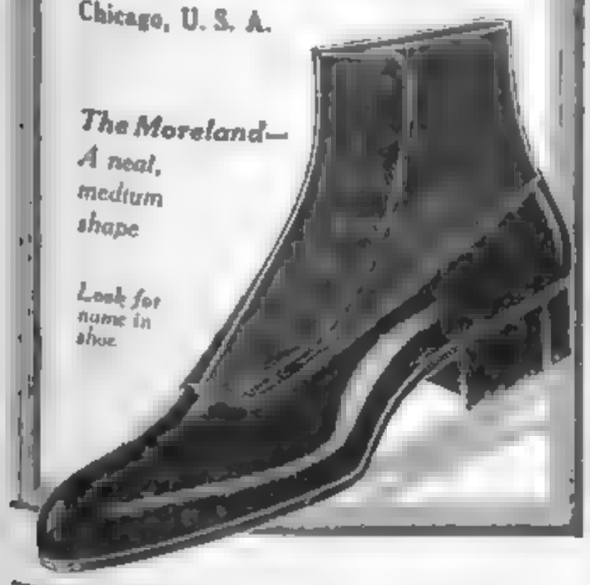

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
950 Independence Square Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 106)

pairs of silk stockings, and a soft dull-blue frock with frills of yellowish net about it—Jacques called it "the window-curtain dress."

Pussy, though always called "little Mrs. du Vivier," was, in reality, only a shade shorter and slighter than Rhoda; a very little trouble would adjust the garments perfectly. She carried them home with much pleasure, and presented the bilious Graillard niece with the two best blouses and some stockings.

The niece, by way of return, later offered her one of two tickets for the newly established French Theater, to which she had fallen heir, and they agreed to meet in the foyer. It was on a Friday night, and Rhoda planned to leave in good time, dressing beforehand in the apartment. She had left everything as neat as a pin, taken her own delicious bath, arranged her hair carefully, and put on the soft blue frock, to match whose cloudy tints her eyes had obligingly shaded into blue. She had felt able to buy a new pair of low shoes that week, and one of the pairs of stockings matched the blue dress. Her working clothes were packed away in the faithful Gladstone bag, and the only trace of her occupancy of the place was the small pile of dishes she had needed for the preparation and eating of her supper.

It was a warm May evening, and she had decided to drink her cup of tea and eat a little frosted cake in the breeze that swept through the freshly cleaned drawing-room. And, as she was ready far in advance of the hour agreed upon, she took a French book from Jacques' room and began to read it as she sipped her tea. It was L'Aiglon.

We must now return to Pussy du Vivier and her startling discovery of the death of Rosy Taylor. Within a very few hours of this discovery her husband and brother were laughing at her description of the encounter in the employment bureau, and laughing again at Pussy's confusion and terror, which she seemed to have caught by direct infection from the Irish laundress who had fainted away.

"It's wonderful!" Paul declared. "It's like the brownies! Don't you know how they slip in, and how angry they are if you spy on them? Let well enough alone, *chérie!*"

"I think it's more wonderful than that," his brother-in-law Jacques insisted. "A person honest enough to find—or steal—that original four dollars—and then do the work for it! Why, the whole place might have been looted!"

"You see, I knew all about Rosy Taylor," Pussy explained with a little shiver. "Mrs. Herriman-Smith trusted everything to her."

"Oh, well, Puss; ghosts don't eat chops, you know," Jacques recalled soothingly.

"And they don't darn golf stockings, do they?" Paul added.

But there was no doubt about it; Pussy was shaken, nervous. And just now she mustn't be shaken and nerves must be warded off.

"Look here; I'll stay in town to-morrow and drop in," said Jacques. "I'll catch the brownie for you, Pussy. And then I'll run out to the club and report. Are brownies brown, by the way?"

"Rosy Taylor was black," said Pussy, trying to smile; but she shuddered again.

The next afternoon Jacques turned his key quietly in the lock, closed the door with infinite pains, and stepped into the kitchen. No one! The dining room. No one! In the drawing-room; no—but yes, there was Pussy's blue window-curtain dress frilling out from under a low chair, where she was taking tea. The naughty girl! Couldn't she trust him? But women must see for themselves.

Her head was hidden by the cushioned back of the chair; the dull blue stocking swung carelessly, crossed over its mate. A book hung from one net-frilled hand; her teacup stood empty. Jacques tiptoed up behind.

"Aha! *Belle conspiratrice!*" he hissed; and, covering her eyes swiftly, he kissed her lightly from behind, full on her lips.

She had been reading French; she was dreaming in French; now a French phrase awakened her.

So soundly was she sleeping, so quickly had he sprung away, that she hardly knew whether she had even so much as dreamed—these things are difficult to describe.

But there was the face she had learned to know so well, a face as red as her own, and so perplexed, so embarrassed.

"Ah! *C'est Jacques!*" she cried unconsciously.

Now this was the last straw. Probably you would have guessed instantly who the young lady was; but Jacques, you see, was not so clever. He goes into a room on the track of a negro charwoman—it is impossible to eliminate from the mind a picture once painted there; he sees his sister in a chair—another clear picture; he kisses her—and lo, she is a charming French girl, in a dress the exact mate and stockings the precise fellows to his sister's! She knows him well, calls him by his name, blushing divinely! She fell asleep reading L'Aiglon—his favorite play! She is, quite naturally, a little disturbed; so that she is thereafter simply speechless, only controlling herself sufficiently to give him tea at his earnest request. He will fetch a cup; he knows where ——

"But I, monsieur, I also know quite well ——"

"Now, who the deuce is the girl? Has Pussy been hiding such a friend—the very queen bee of all her friends—purposely? Ah, yes—they don't want me to marry a French girl. Everybody knows that. Puss married a Frenchman—practically—and that's enough. And yet she knows her way about the place quite well evidently. How white and smooth her hands are!" If you are to do fine embroidery you must work in gloves and take great care of your hands. "What wonderful hair!" In the convent we are taught to take our hair very seriously. "And what a manner! Why can't American girls ever have any manner?" After ten years in a convent you are qualified for the most faultless methods of communication with any created being.

"But I'm afraid you've missed my sister, mademoiselle; she goes to the country for her week-ends, you see."

"Yes, monsieur, I know ——"

She knows? Great heaven! Then, why did she come? He is so confused, so thrilled out of all reason by that mistaken kiss, that his head appears quite useless. What should he do? He knows her, it appears—*Ah! C'est Jacques!* When—who is she? She wears no hat, no gloves—but she will not direct the conversation.

"You enjoy L'Aiglon, mademoiselle? To me it is the greatest ——"

Still, one cannot sit through the evening discussing the contemporary French drama with a complete stranger in one's own house!

"I—I am only here by accident," he babbles on. "I came on an absurd errand. Figure to yourself, mademoiselle, that I arrive silently, thus, to catch a mysterious negress, who sends her ghost to sweep my sister's house!"

Now what is the matter? Is there no woman alive capable of hearing the story of Rosy Taylor without tears? She puts her hand to her throat; her eyes swim pathetically; she gasps. . . . It is terrible!

"Listen, I pray you, my dear mademoiselle; only listen! Of course there is no ghost—impossible. It is only that it is somebody else—that is all. The question is merely, Who is that somebody?"

"*C'est—c'est moi!*" she gulps, and gazes timidly at him.

"It is she! It is she! Oh, this is all a dream!" he mutters to himself, this time in English. And now she replies, in English as good as his own:

"Oh, no; you are not insane, Mr.—Mr. Jacques. Really! It is only that I found that letter, and the key; and I needed money badly ——"

Well, well! At last we see where we are. These things do happen, then. Sayles? What Sayles? Any particular Sayles?

In half an hour he knows more about her than anyone has known since her parents died. His questions are rapid, practical, skilled. Charles B. Sayles? But the old fellow at the club is his brother, isn't he? Joseph Sayles? Sayles, Hanson, Prentice and What's-its-name? Surely, Du Vivier, *père*, plays pinochle with him—speaks of him! Young Sayles died a few years ago. . . . Her cousin?

Oh, yes; there used to be Uncle Joe—old even then, with white hair. And Cousin Joseph, who pinched, and then lied about it.

But this is very wrong. Very wrong, you know. She might have died. Or—or got lost, or something. It is terrible! How can women be so—so —— Well, thank God, it's all over! Where's the telephone?

Rhoda stared at this rapid young man with amazement. Events whirled, once he appeared upon the scene, it seemed. He was in communication with a club; with an attendant; with Mr. Joseph Sayles.

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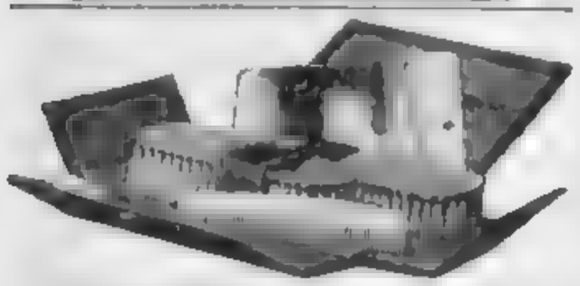

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"Hello—hello! This is Jacques Leclerc—young Du Vivier's brother-in-law—yes. Charles B. Sayles was your brother, wasn't he, Mr. Sayles? He died abroad, didn't he, eight or nine years ago? . . . Yes. Did you know that his daughter was in this country? All alone? . . . Yes; two years after her husband's death. . . . Yes; she'd been here some weeks. . . . Well, I can't say. . . . She seems to feel there's been some misunderstanding. . . . She didn't know just how to go about it, sir. Perhaps, if you could step round ——"

This was all very well; but when an excited old gentleman who looked like papa, only older and stouter, wanted to take her in his arms Rhoda hung back a moment.

"What my father did was right," she announced gently; "he was a most honorable man."

"You are quite correct, my dear," her father's brother replied; "though I did not always think so."

At that she bent her white forehead to be kissed and stood obediently at his service.

"And I will show you when we get—home," added the old gentleman with a sort of gulp, "a letter I have always kept, from your mother. I wrote once a year after Charley died, and tried to find out whether there was anything I could do; but she only sent me a stiff line and said she wished no obligation, and needed to be under none. I never knew of her death. You believe that, my dear?"

"Of course, Uncle Joe," she said simply.

"To think that Charley Sayles' girl should go to friends in New York before her own kin!" he murmured. "It's pretty hard for me to stomach, my girl."

"I—I didn't know where to go, uncle," she faltered.

"You knew enough to come here," he said suspiciously. "Where's Du Vivier? Where's his wife?"

"She came here," interposed Jacques, "for two dollars a day, sir. You might as well know. To—to clean the rooms."

"Two dollars—to clean! My God!" cried Uncle Joseph, and sat down heavily.

So they told him all about it—all, that is, which might be supposed to bear upon the situation definitely. You, of course, would have omitted nothing—not even what happened on account of Pussy's window-curtain dress, and the blue stockings, and all. But then, I have admitted all along that none of the people in this story were your equals in intelligence. Why should they equal you in character?

"Well, well, my dear; that's all past and by, now, thank God!" said Uncle Joe at last; "and we'd best not dwell on it any more, I think. You know where your home is. I lost my boy a while back—it hasn't been very gay there. I suppose you didn't hear ——"

And then Rhoda put her arms round his neck and kissed his wet cheek, and Jacques blew his nose, and they went away from the apartment, Rhoda and Uncle Joseph in a club taxi and Jacques in his own low-hung race-about with the long French nose.

And just as Sister Adelaide had forgotten Rhoda, so Rhoda forgot the bilious Graillard niece, who waited, in a temper, fully ten minutes for her in the foyer.

And when Monsieur Jacques came to call on her again he brought his sister with him. And she was, to tell the truth, a little worried and embarrassed, was Pussy; for one doesn't often go to call on one's charwoman—except to uplift her, of course, or district-visit her.

But Rhoda, though she had on a dress more beautiful than Pussy's, and a nice little necklace of pearls, wasn't in the least worried or embarrassed; because after you have been ten years in a convent there is no situation socially that can possibly embarrass you. She spoke to her just as she had spoken to Sister Adelaide and Mrs. Stoggins and Madame Graillard, and Jacques and her Uncle Joe; and, like all these, Pussy found her very simple and pleasant.

But Jacques, on that occasion, showed a great variety of social methods. He did not, for instance, enter the room in quite the same way as on the day when he first met Rhoda; nor did he lean over her chair, put his hands over her eyes—and—and all the rest of it.

He didn't on that occasion, I repeat. Whether he ever did, on any later occasion, I don't say. Of course you would never have allowed him!

THE OOLEY-COW

(Continued from Page 7)

noon the next day something reminded me of him. Possibly it was the sound of his voice.

"Boy! Can't we have 'nother toddy here? What's the matter with some service? How 'bout you, Wes? Oh, I forgot—you never take anything till after five o'clock. Think of all the fun you're missing. When I get to be an old fossil like you maybe I'll do the same. Good rule. . . . You gentlemen having anything? No? Kind of careful, ain't you? Safety first, hey? . . . Just one toddy, boy, and if that mint ain't fresh, I'll . . . Yep, you're cagey birds, you are, but I give you credit just the same. And some cash. Don't forget that. Rather have cash than credit any time, hey? I bet you would! But I don't mind a little thing like that. I'm a good sport. You ask Wes here if I ain't. If I ain't a good sport I ain't anything. . . . Still, I'll be darned if I see how you fellows do it! You're both old enough to have sons in the Soldiers' Home over yonder, but you take me out and lick me again—lick me and make me like it! A couple of dried-up mummies with one foot in the grave, and I'm right in the prime of life! Only a kid yet! It's humiliating, that's what it is, humiliating! Forty dollars apiece you're into me—and a flock of golf balls on the side! Boy! Where's that mint toddy? Let's have a little service here!"

I peeped through the door leading to the lounging room. The Dubuque-California foursome was grouped at a table in a corner. The Ooley-cow looked calm and placid as usual, but his guest was sweating profusely, and as he talked he mopped his brow with the sleeve of his shirt. Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott were listening politely, but the speculative light in their eyes told me that they were wondering how far they dared go with this outlander from the Middle West.

"Why," boomed Cottle, "I can hit a ball twice as far as either one of you! 'Course I don't always know where it's going, but the main thing is I got the strength. I can throw a golf ball farther than you old fossils can hit one with a wooden club, yet you lick me easy as breaking sticks. Can't understand it at all. . . . Twice as strong as you are. . . . Why, say, I bet I can take one hand and outdrive you! One hand!"

"Easy, Calvin," said the Ooley-cow reprovingly. "Don't make wild statements."

"Well, I'll bet I can do it," repeated Cottle stubbornly. "If a man's willing to bet his money to back up a wild statement, that shows he's got the right kind of a heart anyway.

"I ought to be able to stick my left hand in my pocket and go out there and trim two men of your age. I ought to, and I'll be damned if I don't think I can!"

"Tut, tut!" warned the Ooley-cow. "That's foolishness."

"Think so?" Cottle dipped his hand into his pocket and brought out a thick roll of bills. "Well, this stuff here says I can do it—at least I can try—and I ain't afraid to back my judgment."

"Put your money away," said Perkins. "Don't be a fool!"

Cottle laughed uproariously and slapped the Ooley-cow on the back.

"Good old Wes!" he cried. "Ain't changed a bit. Conservative! Always conservative! Got rich at it, but me I got rich taking chances. What's a little wad of bills to me, hey? Nothing but chicken-feed! I'll bet any part of this roll—I'll bet all of it—and I'll play these sun-dried old sports with one hand. Now's the time to show whether they've got any sporting blood or not. What do you say, gentlemen?"

Uncle Billy looked at the money and moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue.

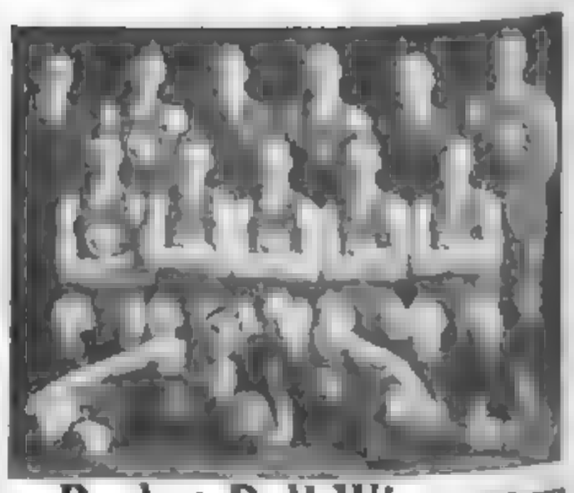
"Couldn't thunk of it," he croaked at length.

"Pshaw!" sneered Cottle. "I showed you too much—I scared you!"

"He ain't scared," put in Old Man Sprott. "It would be too much like stealing it."

"I'm the one to worry about that," announced Cottle. "It's my money, ain't it? I made it, didn't I? And I can do what I damn please with it—spend it, bet it, burn

(Continued on Page 113)



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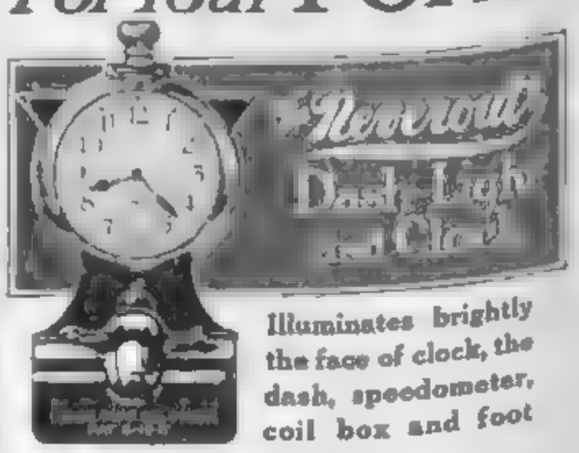

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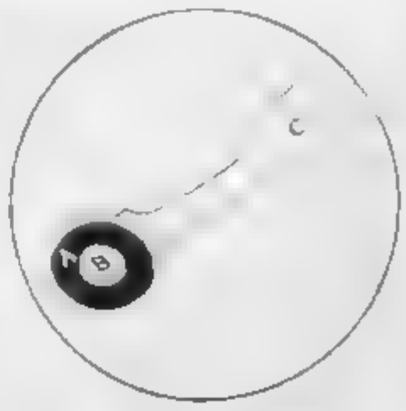

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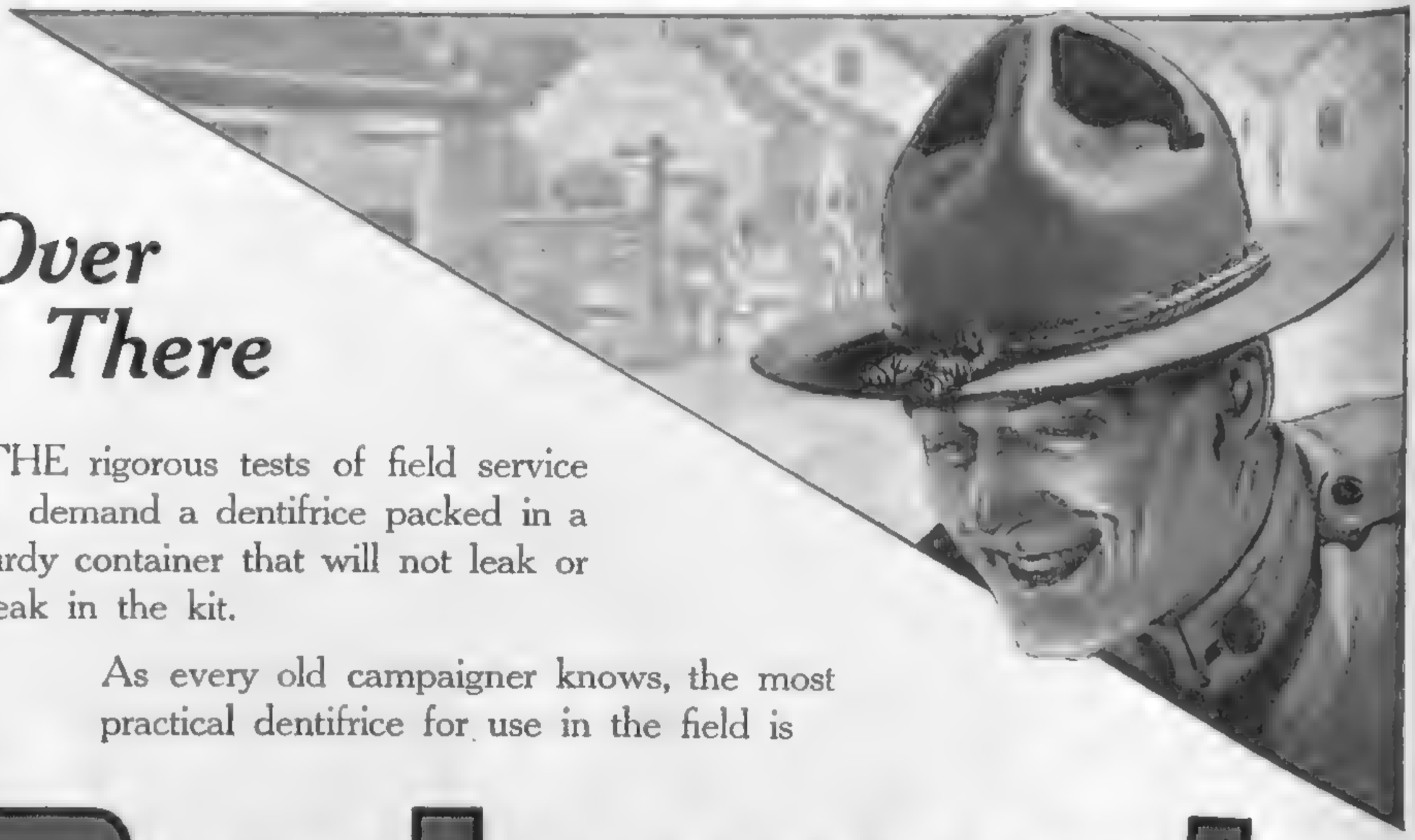

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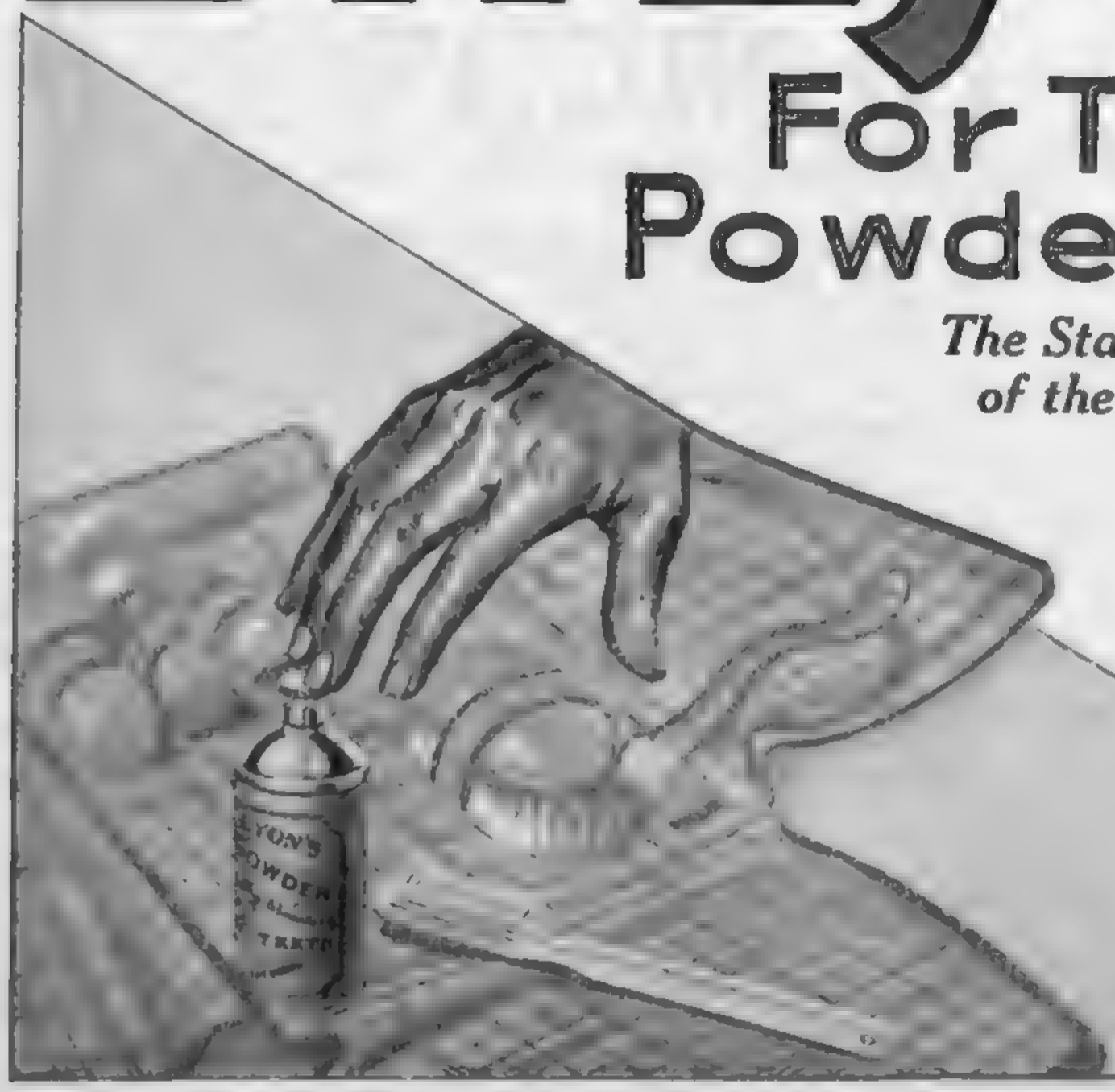

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(Continued from Page 110)

it up, throw it away. When you've worried about everything else in the world it'll be time for you to begin worrying about young Mr. Cottle's money! This slim little roll—bah! Chicken-feed! Come get it if you want it!" He tossed the money on the table with a gesture which was an insult in itself. "There it is—cover it! Put up or shut up!"

"Oh, forget it!" said the Ooley-cow wearily. "Come in and have a bite to eat and forget it!"

"Don't want anything to eat!" was the stubborn response. "Seldom eat in the middle of the day. But I'll have 'nother mint toddy. . . . Wait a second, Wes. Don't be in such a rush. Lemme understand this thing. These—these gentlemen here, these two friends of yours, these dead-game old Native Sons have got eighty dollars of my money—not that it makes any difference to me, understand, but they've got it—eighty dollars that they won from me playing golf. Now I may have a drink or two in me and I may not, understand, but anyhow I know what I'm about. I make these—gentlemen a sporting proposition. I give 'em a chance to pick up a couple of hundred apiece, and they want to run out on me because it'll be like stealing it. What kind of a deal is that, hey? Is it sportsmanship? Is it what they call giving a man a chance? Is it ——"

"But they know you wouldn't have a chance," interrupted the Ooley-cow soothingly. "They don't want a sure thing."

"They've had one so far, haven't they?" howled Cottle. "What are they scared of now? 'Fraid I'll squeal if I lose? Tell 'em about me, Wes. Tell 'em I never squealed in my life! I win if I can, but if I can't it's all right. No kick coming. There never was a piker in the Cottle family, was there, Wes? No, you bet not! We're sports, every one of us. Takes more than one shim little roll to send us up a tree! If there's anything that makes me sick, it's a cold-footed, penny-pinching, nickel-nursing, sure-thing player!"

"Your money does not frighten me," said Uncle Billy, who was slightly nettled by this time. "It is against my principles to play for a cash bet ——"

"But you and your pussy-footed old pro-partner got into me for eighty dollars just the same!" scoffed Cottle. "You and your principles be damned!"

Uncle Billy swallowed this without blinking, but he did not look at Cottle. He was looking at the roll of bills on the table.

"If you are really in earnest ——" began Poindexter, and glanced at Old Man Sprott.

"Go ahead, Billy," croaked that aged reprobate. "Teach him a lesson. He needs it."

Never mind the lesson," snapped Cottle. "I got out of school a long time ago. The bet is that I can leave my left arm in the club-house safe—stuck it in my pocket—and lick you birds with one hand."

"We wouldn't insist on that," said Old Man Sprott. "Play with both hands if you want to."

"Think I'm a welsher?" demanded Cottle. "The original proposition goes. 'Course I wouldn't really cut the arm off and leave it in the safe, but what I mean is, if I use two arms in making a shot, right there is where I lose. Satisfactory?"

"Perkins," said Uncle Billy, solemnly wagging his head, "you are a witness that this thing has been forced on me. I have been bullied and browbeaten and insulted into making this bet ——"

"And so have I," chimed in Old Man Sprott. "I'm almost ashamed ——"

The Ooley-cow shrugged his shoulders.

"I am a witness," said he quietly. "Calvin, these gentlemen have stated the case correctly. You have forced them to accept your proposition ——"

"And he can't blame anybody if he loses," finished Uncle Billy as he reached for the roll of bills.

"You bet!" ejaculated Old Man Sprott. "He was looking for trouble, and now he's found it. Count it, Billy, and we'll each take half."

"That goes, does it?" asked Cottle.

"Sir?" cried Uncle Billy.

"Oh, I just wanted to put you on record," said Cottle, with a grin. "Wesley, you're my witness too. I mislaid a five-hundred-dollar note the other day, and it may have got into my change pocket. Might as well see if a big bet will put these safety-first players off their game! Anyhow, I'm betting whatever's there. I ain't sure how much it is."

"I am," said Uncle Billy in a changed voice. He had come to the five-hundred-dollar bill, sandwiched in between two twenties. He looked at Old Man Sprott, and for the first time I saw doubt in his eyes.

"Oh, it's there, is it?" asked Cottle carelessly. "Well, let it all ride. I never backed up on a gambling proposition in my life—never pinched a bet after the ball started to roll. Shoot the entire works—'s all right with me!"

Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott exchanged significant glances, but after a short argument and some more abuse from Cottle they toddled over to the desk and filled out two blank checks—for five hundred and eighty dollars apiece.

"Make 'em payable to cash," suggested Cottle. "You'll probably tear 'em up after the game. Now the next thing is a stakeholder ——"

"Is that—necessary?" asked Old Man Sprott.

"Sure!" said Cottle. "I might run out on you. Let's have everything according to Hoyle—stakeholder and all the other trimmings. Anybody'll be satisfactory to me; that young fellow getting an earful at the door; he'll do."

So I became the stakeholder the custodian of eleven hundred and sixty dollars in coin and two checks representing a like amount. I thought I detected a slight nervousness in the signatures, and no wonder. It was the biggest bet those old petty larcenists had ever made in their lives. They went in to luncheon—at the invitation of the Ooley-cow, of course—but I noticed that they did not eat much. Cottle wandered out to the practice green, putter in hand, forgetting all about the mint toddy which, by the way, had never been ordered.

V

"YOU drive first, sir," said Uncle Billy to Cottle, pursuing his usual system. "We'll follow you."

"Think you'll feel easier if I should hit one over into the eucalyptus trees yonder?" asked the man from Dubuque. "Little nervous, eh? Does a big bet scare you? I was counting on that. . . . Oh, very well, I'll take the honor."

"Just a second," said Old Man Sprott, who had been prowling about in the background and fidgeting with his driver. "Does the stakeholder understand the terms of the bet? Mr. Cottle is playing a match with each of us individually ——"

"Separately and side by each," added Cottle.

"Using only one arm," said Old Man Sprott.

"If he uses both arms in making a shot," put in Uncle Billy, "he forfeits both matches. Is that correct, Mr. Cottle?"

"Correct as hell! Watch me closely, young man. I have no mustache to deceive you—nothing up my sleeve but my good right arm. Watch me closely!"

He teed his ball, dropped his left arm at his side, grasped the driver firmly in his right hand and swung the club a couple of times in tentative fashion. The head of the driver described a perfect arc, barely grazing the top of the tee. His two-armed swing had been a thing of violence—a baseball wallop, constricted, bound up, without follow-through or timing, a combination of brute strength and awkwardness. Uncle Billy's chin sagged as he watched the easy, natural sweep of that wooden club—the wrist-snap applied at the proper time, and the long graceful follow-through which gives distance as well as direction. Old Man Sprott also seemed to be struggling with an entirely new and not altogether pleasant idea.

"Watch me closely, stakeholder," repeated Cottle, addressing the ball. "Nothing up my sleeve but my good right arm. Would you gentlemen like to have me roll up my sleeve before I start?"

"Drive!" grunted Uncle Billy.

"I'll do that little thing," said Cottle, and this time he put the power into the swing. The ball, caught squarely in the middle of the club-face, went whistling toward the distant green, a perfect screamer of a drive without a suspicion of hook or slice. It cleared the cross-bunker by ten feet, carried at least a hundred and eighty yards before it touched grass, and then bounded ahead like a scared rabbit, coming to rest at least two hundred and twenty-five yards away. "You like that?" asked Cottle, moving off the tee. "I didn't step into it very hard or I might have had more distance. Satisfactory, stakeholder?" And he winked at me openly and deliberately.

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"Wha—what sort of a game is this?" gulped Old Man Sprott, finding his voice with an effort.

"Why," said Cottle, smiling cheerfully, "I wouldn't like to say off-hand and so early in the game, but you might call it golf. Yes, call it golf, and let it go at that."

At this point I wish to go on record as denying the rumor that our two old reprobates showed the white feather. That first tee shot, and the manner in which it was made, was enough to inform them that they were up against a sickening surprise party; but, though startled and shaken, they did not weaken. They pulled themselves together and drove the best they knew how, and I knew that for once I was to see their true golfing form uncovered.

Cottle tucked his wooden club under his arm and started down the course, and from that time on he had very little to say. Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott followed him, their heads together at a confidential angle, and I brought up the rear with the Ooley-cow, who had elected himself a gallery of one.

The first hole is a long par four. Poindexter and Sprott usually make it in five, seldom getting home with their seconds unless they have a wind behind them. Both used brassies and both were short of the green. Then they watched Cottle as he went forward to his ball.

"That drive might have been a freak shot," quavered Uncle Billy.

"Lucky fluke, that's all," said Old Man Sprott, but I knew and they knew that they only hoped they were telling the truth.

Cottle paused over his ball for an instant, examined the lie and drew a wooden spoon from his bag. Then he set himself, and the next instant the ball was on its way, a long, high shot, dead on the pin.

"And maybe that was a fluke!" muttered the Ooley-cow under his breath. "Look! He's got the green with it!"

From the same distance I would have played a full mid-iron and trusted in Providence, but Cottle had used his wood, and I may say that never have I seen a ball better placed. It carried to the little rise of turf in front of the putting green, hopped once, and trickled onto the sand. I was not the only one who appreciated that spoon shot.

"Say," yapped Old Man Sprott, turning to Perkins, "what are we up against here? Miracles?"

"Yes, what have you framed up on us?" demanded Uncle Billy vindictively.

"Something easy, gentlemen," chuckled the Ooley-cow. "A soft thing from my home town. Probably he's only lucky."

The two members of the Sure-Thing Society went after their customary fives and got them, but Cottle laid his approach putt stone dead at the cup and holed out in four. He missed a three by the matter of half an inch. I could stand the suspense no longer. I took Perkins aside while the contestants were walking to the second tee.

"You might tell a friend," I suggested. "In strict confidence, what are they up against?"

"Something easy," repeated the Ooley-cow, regarding me with his soft, innocent eyes. "They wanted it and now they've got it."

"But yesterday, when he played with both arms ——" I began.

"That was yesterday," said Perkins. "You'll notice that they didn't have the decency to offer him a handicap, even when they felt morally certain that he had made a fool bet. Not that he would have accepted it—but they didn't offer it. They're wolves, clear to the bone, but once in a while a wolf bites off more than he can chew." And he walked away from me. Right there I began reconstructing my opinion of the Ooley-cow.

In my official capacity as stakeholder I saw every shot that was played that afternoon. I still preserve the original score card of that amazing round of golf. There are times when I think I will have it framed and present it to the club, with red-ink crosses against the thirteenth and fourteenth holes. I might even set a red-ink star against the difficult sixth hole, where Cottle sent another tremendous spoon shot down the wind, and took a four where most of our Class-A men are content with a five. I might make a notation against the tricky ninth, where he played a marvelous shot out of a sand bunker to halve a hole which I would have given up as lost. I might make a footnote calling attention to his deadly work with his short irons. I say I think of all these things, but perhaps I shall never frame that card. The two men most interested will never forget the figures. It is enough to say that Old Man Sprott, playing such golf as I had never seen him play before, succumbed at the thirteenth hole, six down and five to go. Uncle Billy gave up the ghost on the fourteenth green, five and four, and I handed the money and the checks to Mr. Calvin D. Cottle, of Dubuque. He pocketed the loot with a grin.

"Shall we play the bye-holes for something?" he asked. "A drink—or a ball, maybe?" And then the storm broke. I do not pretend to quote the exact language of the losers. I merely state that I was surprised, yes, shocked at Uncle Billy Poindexter. I had no idea that a deacon in the Episcopal church—but let that pass. He was not himself. He was the biter bitten, the milker milked. It makes a difference. Old Man Sprott also erupted in an astounding manner. It was the Ooley-cow who took the center of the stage.

"Just a minute, gentlemen," said he. "Do not say anything which you might afterward regret. Remember the stakeholder is still with us. My friend here is not, as you intimate, a crook. Neither is he a sure-thing player. We have some sure-thing players with us, but he is not one of them. He is merely the one-armed golf champion of Dubuque—and the Middle West."

Imagine an interlude here for fireworks, followed by pertinent questions.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Perkins soothingly. "He can't play a lick with two arms. He never could. Matter of fact, he never learned. He fell off a haystack in Iowa—how many years ago was it, Cal?"

"Twelve," said Mr. Cottle. "Twelve next July."

"And he broke his left arm rather badly," explained the Ooley-cow. "Didn't have the use of it for—how many years, Cal?"

"Oh, about six, I should say."

"Six years. A determined man can accomplish much in that length of time. Cottle learned to play golf with his right arm—fairly well, as you must admit. Finally he got the left arm fixed up—they took a piece of bone out of his shin and grafted it in—newfangled idea. Decided there was no sense in spoiling a one-armed star to make a dub two-armed golfer. Country full of 'em already. That's the whole story. You picked him for an easy mark, a good thing. You thought he had a bad bet and you had a good one. Don't take the trouble to deny it. Gentlemen, allow me to present the champion one-armed golfer of Iowa and the Middle West!"

"Yes," said Cottle modestly, "when a man does anything, give him credit for it. Personally I'd rather have the cash!"

"How do you feel about it now?" asked the Ooley-cow.

Judging by their comments, they felt warm—very warm. Hot, in fact. The Ooley-cow made just one more statement, but to me that statement contained the gist of the whole matter.

"Thus," said he, "squares us on the wallet proposition. I didn't say anything about it at the time, but that struck me as a scaly trick. So I invited Cal to come out and pay me a visit. . . . Shall we go back to the clubhouse?"

I made Little Doc Ellis see the point; perhaps I can make you see it now.

Returning to the original simile, the Ooley-cow was willing to be milked for golf balls and luncheons and caddie hire. That was legitimate milking, and he did not resent it. He would have continued to give down in great abundance, but when they took fifty dollars from him, in the form of a bogus reward, he kicked over the bucket, injured the milkers and jumped the fence.

Why? I'm almost ashamed to tell you, but did you ever hear of a country cow—an Iowa cow—that would stand for being milked from the wrong side?

I think this will be all, except that I anticipate a hard winter for the golfing beginners at our club.

The Original Hexagon Cell Assures Efficient Radiation

This hexagon cell is one of the visible signs by which you can identify quality in an automobile. It is original in Harrison Radiators, is an improved radiator construction which today makes Harrison Radiators standard for every quality a cooling system should possess, strength—lightness of weight —free air passages—water circulation.

Ask any Hudson Dealer to show you the Harrison Shutter Front.

Harrison Radiator Corporation

Lockport, New York

The discriminating motorist who recognizes that engine efficiency begins with perfect cooling realizes the great benefit of a Harrison Radiator on his car.

HARRISON

Original Hexagon Cellular Radiator

Photographed in the Light

Photographed in the Dark

The SUCCESS of *Ingersoll Radiolites* has brought imitators

Here is the purpose of this advertisement—that, having made up your mind to get an Ingersoll Radiolite, you actually *get* it. It is published for your protection.

Radiolites — genuine Radiolites — note the name — are made only by this company, Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro. They all have INGERSOLL on the dial. No other luminous dial watches are Radiolites.

Another thing—outsiders are taking Ingersoll Watches with plain white dials and coating the figures and hands with a luminous material which obviously is not Radiolite. Remember that these are not *Radiolite* Ingersoll Watches.

The countless advantages of a night-and-day watch, as shown by Ingersoll Radiolites, have become so well known that it is no wonder imitators have come—especially when the demand for Ingersoll Radiolites has passed factory capacity. Some of the uses are pictured on the border of this advertisement. They tell the story.

Ingersoll Radiolites are *real* luminous dial watches. The figures are made of Ingersoll Radiolite and the hands thickly coated with it. Radiolite is a substance containing real radium. The radium keeps the hands and figures glowing time in the dark for twelve years or more without need of exposure to the light.

But that is only one advantage of Ingersoll Radiolites. Another—they are *Ingersoll Watches*—sturdy, accurate, reliable—with a quarter century of success behind them, and 50 million sales.

Waterbury Radiolite, $4.50 In Canada $4.50 A small, handsome jeweled watch

There's an Ingersoll for everyone—sixteen different models: Radiolite models, plain dial models, jeweled models, and special models. $1.35 to $6.00 — in Canada $1.50 to $7.50.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
New York Chicago Boston
San Francisco Montreal

Radiolite—$1.25. In Canada $1.50 The regular Ingersoll with a radium-lighted dial.

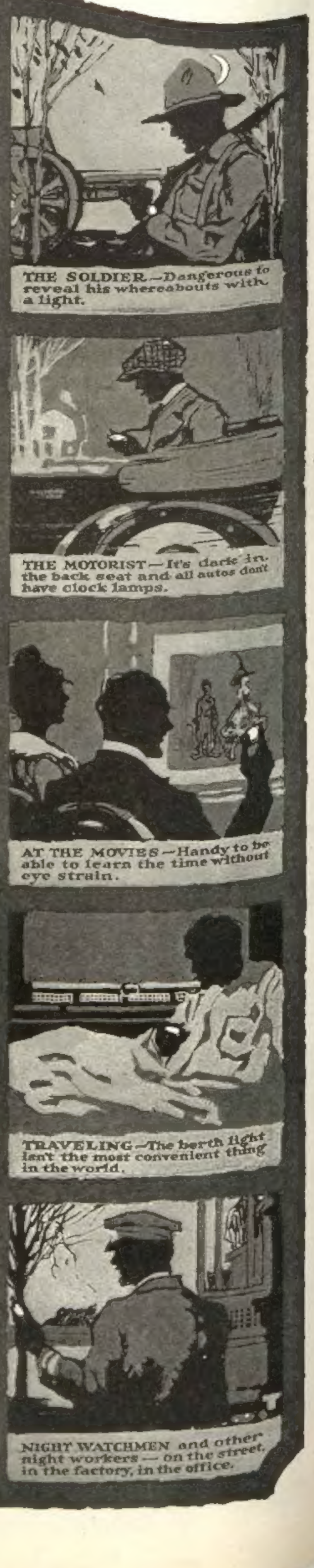
Illustrations ½ actual size.

Radiolite Traveler—One, $2.50. In Canada $2.75. The day-and-night watch for milady's dresser.

Strap Radiolite—$4.25. In Canada $4.75. The soldier and civilian watch of America and Europe.

Eclipse Radiolite, $3.00. In Canada $3.75. Thin model, solid nickel case, guaranteed.

EVERYONE—Under the pillow at night.
THE FARMER—A match isn't a farmer's true friend—in a hay mow, for instance.
NURSERY or SICK ROOM—A bright light is annoying.
IN THE GARAGE—Dangerous to strike a match.
THE MINER—Time in the dark is what he wants.


THE SOLDIER—Dangerous to reveal his whereabouts with a light.
THE MOTORIST—It's dark in the back seat and all autos don't have clock lamps.
AT THE MOVIES—Handy to be able to learn the time without eye strain.
TRAVELING—The berth light isn't the most convenient thing in the world.
NIGHT WATCHMEN and other night workers — on the street, in the factory, in the office.

Get your favorite bacon in the form you like best

TO give you not only exceptionally delicious bacon, but bacon in just the form you prefer, Swift's "Premium" comes in three convenient ways.

You can get it in the always popular strip, or in slices put up snugly and either sealed in glass jars or protected in parchment-wrapped boxes.

And such appetizing slices! Slices with the rind carefully trimmed away, slices that are absolutely uniform, and cut neither too thick nor too thin!

Serve Swift's "Premium" Bacon often. Seven days a week your family would enjoy the flavor the famous Swift cure gives. You will appreciate the convenience of getting their favorite bacon in the form you prefer.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's "Premium" Bacon

The *New* Shaving Stick

COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"

PATENTED 1917

COLGATE'S "Handy Grip" combines economy, convenience, speed, and comfort better than any other shaving preparation. We couldn't improve the soap, so in each detail of economy and convenience we improved the box to make it worthy of its contents.

"HANDY GRIP"
Unscrew the last of the stick—no waste
"HANDY GRIP"
Stick it on the new stick—for economy
COLGATE & CO.
HANDY GRIP
SHAVING STICK
"HANDY GRIP"
"Refills" can be bought for less than the complete Grip
"HANDY GRIP"
One turn of the Grip locks it securely

The Last Word in Shaving Convenience & Economy

A "Handy Grip" should be in every soldier's kit